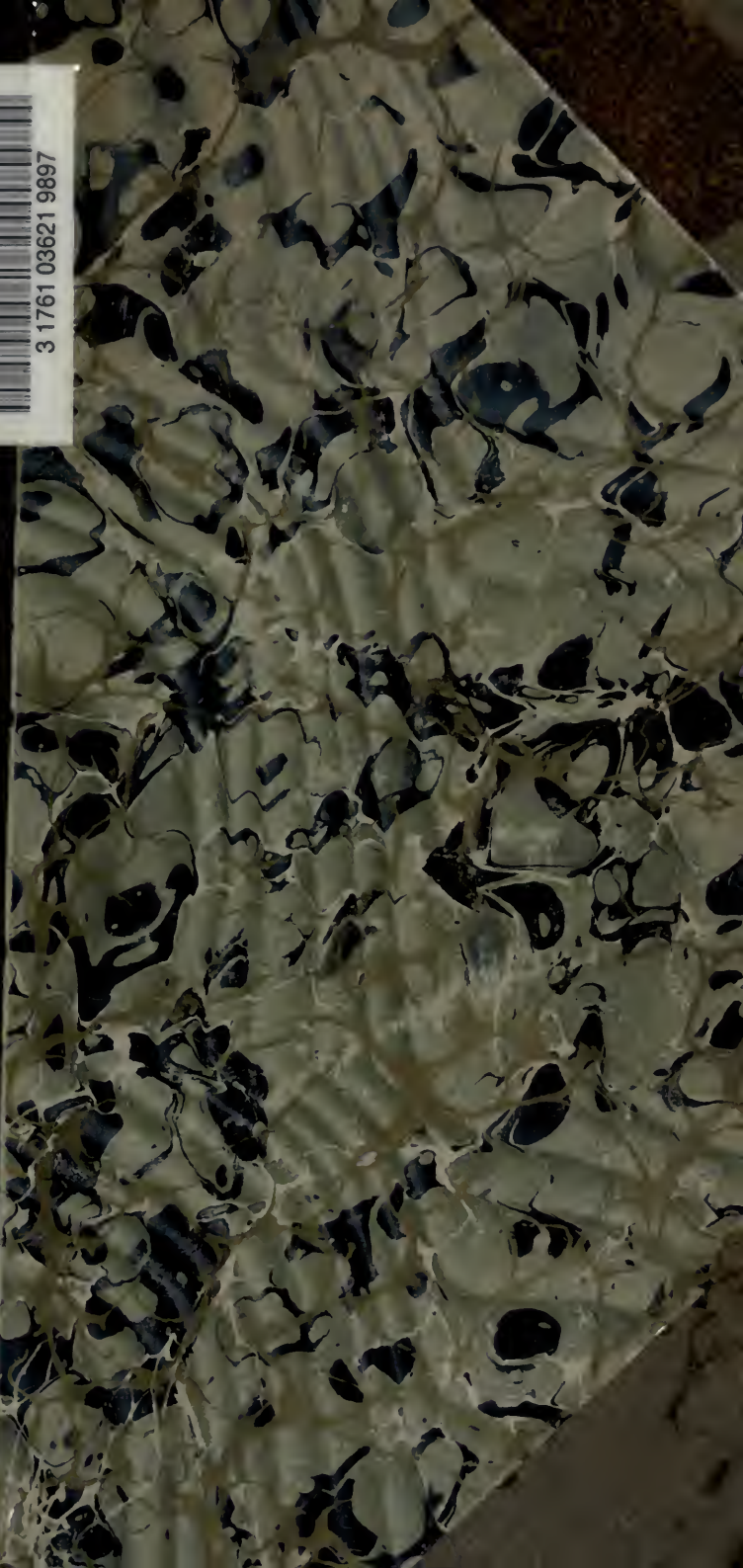
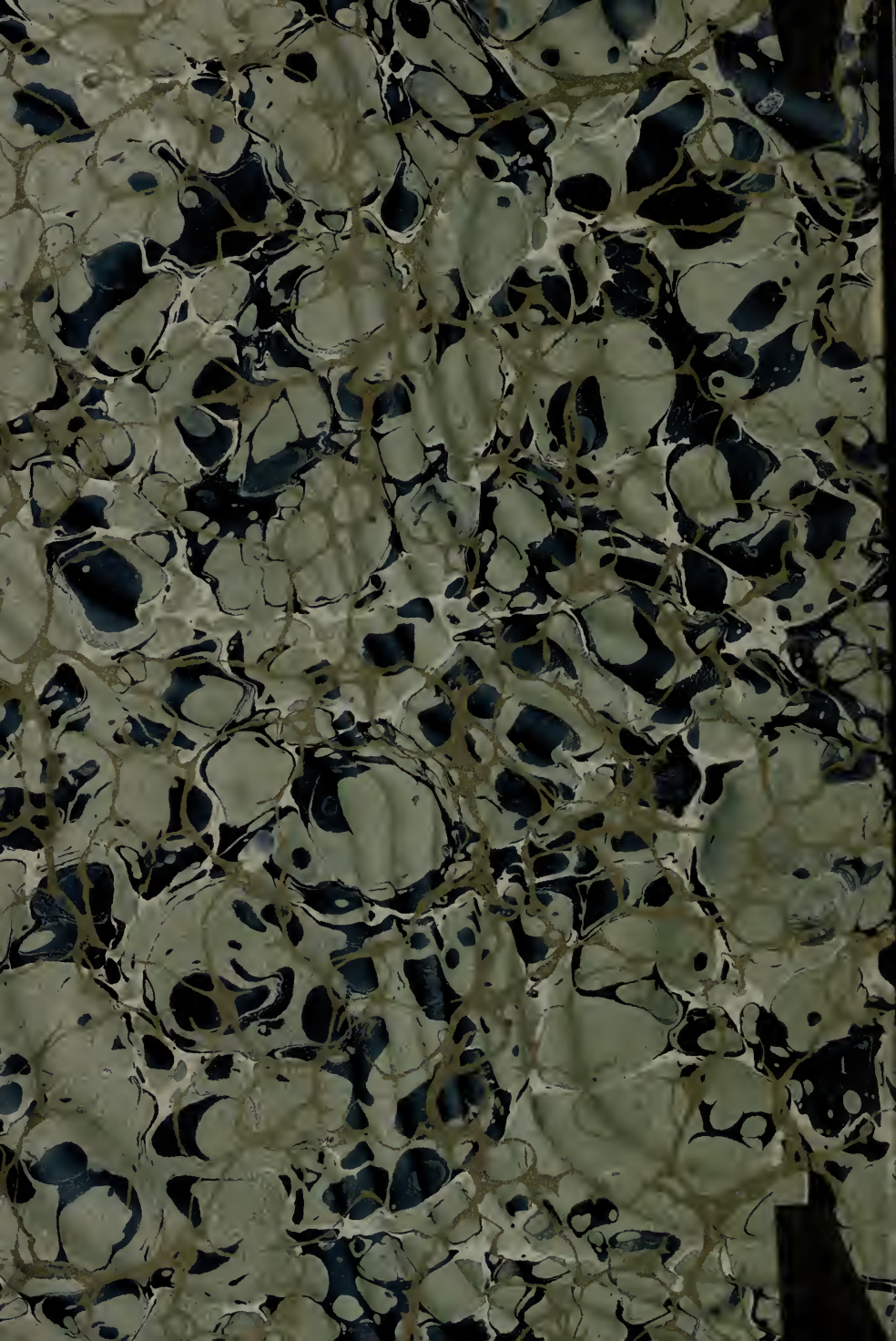
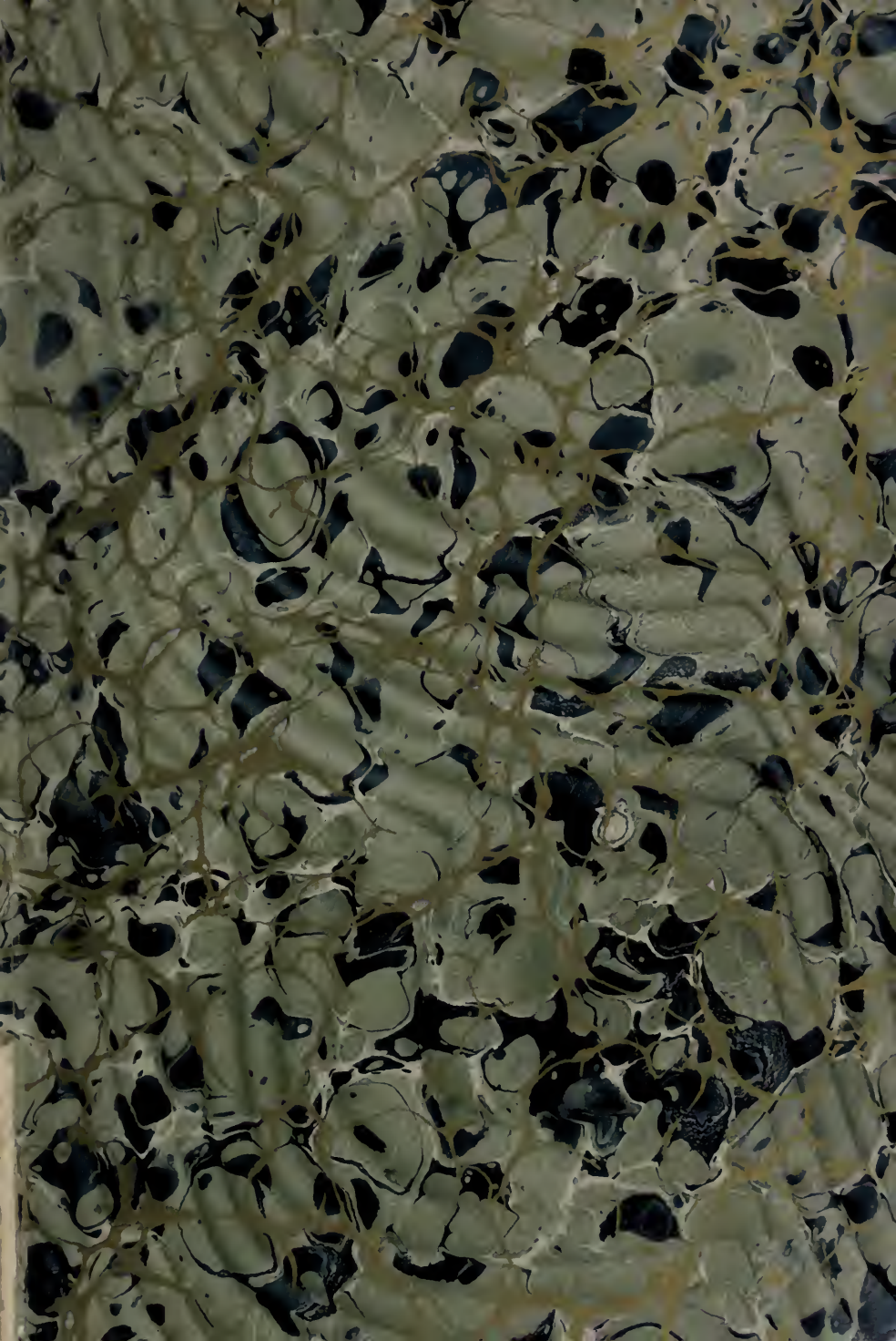




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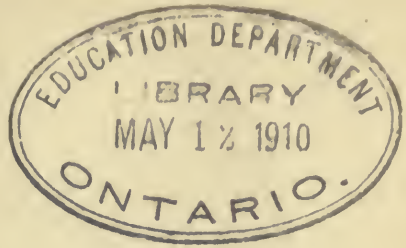






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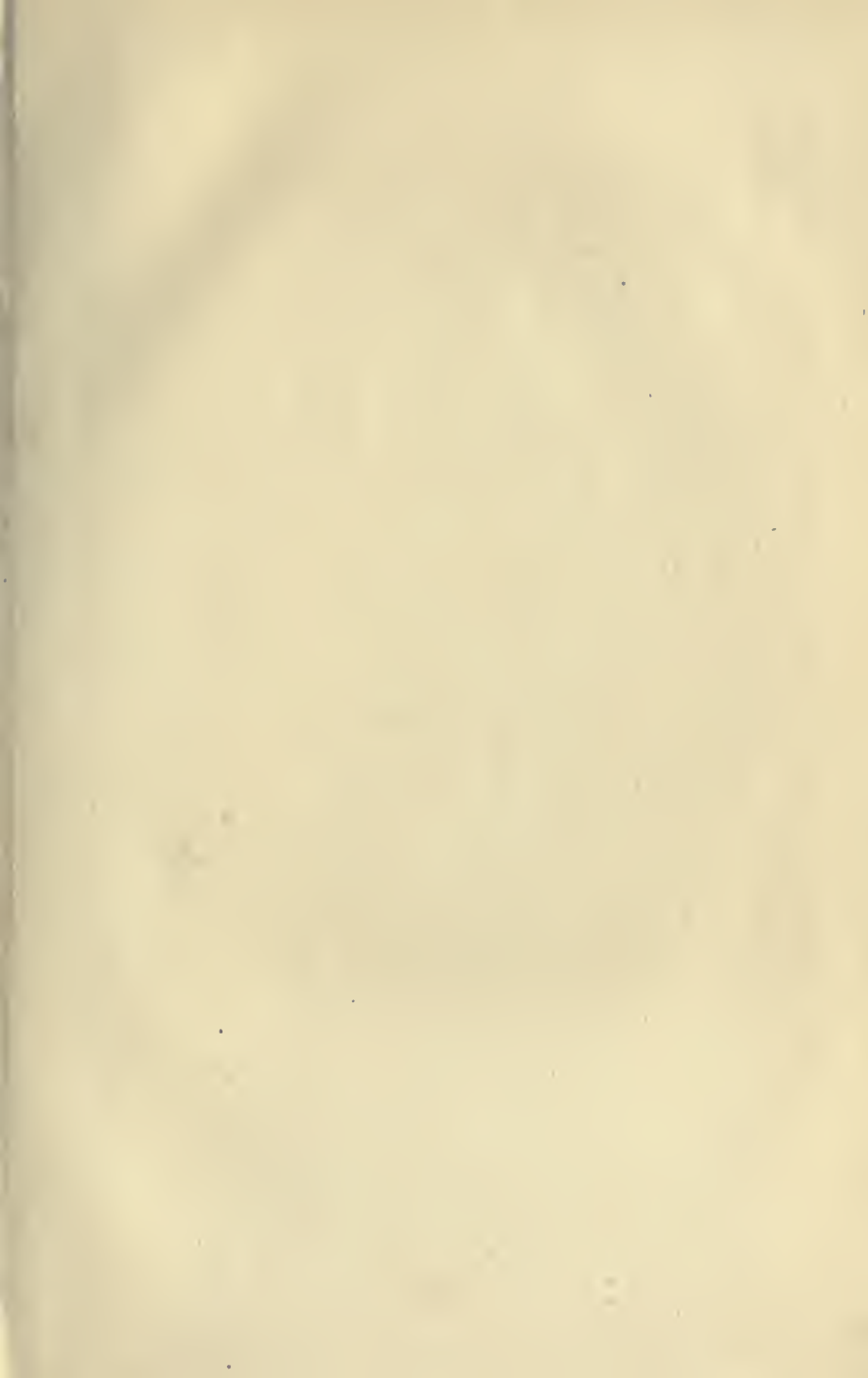




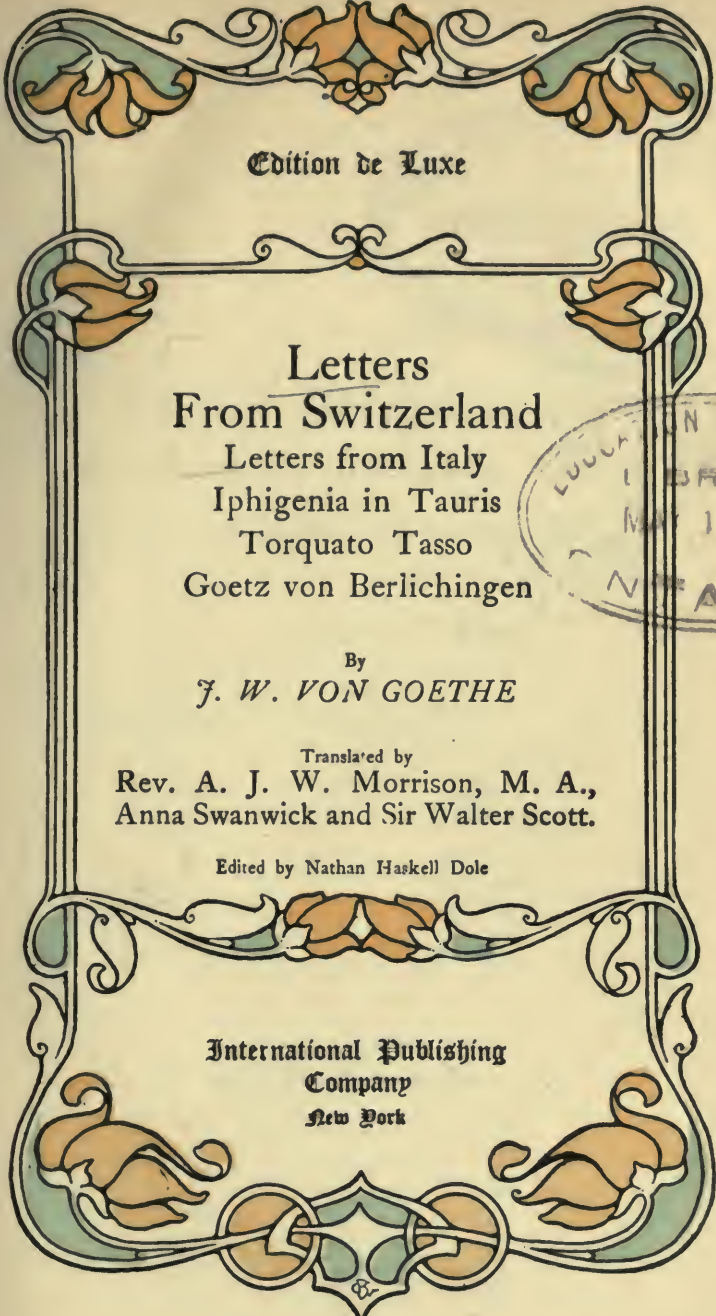
LETTERS FROM SWITZERLAND

LETTERS FROM ITALY

LETTERS FROM JAMES EARL RAY  
AND OTHER DOCUMENTS







Edition de Luxe

Letters  
From Switzerland  
Letters from Italy  
Iphigenia in Tauris  
Torquato Tasso  
Goetz von Berlichingen

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By  
*J. W. VON GOETHE*

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Edited by Nathan Haskell Dole

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LETTERS FROM SWITZERLAND

## Letters from Switzerland

WHEN, a few years ago, the copies of the following letters were first made known to us, it was asserted that they had been found among Werther's papers; and it was pretended, that, before his acquaintance with Charlotte, he had been in Switzerland. We have never seen the originals: however, we would not on any account anticipate the judgment and feelings of our readers; for, whatever may be their true history, it is impossible to read them without sympathy.

### PART THE FIRST.

How do all my descriptions disgust me, when I read them over! Nothing but your advice, your command, your injunction, could have induced me to attempt anything of the kind. How many descriptions, too, of these scenes, had I not read before I saw them! Did these, then, afford me an image of them, or, at best, but a mere vague notion? In vain did my imagination attempt to bring the objects before it: in vain did my mind try to revolve from them some thoughts. Here I now stand contemplating these wonders; and what are my feelings in the midst of them! I can think of nothing, I can feel nothing;

and how willingly would I both think and feel! The glorious scene before me excites my soul to its inmost depths, and impels me to be doing; and yet what can I do — what do I? I now sit down and scribble and describe. Away with you, ye descriptions! Delude my friend, make him believe that I am doing something,—that he sees and reads something.

Were, then, these Switzers free?—free, these opulent burghers in their little pent-up towns?—free, those poor devils on their rocks and crags? What is it that man cannot be made to believe, especially when he cherishes in his heart the memory of some old tale of marvel? Once, forsooth, they did break a tyrant's yoke, and might, for the moment, fancy themselves free; but out of the carcass of the single oppressor the good sun, by a strange new birth, has hatched a swarm of petty tyrants. And so, now, they are ever telling that old tale of marvel: one hears it till one is sick of it. They formerly made themselves free, and have ever since remained free; and now they sit behind their walls, hugging themselves with their customs and laws — their philandering and philistering. And there, too, on the rocks, it is surely fine to talk of liberty, when for six months of the year they, like the marmot, are bound hand and foot by the snow.

Alas! how wretched must any work of man look in the midst of this great and glorious Nature, but especially such sorry, poverty-stricken works as these black and dirty little towns, such mean heaps of stones and rubbish! Large rubble and other stones on the roofs, too, that the miserable thatch may not be carried off from the top of them; and then the filth, the dung, and the gaping idiots! When here you meet with man and the wretched work of his hands, you are glad to run away immediately from both.



That there are in man very many intellectual capacities which in this life he is unable to develop, which, therefore, point to a better future and to a more harmonious state of existence, — on this point we are both agreed. But, further than this, I cannot give up that other fancy of mine, even though, on account of it, you may again call me, as you have so often done already, a mere enthusiast. For my part, I do think that man feels conscious, also, of corporeal qualities of whose mature expansion he can have no hope in this life. This, most assuredly, is the case with *flying*. How strongly, at one time, used the clouds, as they drove along the blue sky, to tempt me to travel with them to foreign lands! and now in what danger do I stand, lest they should carry me away with them from the mountain-peak as they sweep violently by! What desire I feel to throw myself into the boundless regions of the air, to poise over the terrific abyss, or to alight on some otherwise inaccessible rock! With what a longing do I draw deeper and deeper breath, when, in the dark blue depth below me, the eagle soars over rocks and forests, or, in company and in sweet concord with his mate, wheels in wide circles round the eyry to which he has entrusted his young! Must I, then, never do more than creep up to the summits? Must I always go on clinging to the highest rocks, as well as to the lowest plain? and when I have at last, with much toil, reached the desired eminence, must I still anxiously grasp at every holding-place, shudder at the thought of return, and tremble at the chance of a fall?

With what wonderful properties we are born! What vague aspirations rise within us! How rarely do imagination and our bodily powers work in opposition! Peculiarities of my early boyhood again recur. While I am walking, and have a long road before me, my arms go dangling by my side; I at times make a

grasp, as if I would seize a javelin, and hurl it, I know not at whom or what; and then I fancy an arrow is shot at me which pierces me to the heart: I strike my hand upon my breast, and feel an inexpressible sweetness; and then after this I soon revert to my natural state. Whence comes this strange phenomenon? what is the meaning of it? and why does it invariably recur under the same figures, in the same bodily movement, and with the same sensation?

I am repeatedly told that the people who have met me on my journey are little satisfied with me. I can readily believe it, for neither has any one of them contributed to my satisfaction. I cannot tell how it comes to pass that society oppresses me, that the forms of politeness are disagreeable to me, that what people talk about does not interest me, that all they show to me is either quite indifferent, or else produces an impression quite opposite to what they expect. When I am shown a drawing or painting of any beautiful spot, immediately a feeling of disquiet arises within me which is utterly inexpressible. My toes within my shoes begin to bend, as if they would clutch the ground: a cramp-like motion runs through my fingers. I bite my lips, and hasten to leave the company I am in, and throw myself down, in the presence of the majesty of nature, on the first seat, however inconvenient. I try to take in the scene before me with my eye, to seize all its beauties; and on the spot I love to cover a whole sheet with scratches which represent nothing exactly, but which, nevertheless, possess an infinite value in my eyes, as serving to remind me of the happy moment whose bliss even this bungling exercise could not mar. What means, then, this strange effort to pass from art to nature, and then back again from nature to art? If it gives promise of an artist, why is steadiness wanting to me? If it calls me to

enjoyment, wherefore, then, am I not able to seize it? I lately had a present of a basket of fruit. I was in raptures at the sight of it, as of something heavenly, — such riches, such abundance, such variety, and yet such affinity! I could not persuade myself to pluck off a single berry: I could not bring myself to take a single peach or a fig. Most assuredly this gratification of the eye and the inner sense is the highest and most worthy of man: in all probability it is the design of Nature, when the hungry and thirsty believe that she has exhausted herself in marvels merely for the gratification of their palate. Ferdinand came and found me in the midst of these meditations. He did me justice, and then said, smiling, but with a deep sigh, “Yes, we are not worthy to consume these glorious products of Nature: truly it were a pity. Permit me to make a present of them to my beloved?” How glad was I to see the basket carried off! How did I love Ferdinand! How did I thank him for the feeling he had excited in me, for the prospect he gave me! Ay, we ought to acquaint ourselves with the beautiful: we ought to contemplate it with rapture, and attempt to raise ourselves up to its height. And, in order to gain strength for that, we must keep ourselves thoroughly unselfish: we must not make it our own, but rather seek to communicate it, indeed, to make a sacrifice of it to those who are dear and precious to us.

How sedulously we are shaped and moulded in our youth! how constantly we then are called on to lay aside now this, now that, bad feeling! But what, in fact, are our so-called bad feelings, but so many organs by means of which man is to aid himself in life? How people worry a poor child in whom but a little spark of vanity is discovered! and yet what a poor miserable creature is a man who has no vanity at all! I will now tell you what has led me to make all these reflec-

tions. The day before yesterday we were joined by a young fellow who was most disagreeable to me and Ferdinand. His weak points were so prominent, his emptiness so manifest, and the care he bestowed on his outward appearance so obvious, that we looked down upon him as far inferior to ourselves; and yet he was everywhere received better than we. Among other of his follies he wore a waistcoat of red satin, which round the neck was so cut as to look like the ribbon of some order or other. We could not refrain from joking about this piece of absurdity. But he let them all pass; for he drew a good profit from it, and perhaps secretly laughed at us. For host and hostess, coachman, waiter, and chambermaid, and, indeed, not a few of our fellow travellers, were taken in by this seeming ornament, and showed greater politeness to him than to us. Not only was he always first waited upon, but, to our great humiliation, we saw that all the pretty girls in the inns bestowed all their stolen glances upon him. And then, when it came to the reckoning, which his eminence and distinction had enhanced, we had to pay our full shares. Who, then, was the fool in the game? Assuredly not he.

There is something pretty and instructive about the symbols and maxims which one here sees on all the stoves. Here you have the drawing of one of these symbols which particularly caught my fancy. A horse, tethered by his hind foot to a stake, is grazing round it as far as his tether will permit: beneath is written, "Allow me to take my allotted portion of food." This, too, will be the case with me when I come home, and, like the horse in the mill, shall have to work away at your pleasure, and in return, like the horse here on the stove, shall receive a nicely measured dole for my support. Yes, I am coming back; and what awaits me was certainly well worth all the trouble of

climbing up these mountain heights, of wandering through these valleys, and seeing this blue sky, of discovering that there is a nature which exists by an eternal, voiceless necessity, which has no wants, no feelings, and is divine; whilst we, whether in the country or in the towns, have alike to toil hard to gain a miserable subsistence, and at the same time struggle to subject everything to our lawless caprice, and call it liberty.

Ay, I have ascended the *Furca*, — the summit of St. Gothard. These sublime, incomparable scenes of nature will ever stand before my eye. Ay, I have read the Roman history in order to gain from the comparison a distinct and vivid feeling what a thoroughly miserable being I am.

Never has it been so clear to me as during these last few days, that I, too, could be happy on moderate means; could be quite as happy as any one else, if only I knew a trade, — an exciting one, indeed, but yet one which had no consequences for the morrow, which required nothing but industry and attention at the time, without calling for either foresight or retrospection. Every mechanic seems to me the happiest of mortals: all he has to do is already settled for him, what he can do is fixed and known. He has not to rack his brains over the task that is set him. He works away without thinking, without exertion or haste, but still with diligence and pleasure in his work, like a bird building its nest, or a bee constructing its cells. He is but a degree above the beasts, and yet he is a perfect man. How do I envy the potter at his wheel, or the joiner behind his bench!

Tilling the soil is not to my liking: this first and most necessary of man's occupations is disagreeable to

me. In it man does but ape Nature, who scatters her seeds everywhere; whereas man would choose that a particular field should produce none but one particular fruit. But things do not go on exactly so: the weeds spring up luxuriantly; the cold and wet injures the crop, or the hail cuts it off entirely. The poor husbandman anxiously waits throughout the year to see how the cards will decide the game with the clouds, and determine whether he shall win or lose his stakes. Such a doubtful, ambiguous condition may be right suitable to man in his present ignorance, while he knows not whence he came, nor whither he is going. It may, then, be tolerable to man to resign all his labours to chance; and thus the parson, at any rate, has an opportunity, when things look thoroughly bad, to remind him of Providence, and to connect the sins of his flock with the incidents of Nature.

So, then, I have nothing to joke Ferdinand about! I, too, have met with a pleasant adventure. Adventure!— why do I use the silly word? There is nothing of adventure in a gentle attraction which draws man to man. Our social life, our false relations— those are adventures, those are monstrosities; and yet they come before us as well known, and as nearly akin to us, as uncle and aunt.

We had been introduced to Herr Tüdou; and we found ourselves very happy among this family, — rich, open-hearted, good-natured, lively people, who in the society of their children, in comfort and without care, enjoy the good which each day brings with it, their property, and their glorious neighbourhood. We young folks were not required, as is too often the case in so many formal households, to sacrifice ourselves at the card-table in order to humour the old. On the contrary, the old people — father, mother, and aunts — gathered round us, when, for our own amusement, we

got up some little games in which chance and thought and wit had their counteracting influence. Eleonora, for I must now at last mention her name, — the second daughter (her image will for ever be present to my mind), — a slim slight frame, delicately chiselled features, a bright eye, a palish complexion, which in young girls of her age is rather pleasing than disagreeable, as being a sign of no very incurable a malady: on the whole, her appearance was extremely agreeable. She seemed cheerful and lively, and every one felt at his ease with her. Soon, indeed, I may venture to say at once, — at once, on the very first evening, she made me her companion: she sat by my side; and, if the game separated us a moment, she soon contrived to find her old place again. I was gay and cheerful. My journey, the beautiful weather, the country — all had contributed to produce in me immoderate cheerfulness, — ay, I might almost venture to say a state of excitement. I derived it from everything, and imparted it to everything: even Ferdinand seemed to forget his fair one. We had almost exhausted ourselves in varying our amusements, when we at last thought of the “game of matrimony.” The names of the ladies and of the gentlemen were thrown separately into two hats, and then the pairs were drawn out one by one. On each couple as determined by the lot, one of the company whose turn it might happen to be had to write a little poem. Every one of the party — father, mother, and aunts — were obliged to put their names in the hats. We cast in, besides, the names of our acquaintances, and, to enlarge the number of candidates for matrimony, we threw in those of all the well-known characters of the literary and of the political world. We commenced playing, and the first pairs that were drawn were highly distinguished personages. It was not every one, however, who was ready at once with his verses. *She*, Ferdinand and myself, and one of the

aunts, who wrote very pretty verses in French — we soon divided among ourselves the office of secretary. The conceits were mostly good, and the verses tolerable. Hers, especially, had a touch of nature about them which distinguished them from all others. Without being really clever, they had a happy turn: they were playful without being bitter, and showed goodwill toward every one. The father laughed heartily; and his face was lit up with joy when his daughter's verses were declared to be the best, after mine. Our unqualified approbation highly delighted him. We praised, as men praise unexpected merit, — as we praise an author who has bribed us. At last out came my lot, and chance had taken honourable care of me. It was no less a personage than the Empress of all the Russias, who was drawn to be my partner for life. The company laughed heartily at the match; and Eleonora maintained that the whole company must try their best to do honour to so eminent a consort. All began to try: a few pens were bitten to pieces. She was ready first, but wished to read last. The mother and the aunt could make nothing of the subject; and although the father was rather matter-of-fact, Ferdinand somewhat humourous, and the aunts rather reserved, still, through all, you could see friendship and good-will. At last it came to her turn. She drew a deep breath, her ease and cheerfulness left her: she did not read, but rather lisped it out, and laid it before me to read it to the rest. I was astonished, amazed. Thus does the bud of love open in beauty and modesty. I felt as if a whole spring had showered upon me all its flowers at once. Every one was silent. Ferdinand lost not his presence of mind. "Beautiful!" he exclaimed, "very beautiful! He deserves the poem as little as an empire." "If only we have rightly understood it," said the father. The rest requested I would read it once more. My eyes had



hitherto been fixed on the precious words: a shudder ran through me from head to foot. Ferdinand, who saw my perplexity, took the paper up and read it. She scarcely allowed him to finish before she drew out the lots for another pair. The game was not kept up long after this, and refreshments were brought in.

Shall I, or shall I not? Is it right of me to hide in silence anything from him to whom I tell so much, nay, all? Shall I keep back from you a great matter, when I yet weary you with so many trifles which assuredly no one would ever read but you who have taken so wonderful a liking for me? or shall I keep back anything from you, because it might, perhaps, give you a false, not to say an ill, opinion of me? No: do you know me better than I even know myself. If I should do anything which you do not believe possible I could do, you will amend it: if I should do anything deserving of censure, you will not spare me; you will lead me and guide me whenever my peculiarities entice me off the right road.

My joy, my rapture, at works of art when they are true, when they are immediate and speaking expressions of Nature, afford the greatest delight to every collector, to every *dilettante*. Those, indeed, who call themselves connoisseurs, are not always of my opinion; but I care nothing for their connoisseurship when I am happy. Does not living nature vividly impress itself on my sense of vision? Do not its images remain fixed in my brain? Do not they there grow in beauty, delighting to compare themselves, in turn, with the images of art which the mind of others has also embellished and beautified? I confess to you that my fondness for Nature arises from the fact of my always seeing her so beautiful, so lovely, so brilliant, so ravishing, that the simulation of the artist, even his imperfect imitation, transports me almost as much as

if it were a perfect type. It is, however, only such works of art as bespeak genius and feeling, that have any charms for me. Those cold imitations which confine themselves to the narrow circle of a certain meagre mannerism, of mere painstaking diligence, are to me utterly intolerable. You see, therefore, that my delight and taste cannot well be riveted by a work of art, unless it imitates such objects of nature as are well known to me; so that I am able to test the imitation by my own experience of the originals. Landscape, with all that lives and moves therein; flowers and fruit-trees; Gothic churches; a portrait taken directly from Nature,—all this I can recognise, feel, and, if you like, judge of. Honest W—— amused himself with this trait of my character, and, in such a way that I could not be offended, often made merry with it at my expense. He sees much farther in this matter than I, and I shall always prefer that people should laugh at me while they instruct than that they should praise without benefiting me. He had noticed what things I was most immediately pleased with, and, after a short acquaintance, did not hesitate to avow, that, in the objects that so transported me, there might be much that was truly estimable, and which time alone would enable me to distinguish.

But I turn from this subject, and must now, however circuitously, come to the matter, which, though reluctantly, I cannot but confide to you. I can see you in your room, in your little garden, where, over a pipe of tobacco, you will probably break the seal, and read this letter. Can your thoughts follow me into this free and motley world? Will the circumstances and true state of the case become clear to your imagination? And will you be as indulgent toward your absent friend as I have often found you when present?

When my artistic friend became better acquainted with me, and judged me worthy of being gradually

introduced to better pieces of art, he one day, not without a most mysterious look, took me to a case, which, being opened, displayed a life-size Danae receiving in her lap the golden shower. I was amazed at the splendour of the limbs, the magnificence of the posture and arrangement, the intense tenderness and the intellectuality of the sensual object; and yet I did but stand before it in silent contemplation. It did not excite in me *that* rapture, *that* delight, *that* inexpressible pleasure. My friend, who went on descanting upon the merits of the picture, was too full of his own enthusiasm to notice my coldness, and delighted to have an opportunity of pointing out to me in this painting the distinctive excellences of the Italian school.

But the sight of this picture has not made me happy: it has made me uneasy. What! said I to myself, — in what a strange case do we civilised men find ourselves, with our many conventional restraints! A mossy rock, a waterfall, rivets my eye so long that I can tell everything about it, — its heights, its cavities, its lights and shades, its hues, its blending tints, and reflections: all is distinctly present to my mind, and, whenever I please, comes vividly before me in a most happy imitation. But of that masterpiece of Nature, the human frame, of the order and symmetry of the limbs, — of all this I have but a very general notion, which, in fact, is no notion at all. My imagination presents to me anything but a vivid image of this glorious structure; and, when art presents an imitation of it to my eye, it awakens in me no sensation, and I am unable to judge of the merits of the picture. No, I will remain no longer in this state of stupidity. I will stamp on my mind the shape of man, as well as that of a cluster of grapes, or of a peach-tree.

I induced Ferdinand to bathe in the lake. What a glorious shape my friend has! How duly proportioned all his limbs are! what fulness of form! what splen-

dour of youth! What a gain to have enriched my imagination with this perfect model of manhood! Now I can people the woods, the meadow, and the hills, with similar fine forms. I can see him as Adonis chasing the boar, or as Narcissus contemplating himself in the mirror of the spring.

But alas! my imagination cannot furnish as yet a Venus holding him from the chase, a Venus bewailing his death, or a beautiful Echo casting one sad look more on the cold corpse of the youth before she vanishes for ever. I have therefore resolved, cost what it will, to see a female form in the state in which I have seen my friend.

When, therefore, we reached Geneva, I made arrangements, in the character of an artist, to complete my studies of the nude figure, and to-morrow evening my wish is to be gratified.

I cannot avoid going to-day with Ferdinand to a grand party. It will form an excellent foil to the studies of this evening. Well enough do I know those formal parties, where the old women require you to play at cards with them, and the young ones to ogle with them; where you must listen to the learned, pay respect to the parson, and give way to the noble; where the numerous lights show you scarcely one tolerable form, and that one hidden and buried beneath some barbarous load of frippery. I shall have to speak French, too, — a foreign tongue, — the use of which always makes a man appear silly, whatever he may think of himself, since the best he can express in it is nothing but commonplace and the most obvious of remarks, and that, too, only with stammering and hesitating lips. For what is it that distinguishes the blockhead from the really clever man, but the peculiar quickness and vividness with which the latter discerns the nicer shades and proprieties of all that comes

before him, and expresses himself thereon with facility? Whereas the former (just as we all do with a foreign language) is forced on every occasion to have recourse to some ready-found and conversational phrase or other. To-day I will calmly put up with the sorry entertainment, in expectation of the rare scene of Nature which awaits me.

My adventure is over. It has fully equalled my expectation, nay, surpassed it; and yet I know not whether to congratulate or to blame myself on account of it.

## PART THE SECOND.

MUNSTER, Oct. 3, 1797.

FROM Basle you will receive a packet containing an account of my travels up to that point; for we are now continuing in good earnest our tours through Switzerland. On our route to Biel we rode up the beautiful valley of the Birsch, and at last reached the pass which leads to this place.

Among the ridges of the broad and lofty range of mountains, the little stream of the Birsch found, of old, a channel for itself. Necessity soon after may have driven men to clamber wearily and painfully through its gorges. The Romans, in their time, enlarged the track; and now you may travel through it with perfect ease. The stream, dashing over crags and rocks, and the road, run side by side; and, except at a few points, these make up the whole breadth of the pass, which is hemmed in by rocks, the top of which is easily reached by the eye. Behind them the mountain chain rose with a slight inclination: the summits, however, were veiled by a mist.

Here walls of rock rise precipitously one above another, there immense strata run obliquely down to

the river and the road; here, again, broad masses lie piled one over another, while close beside stands a line of sharp-pointed crags. Wide clefts run yawning upward; and blocks, of the size of a wall, have detached themselves from the rest of the stony mass. Some fragments of the rock have rolled to the bottom: others are still suspended, and by their position alarm you, as also likely at any moment to come toppling down.

Now round, now pointed, now overgrown, now bare, are the tops of these rocks, among and high above which some single bald summit boldly towers; while along the perpendicular cliffs, and among the hollows below, the weather has worn many a deep and winding cranny.

The passage through this defile raised in me a grand but calm emotion. The sublime produces a beautiful calmness in the soul, which, entirely possessed by it, feels as great as it ever can feel. How glorious is such a pure feeling when it rises to the very highest, without overflowing! My eye and my soul were both able to take in the objects before me; and as I was preoccupied by nothing, and had no false tastes to counteract their impression, they had on me their full and natural effect. When we compare such a feeling with that we are sensible of when we laboriously harass ourselves with some trifle, and strain every nerve to gain as much as possible for it, and, as it were, to patch it out, striving to furnish joy and aliment to the mind from its own creation, we then feel sensible what a poor expedient, after all, the latter is.

A young man whom we have had for our companion from Basle said his feelings were very far from what they were on his first visit, and gave all the honour to novelty. I, however, would say, when we see such objects as these for the first time, the unaccustomed soul has to expand itself; and this gives rise to a sort of

painful joy, — an overflowing of emotion, which agitates the mind, and draws from us the most delicious tears. By this operation, the soul, without knowing it, becomes greater in itself, and is, of course, not capable of ever feeling again such a sensation; and man thinks, in consequence, that he has lost something, whereas in fact he has gained. What he loses in delight, he gains in inward riches. If only destiny had bidden me to dwell in the midst of some grand scenery, then would I every morning have imbibed greatness from its grandeur; as, from a lonely valley, I would extract patience and repose.

After reaching the end of the gorge, I alighted, and went back alone through a part of the valley. I thus called forth another profound feeling, — one by which the attentive mind may expand its joys to a high degree. One guesses in the dark about the origin and existence of these singular forms. It may have happened when and how it may: these masses must, according to the laws of gravity and affinity, have been formed grandly and simply by aggregation. Whatever revolutions may subsequently have upheaved, rent, and divided them, the latter were only partial convulsions; and even the idea of such mighty commotions gives one a deep feeling of the eternal stability of the masses. Time, too, bound by the everlasting law, has had here greater, here less, effect upon them.

Internally their colour appears to be yellowish. The air, however, and the weather, have changed the surface into a bluish-gray; so that the original colour is only visible here and there in streaks and in the fresh cracks. The stone itself slowly crumbles beneath the influence of the weather, becoming rounded at the edges as the softer flakes wear away. In this manner have been formed hollows and cavities gracefully shelving off, which, when they have sharp slanting and pointed edges, present a singular appearance.

Vegetation maintains its rights on every ledge, on every flat surface; for in every fissure the pines strike root, and the mosses and plants spread themselves over the rocks. One feels deeply convinced that there is nothing accidental; that here there is working an eternal law, which, however slowly, yet surely governs the universe; that there is nothing here from the hand of man but the convenient road by means of which this singular region is traversed.

GENEVA, Oct. 21, 1779.

The great mountain range, which, running from Basle to Geneva, divides Switzerland from France, is, as you are aware, named the Jura. Its principal heights run by Lausanne, and reach as far as Rolle and Nyon. In the midst of this summit ridge, Nature has cut out — I might almost say washed out — a remarkable valley; for on the tops of all these limestone rocks the operation of the primal waters is manifest. It is called La Vallée de Joux, which means the Valley of the Rock, since Joux, in the local dialect, signifies a rock. Before I proceed with the further description of our journey, I will give you a brief geographical account of its situation. Lengthwise it stretches, like the mountain range itself, almost directly from south to north, and is locked in on the one side by Sept Moncels, and on the other by Dent de Vaulion, which after the Dole, is the highest peak of the Jura. Its length, according to the statement of the neighbourhood, is nine short leagues, but, according to our rough reckoning as we rode through it, six good leagues. The mountainous ridge which bounds it lengthwise on the north, and is also visible from the flat lands, is called the Black Mountain (Le Noir Mont). Toward the west, the Risou rises gradually, and slopes away toward Franche Comté. France and Berne divide the valley pretty evenly between them; the



former claiming the upper and inferior half, and the latter possessing the lower and better portion, which is properly called La Vallée du Lac de Joux. Quite at the upper part of the valley, and at the foot of Sept Moncels, lies the Lac des Rousses, which has no single visible origin, but gathers its waters from the numerous springs which here gush out of the soil, and from the little brooks which run into the lake from all sides. Out of it flows the Orbe, which, after running through the whole of the French and a great portion of the Bernese territory, forms, lower down and toward the Dent de Vaulion, the Lac de Joux, which falls on one side into a smaller lake, the waters of which have some subterraneous outlet. The breadth of the valley varies: above, near the Lac des Rousses, it is nearly half a league, then it closes in to expand again presently, and to reach its greatest breadth, which is nearly a league and a half. So much to enable you better to understand what follows. While you read it, however, I would beg you now and then to cast a glance upon your map, although, so far as concerns this country, I have found them all to be incorrect.

OCT. 24. — In company with a captain and an upper ranger of the forests in these parts, we rode, first of all, up Mont, a little scattered village which much more correctly might be called a line of husbandmen's and vine-dressers' cottages. The weather was extremely clear. When we turned to look behind us, we had a view of the Lake of Geneva, the mountains of Savoy and Valais, and could just catch Lausanne, and also, through a light mist, the country round Geneva. Mont Blanc, which towers above all the mountains of Faucigni, stood out more and more distinctly. It was a brilliant sunset; and the view was so grand, that no human eye was equal to it. The moon rose almost at the full as we got continually higher. Through large pine forests we continued to ascend the Jura, and saw

the lake in a mist, and in it the reflection of the moon. It became lighter and lighter. The road is a well-made causeway, though it was laid down merely for the sake of facilitating the transport of the timber to the plains below. We had been ascending for full three leagues, before the road began gently to descend. We thought we saw below us a vast lake, for a thick mist filled the whole valley which we overlooked. Presently we came nearer to the mist, and observed a white bow, which the moon formed in it, and were soon entirely enveloped in the fog. The company of the captain procured us lodgings in a house where strangers were not usually entertained. In its internal arrangement, it differed in nothing from usual buildings of the same kind, except that the great room in the centre was at once the kitchen, the anteroom, and general gathering-place of the family; and from it you entered at once into the sleeping-rooms, which were either on the same floor with it, or had to be approached by steps. On the one side was the fire, which was burning on the ground on some stone slabs; while a chimney, built durably and neatly of planks, received and carried off the smoke. In the corner were the doors of the oven. All the rest of the floor was of wood, with the exception of a small piece near the window, around the sink, which was paved. Moreover, all around and overhead, on the beams, a multitude of domestic articles and utensils were arranged in beautiful order, and all kept nice and clean.

OCT. 25. — This morning the weather was cold but clear, the meadows covered with hoar-frost, and here and there light clouds were floating in the air. We could pretty nearly survey the whole of the lower valley, our house being situated at the foot of the eastern side of Noir Mont. About eight we set off, and, in order to enjoy the sun fully, proceeded on the western side. The part of the valley we now traversed

was divided into meadows, which toward the lake were rather swampy. The inhabitants either dwell in detached houses built by the side of their farms, or else have gathered closer together in little villages, which bear simple names derived from their several sites. The first of those that we passed through was called "Le Sentier." We saw at a distance the Dent de Vaultion peeping out over a mist which rested on the lake. The valley grew broader; but our road now lay behind a ridge of rock which shut out our view of the lake, and then through another village, called "Le Lieu." The mist arose and fell off, highly variegated by the sun. Close hereto is a small lake, which apparently has neither inlet nor outlet to its waters. The weather cleared up completely as we came to the foot of Dent de Vaultion, and reached the northern extremity of the great lake, which, as it turns westward, empties itself into a smaller by a dam beneath the bridge. The village just above is called "Le Pont." The situation of the smaller lake is what you may easily conceive as being in a peculiar little valley, which may be called pretty. At the western extremity there is a singular mill built in a ravine of the rock, which the smaller lake used formerly to fill. At present it is dammed out of the mill, which is erected in the hollow below. The water is conveyed by sluices to the wheel, from which it falls into crannies of the rock, and, being sucked in by them, does not show itself again till it reaches Valorbe, which is a full league off, where it again bears the name of the "Orbe." These outlets (*entonnoirs*) require to be kept clear: otherwise the water would rise, and again fill the ravine, and overflow the mill, as it has often done already. We saw the people hard at work removing the worn pieces of the limestone, and replacing them by others.

We rode back again over the bridge, toward Le Pont, and took a guide for the Dent du Vaultion. In ascend-

ing it we now had the great lake directly behind us. To the east its boundary is the Noir Mont, behind which the bald peak of the Dole rises up: to the west it is shut in by the mountain ridge, which, on the side of the lake, is perfectly bare. The sun felt hot: it was between eleven and twelve o'clock. By degrees we gained a sight of the whole valley, and were able to discern in the distance the Lac des Rousses, and then, stretching to our feet, the district we had just ridden through, and the road which remained for our return. During the ascent my guide discoursed of the whole range of the country and the lordships, which, he said, it was possible to distinguish from the peak. In the midst of such talk we reached the summit. But a very different spectacle was prepared for us. Under a bright and clear sky nothing was visible but the high mountain chain. All the lower regions were covered with a white sea of cloudy mist, which stretched from Geneva northwards, along the horizon, and glittered brilliantly in the sunshine. Out of it rose, to the east, the whole line of snow and ice capped mountains, acknowledging no distinction of names of either the princes or peoples who fancied they were owners of them, and owning subjection only to one Lord, and to the glance of the sun, which was tinging them with a beautified red. Mont Blanc, right opposite to us, seemed the highest; next to it were the ice-crowned summits of Valais and Oberland; and lastly came the lower mountains of the canton of Berne. Toward the west, the sea of mist, which was unconfined to one spot; on the left, in the remotest distance, appeared the mountains of Solothurn; somewhat nearer, those of Neuchâtel; and right before us, some of the lower heights of the Jura. Just below, lay some of the masses of the Vaulion, to which belongs the Dent (tooth), which takes from it its name. To the west, Franche-Comté, with its flat, outstretched, and wood-covered hills, shut in the whole horizon. In

the distance, toward the northwest, one single mass stood out distinct from all the rest. Straight before us, however, was a beautiful object. This was the peak which gives this summit the name of a tooth. It descends precipitously, or rather with a slight curve, inwards; and in the bottom it is succeeded by a small valley of pine-trees, with beautiful grassy patches here and there, while right beyond it lies the valley of the Orbe (Val-orbe), where you see this stream coming out of the rock, and can trace, in thought, its route backwards to the smaller lake. The little town of Valorbe also lies in this valley. Most reluctantly we quitted the spot. A delay of a few hours longer (for the mist generally disperses in about that time) would have enabled us to distinguish the low lands with the lake; but, in order that our enjoyment should be perfect, we must always have something behind still to be wished. As we descended, we had the whole valley lying perfectly distinct before us. At Le Pont we again mounted our horses, and rode to the east side of the lake, and passed through L'Abbaye de Joux, which at present is a village, but once was a settlement of monks, to whom the whole valley belonged. Toward four we reached our auberge, and found our meal ready, of which we were assured by our hostess that at twelve o'clock it would have been good eating, and which, overdone as it was, tasted excellently.

Let me now add a few particulars just as they were told me. As I mentioned just now, the valley belonged formerly to the monks, who, having divided it again to feudatories, were, with the rest, ejected at the Reformation. At present it belongs to the canton of Berne; and the mountains around are the timber-stores of the Pays de Vaud. Most of the timber is private property, and is cut up under supervision, and then carried down into the plains. The planks are also made here into deal utensils of all kinds, and pails, tubs, and similar articles manufactured.

The people are civil and well disposed. Besides their trade in wood, they also breed cattle. Their beasts are of a small size. The cheese they make is excellent. They are very industrious, and a clod of earth is with them a great treasure. We saw one man, with a horse and cart, carefully collecting the earth which had been thrown up out of a ditch, and carrying it to some hollow places in the same field. They lay the stones carefully together, and make little heaps of them. There are here many stone-polishers, who work for the Genevese and other tradesmen; and this business furnishes occupation for many women and children. The houses are neat, but durable; the form and internal arrangements being determined by the locality, and the wants of the inmates. Before every house there is a running stream, and everywhere you see signs of industry, activity, and wealth. But above all things is the highest praise due to the excellent roads, which in this remote region, as also in all the other cantons, are kept up by that of Berne. A causeway is carried all round the valley, not unnecessarily broad, but in excellent repair; so that the inhabitants can pursue their avocations without inconvenience, and, with their small horses and light carts, pass easily along. The air is very pure and salubrious.

On the 26th of October, during breakfast, we deliberated as to the road we should take on our return. As we heard that the Dole, the highest summit of the Jura, lay at no great distance from the upper end of the valley, and as the weather promised to be most glorious, so that we might to-day hope to enjoy all that chance denied us yesterday, we finally determined to take this route. We loaded a guide with bread and cheese, and butter and wine, and by eight o'clock mounted our horses. Our route now lay along the upper part of the valley, in the shade of Noir Mont. It was extremely cold, and there had been a sharp hoar-frost. We had still a league to ride, through

the part belonging to Berne, before the causeway (which there terminates) branches off into two parts. Through a little wood of pine-trees we entered the French territory. Here the scene changed greatly. What first excited our attention was the wretched roads. The soil is rather stony: everywhere you see great heaps of those which have been picked off the fields. Soon you come to a part which is very marshy, and full of springs. The woods all around you are in wretched condition. In all the houses and people you recognise, I will not say want, but certainly a hard and meagre subsistence. They belong, almost as serfs, to the canons of St. Claude: they are bound to the soil (*glebæ astricti*), and are oppressed with imposts (*sujets à la main-morte et au droit de la suite*), of which we will hereafter have some talk together, as also of a late edict of the king's, repealing the *droit de la suite*, and inviting the owners and occupiers to redeem the *main-morte* for a certain compensation. But still even this portion of the valley is well cultivated. The people love their country dearly; though they lead a hard life, being driven occasionally to steal the wood from the Bernese, and sell it again in the lowlands. The first division is called the Bois d'Amant. After passing through it, we entered the parish of Les Rousses, where we saw before us the little Lake des Rousses and Les Sept Moncels, — seven small hills of different shapes, but all connected together, which form the southern limit of the valley. We soon came upon the new road which runs from the Pays de Vaud to Paris. We kept to this for a mile downwards, and now left entirely the valley. The bare summit of the Dole was before us. We alighted from our horses, and sent them on by the road toward St. Cergue, while we ascended the Dole. It was near noon. The sun felt hot, but a cool south wind came now and then to refresh us. When we looked round for a halting-place, we had behind us Les Sept Moncels,

we could still see a part of the Lac des Rousses, and around it the scattered houses of the parish. The rest of the valley was hidden from our eye by the Noir Mont, above which we again saw our yesterday's view of Franche-Comté, and nearer at hand, southwards, the last summits and valleys of the Jura. We carefully avoided taking advantage of a little peep in the hill, which would have given us a glimpse of the country, for the sake of which, in reality, our ascent was undertaken. I was in some anxiety about the mist: however, from the aspect of the sky above, I drew a favourable omen. At last we stood on the highest summit, and saw with the greatest delight that to-day we were indulged with all that yesterday had been denied us. The whole of the Pays de Vaux and de Gex lay like a plan before us; all the different holdings divided off with green hedges, like the beds of a parterre. We were so high, that the rising and sinking of the landscape before us were unnoticeable. Villages, little towns, country-houses, vine-covered hills, and higher up still, where the forests and Alps begin, the cow-sheds (mostly painted white, or some other light colour), — all glittered in the sunshine. The mist had already rolled off from Lake Lemman. We saw the nearest part of the coast on our side, quite clear: of the so-called smaller lake, where the larger lake contracts itself, and turns toward Geneva, which was right opposite to us, we had a complete view; and on the other side, the country which shuts it in was gradually clearing. But nothing could vie with the view of the mountains, covered with snow and glaciers. We sat down before some rocks, to shelter us from the cold wind, with the sunshine full upon us, and highly relished our little meal. We kept watching the mist, which gradually retired. Each one discovered, or fancied he discovered, some object or other. One by one we distinctly saw Lausanne, surrounded with its houses and gardens, then



Bevay and the Castle of Chillon; the mountains, which shut out from our view the entrance into Valais, and extended as far as the lake; from thence the borders of Savoy, Evian, Repaille, and Tonon, with a sprinkling of villages and farmhouses between them. At last Geneva stood clear from the mist; but beyond, and toward the south, in the neighbourhood of Monte Credo and Monte Vauche, it still hung immovable. When the eye turned to the left, it caught sight of the whole of the lowlands from Lausanne, as far as Solothurn, covered with a light halo. The nearer mountains and heights, and every spot that had a white house on it, could be closely distinguished. The guides pointed out a glimmering, which they said was the Castle of Chauvan, which lies to the left of the Neuberger-See. We were just able to guess whereabouts it lay, but could not distinguish it through the bluish haze. There are no words to express the grandeur and beauty of this view. At the moment every one is scarcely conscious of what he sees: one does but recall the names and sites of well-known cities and localities, to rejoice in a vague conjecture that he recognises them in certain white spots which strike his eye in the prospect before him.

And then the line of glittering glaciers was continually drawing the eye back again to the mountains. The sun made his way toward the west, and lighted up their great flat surfaces, which were turned toward us. How beautifully before them rose from above the snow the variegated rows of black rocks!—teeth, towers, walls; wild, vast, inaccessible vestibules!—and seeming to stand there in the free air in the first purity and freshness of their manifold variety. Man gives up at once all pretensions to the infinite, while he here feels that neither with thought nor vision is he equal to the finite.

Before us we saw a fruitful and populous plain.

The spot on which we were standing was a high, bare mountain rock, which, however, produces a sort of grass as food for the cattle, which are here a great source of gain. This the conceited lord of creation may yet make his own; but those rocks before his eyes are like a train of holy virgins, which the spirit of heaven reserves for itself alone in these inaccessible regions. We tarried awhile, tempting each other, in turn, to try and discover cities, mountains, and regions, now with the naked eye, now with the telescope, and did not begin to descend till the setting sun gave permission to the mist — his own parting breath — to spread itself over the lake.

With sunset we reached the ruins of the fort of St. Cergue. Even when we got down in the valley, our eyes were still riveted on the mountain glaciers. The farthest of these, lying on our left in Oberland, seemed almost to be melting into a light fiery vapour: those still nearer stood with their sides toward us, still glowing and red; but by degrees they became white, green, and grayish. There was something melancholy in the sight. Like a powerful body over which death is gradually passing from the extremities to the heart, so the whole range gradually paled away as far as Mont Blanc, whose ample bosom was still covered all over with a deep red blush, and even appeared to us to retain a reddish tint to the very last, — just as, when one is watching the death of a dear friend, life still seems to linger, and it is difficult to determine the very moment when the pulse ceases to beat.

This time, also, we were very loath to depart. We found our horses in St. Cergue; and, that nothing might be wanting to our enjoyment, the moon rose, and lighted us to Nyon. While on the way, our strained and excited feelings were gradually calmed, and assumed their wonted tone; so that we were able, with keen gratification, to enjoy from our inn window

the glorious moonlight which was spread over the lake.

At different spots of our travels, so much was said of the remarkable character of the glaciers of Savoy, and when we reached Geneva we were told it was becoming more and more the fashion to visit them, that the count<sup>1</sup> was seized with a strange desire to bend our course in that direction, and from Geneva to cross Cluse and Salenche, and enter the Valley of Chamouni, and, after contemplating its wonderful objects, to go on by Valorsine and Trent into Valais. This route, however, which was the one usually pursued by travellers, was thought dangerous in this season of the year. A visit was therefore paid to M. de Saussure at his country-house, and his advice requested. He assured us that we need not hesitate to take that route: there was no snow as yet on the middle-sized mountains; and if on our road we were attentive to the signs of the weather and the advice of the country-people, who were seldom wrong in their judgment, we might enter upon this journey with perfect safety. Here is the copy of the journal of a day's hard travelling.

CLUSE IN SAVOY, Nov. 3, 1779.

To-day, on departing from Geneva, our party divided. The count, with me and a huntsman, took the route to Savoy. Friend W., with the horses, proceeded through the Pays de Vaud for Valais. In a light four-wheeled cabriolet we proceeded first of all to visit Hüber at his country-seat, — a man out of whom mind, imagination, and imitative tact oozes at every pore, one of the very few thorough men we have met with. He saw us well on our way; and then we set off with the lofty snow-capped mountains, which we wished to reach, before our eyes. From the Lake of Geneva the moun-

<sup>1</sup>The Duke Charles Augustus of Weimar, who travelled under the title of Count of ———.

tain-chains verge toward each other, to the point where Bonneville lies, half-way between the Mole, a considerable mountain, and the Arve. There we took our dinner. Behind the town the valley closes right in. Although not very broad, it has the Arve flowing gently through it, and is on the southern side well cultivated; and everywhere the soil is put to some profit. From the early morning, we had been in fear of its raining, some time at least before night; but the clouds gradually quitted the mountains, and dispersed into fleeces, — a sign which has more than once in our experience proved a favourable omen. The air was as warm as it usually is in the beginning of September, and the country we travelled through beautiful; many of the trees being still green. Most of them had assumed a brownish-yellow tint, but only a few were quite bare. The crops were rich and verdant. The mountains caught from the red sunset a rosy hue, blended with violet; and all these rich tints were combined with grand, beautiful, and agreeable forms of the landscape. We talked over much that was good. Toward five we came toward Cluse, where the valley closes, and has only one outlet, through which the Arve issues from the mountains, and by which, also, we propose to enter them to-morrow. We ascended a lofty eminence, and saw beneath us the city, partly built on the slightly inclined side of a rock, but partly on the flat portion of the valley. Our eyes ranged with pleasure over the valley; and, sitting on the granite rocks, we awaited the coming of night in calm and varied discourse. Toward seven, as we descended, it was not at all colder than it is usually in summer about nine. At a miserable inn (where, however, the people were ready and willing, and by their *patois* afforded us much amusement) we are now going, about ten o'clock, to bed, intending to set out early to-morrow, before the morning shall dawn.

SALENCHE, Nov. 4, 1779.

Noon.

Whilst a dinner is being prepared by very willing hands, I will attempt to set down the most remarkable incidents of our yesterday's journey, which commenced with the early morning. With break of day we set out on foot from Cluse, taking the road toward Balme. In the valley the air was agreeably fresh. The moon, in her last quarter, rose bright before the sun, and charmed us with the sight, as being one which we do not often see. Single light vapours rose upwards from all the chasms in the rocks. It seemed as if the morning air were awakening the young spirits, who took pleasure in meeting the sun with expanded bosoms, and gilding them in his rays. The upper heaven was perfectly clear, except where now and then a single cloudy streak, which the rising sun lit up, swept lightly across it. Balme is a miserable village, not far from the spot where a rocky gorge runs off from the road. We asked the people to guide us through the cave for which the place is famous. At this they kept looking at one another, till at last one said to the second, "Take you the ladder, I will carry the rope: come, gentlemen." This strange invitation did not deter us from following them. Our line of descent passed, first of all, among fallen masses of limestone rock, which by the course of time had been piled up, step by step, in front of the precipitous wall of rock, and were now overgrown with bushes of hazel and beech. Over these you reach, at last, the strata of the rock itself, which you have to climb up slowly and painfully, by means of the ladder and of the steps cut into the rock, and by help of branches of the nut-trees which hung overhead, or of pieces of rope tied to them. After this you find yourself, to your great satisfaction, in a kind of portal, which has been worn out of the rock by the weather, and overlooks the

valley and the village below. We now prepared for entering the cave, — lighted our candles, and loaded a pistol, which we proposed to let off. The cave is a long gallery, mostly level, and on one strand; in parts broad enough for two men to walk abreast, in others only passable by one; now high enough to walk upright, then obliging you to stoop, and sometimes even to crawl on hands and feet. Nearly about the middle a cleft runs upwards, and forms a sort of a dome. In one corner, another goes downwards. We threw several stones down it, and counted slowly from seventeen to nineteen before they reached the bottom, after touching the sides many times, but always with a different echo. On the walls a stalactite forms its various devices: however, it is only damp in a very few places, and forms, for the most part, long drops, and not those rich and rare shapes which are so remarkable in Baumann's Cave. We penetrated as far as we could for the water, and, as we came out, let off our pistol, which shook the cave with a strong but dull echo, so that it boomed round us like a bell. It took us a good quarter of an hour to get out again; and, on descending the rocks, we found our carriage, and drove onwards. We saw a beautiful waterfall in the manner of the Staubbach. Neither its height was very great, nor its volume very large, and yet it was extremely interesting, for the rocks formed around it, as it were, a circular niche, in which its waters fell; and the pieces of the limestone, as they were tumbled one over another, formed the most rare and unusual groups.

We arrived here at midday, not quite hungry enough to relish our dinner, which consisted of warm fish, cow-beef, and very stale bread. From this place there is no road leading to the mountains that is passable for so stately an equipage as we have with us: it therefore returns to Geneva, and I now must take my leave of you in order to pursue my route a little

farther. A mule with my luggage will follow us as we pick our way on foot.

CHAMOUNI, Nov. 4, 1779.

Evening, about nine o'clock.

It is only because this letter will bring me for a while nearer to yourself, that I resume my pen : otherwise it would be better for me to give my mind a little rest.

We left Salenche behind us in a lovely open valley. During our noonday's rest the sky had become overcast with white fleecy clouds, about which I have here a special remark to make. We had seen them on a bright day rise equally fine, if not still finer, from the glaciers of Berne. Here, too, it again seemed to us as if the sun had first of all attracted the light mists which evaporated from the tops of the glaciers, and then a gentle breeze had, as it were, combed the fine vapours like a fleece of foam, over the atmosphere. I never remember at home, even in the height of summer (when such phenomena do also occur with us), to have seen any so transparent ; for here it was a perfect web of light. Before long the ice-covered mountains from which it rose lay before us. The valley began to close in. The Arve was gushing out of the rock. We now began to ascend a mountain, and went up higher and higher, with the snowy summits right before us. Mountains and old pine forests, either in the hollows below, or on a level with, our track, came out one by one before the eye as we proceeded. On our left were the mountain peaks, bare and pointed. We felt that we were approaching a mightier and more massive chain of mountains. We passed over a dry and broad bed of stones and gravel, which the water-courses tear down from the sides of the rocks, and in turn flow among and fill up. This brought us into an agreeable valley, flat, and shut in by a circular ridge

of rocks, in which lies the little village of Serves. There the road runs round some very highly variegated rocks, and takes again the direction toward the Arve. After crossing the latter, you again ascend. The masses become constantly more imposing. Nature seems to have begun here with a light hand to prepare her enormous creations. The darkness grew deeper and deeper as we approached the Valley of Chamouni; and when, at last, we entered it, nothing but the larger masses were discernible. The stars came out one by one; and we noticed above the peaks of the summits, right before us, a light which we could not account for. Clear, but without brilliancy, like the milky way, but closer; something like that of the Pleiades, — it riveted our attention, until at last, as our position changed, like a pyramid illuminated by a secret light within, which could best be compared to the gleam of a glowworm, it towered high above the peaks of all the surrounding mountains, and at last convinced us that it must be the peak of Mont Blanc. The beauty of this view was extraordinary. For while, together with the stars that clustered round it, it glimmered, — not, indeed, with the same twinkling light, but in a broader and more continuous mass, — it seemed to belong to a higher sphere, and one had difficulty in thought to fix its roots again in the earth. Before it we saw a line of snowy summits, sparkling as they rested on the ridges covered with the black pines; while between the dark forests vast glaciers sloped down to the valley below.

My descriptions begin to be irregular and forced: in fact, one wants two persons here, — one to see, and the other to describe.

Here we are, in the middle village of the valley called "Le Prieuré," comfortably lodged in a house which a widow caused to be built here in honour of the many strangers who visited the neighbourhood. We are sitting close to the hearth, relishing our Mus-



catel wine from the Vallée d'Aost far better than the lenten dishes which were served up for our dinner.

Nov. 5, 1779. Evening.

To take up one's pen and write, almost requires as great an effort as to go into a cold river. At this moment I have a great mind to put you off by referring you to the description of the glaciers of Savoy, published by Bourritt, an enthusiastic climber.

Invigorated, however, by a few glasses of excellent wine, and by the thought that these pages will reach you much sooner than either the travellers or Bourritt's book, I will do my best. The Valley of Chamouni, in which we are at present, lies very high among the mountains, and, from six to seven leagues long, runs pretty nearly from south to north. The characteristic features which to my mind distinguish it from all others, are its having scarcely any flat portion; but the whole tract, like a trough, slopes from the Arve gradually up the sides of the mountain. Mont Blanc and the line of mountains which runs off from it, and the masses of ice which fill up the immense ravines, make up the eastern wall of the valley, on which, throughout its entire length, seven glaciers, of which one is considerably larger than the others, run down to the bottom of the valley.

The guides whom we had engaged to show us to the ice-lake came betimes. One was an active young fellow; the other, much older, who seemed to think himself a very shrewd personage, having held intercourse with all learned foreigners, and being well acquainted with the nature of the ice-mountains, and a very clever fellow. He assured us, that, for eight and twenty years (so long had he acted as guide), this was the first time his services had been put in requisition so late in the year, — after All-Saints' Day, — and yet that we might even now see every object quite as well

as in June. Provided with wine and food, we began to ascend Mont Anvert, from which we were told the view of the ice-lake would be quite ravishing. Properly I should call it the ice-valley or the ice-stream; for, looking at it from above, the huge masses of ice force themselves out of a deep valley in tolerable smoothness. Right behind it ends a sharp-pointed mountain, from both sides of which waves of ice run frozen into the principal stream. Not the slightest trace of snow was as yet to be seen on the rugged surfaces, and the blue crevices glistened beautifully. The weather, by degrees, became overcast; and I saw gray wavy clouds, which seemed to threaten snow more than it had ever yet done. On the spot where we were standing is a small cabin, built of stones loosely piled together, as a shelter for travellers, which in joke has been named "The Castle of Mont Anvert." An Englishman of the name of Blaire, who is residing at Geneva, has caused a more spacious one to be built at a more convenient spot, and a little higher up, where, sitting by a fireside, you catch through the window a view of the whole ice-valley. The peaks of the rocks over against you, as also in the valley below, are very pointed and rugged. These jags are called needles; and the Aiguille du Dru is a remarkable peak of this kind, right opposite to Mont Anvert. We now wished to walk upon the ice-lake itself, and to consider these immense masses close at hand. Accordingly, we climbed down the mountain, and took nearly a hundred steps round about on the wave-like crystal cliffs. It is certainly a singular sight, when, standing on the ice itself, you see before you the masses pressing upwards, and divided by strangely shaped clefts. However, we did not like standing on this slippery surface; for we were not provided with ice-shoes, nor had we nails in those which we ordinarily wore, and which, on the contrary, had become smooth and rounded with

our long walk. We therefore made our way back to the hut, and, after a short rest, were ready for returning. We descended the mountain, and came to the spot where the ice-stream, step by step, forces its way to the valley below; and we entered the cavern, into which it empties its water. It is broad, deep, and of the most beautiful blue; and in the cave the supply of water is more invariable than farther on at the mouth, since great pieces of ice are constantly melting and dissolving in it.

On our road to the auberge, we passed the house where there were two Albinos, — children between twelve and fourteen, with very white complexions, rough white hair, and with red and restless eyes, like those of rabbits. The deep night which hangs over the valley invites me to retire early to bed; and I am hardly awake enough to tell you that we have seen a tame young ibex, who stands out as distinctly among the goats, as the natural son of a noble prince from the burgher's family among whom he is privately brought up and educated. It does not suit with our discourses, that I should speak of anything out of its due order. Besides, you do not take much delight in specimens of granite, quartz, or in larch and pine trees, yet, most of all, you would desire to see some remarkable fruits of our botanising. I think I am stupid with sleep: I cannot write another line.

CHAMOUNI, Nov. 6, 1779.

Early.

Content with seeing all that the early season allows us to see, we are ready to start again, intending to penetrate as far as Valais to-day. A thick mist covers the whole valley, and reaches half-way up the mountains; and we must wait and see what sun and wind will yet do for us. Our guide purposes that we should take the road over the Col de Balme (a lofty eminence which lies on the north side of the valley, toward

Valais), from the summit of which, if we are lucky, we shall be able to take another survey of the Valley of Chamouni, and of all its remarkable objects.

Whilst I am writing, a remarkable phenomenon is passing along the sky. The mists, which are shifting about and breaking in some places, allow you, through their openings, as through skylights, to catch a glance of the blue sky, while at the same time the mountain peaks, rising above our roof of vapour, are illuminated by the sun's rays. Even without the hope it gives of a beautiful day, this sight of itself is a rich treat to the eye.

We have at last obtained a standard for judging the heights of the mountains. It is at a considerable height above the valley that the vapour rests on the mountains. At a still greater height are clouds, which have floated off upwards from the top of the mist; and then far above these clouds you see the summits glittering in the sunshine.

It is time to go. I must bid farewell to this beautiful valley and to you.

MARTINAC IN VALAIS, Nov. 6, 1779.

Evening.

We have made the passage across without any mishap, and so this adventure is over. The joy of our good luck will keep my pen going merrily for a good half-hour yet.

Having packed our luggage on a mule, we set out early (about nine) from Prieuré. The clouds shifted, so that the peaks were now visible, and then were lost again: at one moment the sun's rays came in streaks on the valley, at the next the whole of it was again in shade. We went up the valley, passing the outlet of the ice-stream, then the glacier d'Argentière, which is the highest of the five: the top of it, however, was hidden from our view by the clouds. On the plain we

held a council whether we should or not take the route over Col de Balme, and abandon the road over Valorsine. The prospect was not the most promising: however, as here there was nothing to lose, and much, perhaps, to gain, we took our way boldly toward the dark region of mists and clouds. As we approached the Glacier du Tour, the clouds parted, and we saw this glacier also in full light. We sat down awhile, and drank a flask of wine, and took something to eat. We now mounted toward the sources of the Arve, passing over rugged meadows, and patches scantily covered with turf, and came nearer and nearer to the region of mists, until at last we entered right into it. We went on patiently for awhile, till at last, as we got up higher, it began again to clear above our heads. It lasted for a short time: so we passed right out of the clouds, and saw the whole mass of them beneath us, spread over the valley, and were able to see the summits of all the mountains on the right and left that enclosed it, with the exception of Mont Blanc, which was covered with clouds. We were able to point them out one by one, and to name them. In some we saw the glaciers reaching from their summits to their feet: in others we could only discern their tracks, as the ice was concealed from our view by the rocky sides of the gorges. Beyond the whole of the flat surface of the clouds, except at its southern extremity, we could distinctly see the mountains glittering in the sunshine. Why should I enumerate to you the names of summits, peaks, needles, icy and snowy masses, when their mere designations can furnish no idea to your mind, either of the whole scene or of its single objects?

It was quite singular how the spirits of the air seemed to be waging war beneath us. Scarcely had we stood a few minutes enjoying the grand view, when a hostile ferment seemed to arise within the mist; and it suddenly rose upwards, and threatened once more to

envelop us. We commenced stoutly ascending the height, in the hope of yet awhile escaping from it; but it outstripped us, and enclosed us on all sides. However, perfectly fresh, we continued to mount; and soon there came to our aid a strong wind, blowing from the mountain. Blowing over the saddle which connected two peaks, it drove the mist back again into the valley. This strange conflict was frequently repeated; and at last, to our joy, we reached the Col de Balme. The view from it was singular, indeed unique. The sky above the peaks was overcast with clouds: below, through the many openings in the mist, we saw the whole of Chamouni, and between these two layers of cloud the mountain summits were all visible. On the east we were shut in by rugged mountains: on the west we looked down on wild valleys, where, however, on every green patch, human dwellings were visible. Before us lay the Valley of Valais, where, at one glance, the eye took in mountains piled in every variety of mass, one upon another, and stretching as far as Martinac, and even beyond it. Surrounded on all sides by mountains, which, farther on toward the horizon, seemed continually to multiply, and to tower higher and higher, we stood on the confines of Valais and Savoy.

Some contrabandists, who were ascending the mountains with their mules, were alarmed at seeing us; for at this season they did not reckon on meeting with any one at this spot. They fired a shot to intimate that they were armed, and one advanced before the rest to reconnoitre. Having recognised our guide, and seen what a harmless figure we made, he returned to his party, who now approached us, and we passed one another with mutual greetings.

The wind now blew sharp; and it began to snow a little as we commenced our descent, which was rough and wild enough, through an ancient forest of pines,

which had taken root on the faces of the gneiss. Torn up by the winds, the trunks and roots lay rotting together; and the rocks, which were loosened at the same time, were lying in rough masses among them.

At last we reached the valley where the River Trent takes its rise from a glacier, and passing the village of Trent, close upon our right, we followed the windings of the valley along a rather inconvenient road, and about six reached Martinac, which lies in the flatter portion of the Valais. Here we must refresh ourselves for further expeditions.

MARTINAC, Nov. 6, 1779.

Evening.

Just as our travels proceed uninterruptedly, so my letters, one after another, keep up my conversation with you. Scarcely have I folded and put aside the conclusion of "Wanderings through Savoy," ere I take up another sheet of paper in order to acquaint you with all that we have further in contemplation.

It was night when we entered a country about which our curiosity had long been excited. As yet we have seen nothing but the peaks of the mountains, which enclose the valley on both sides, and then only in the glimmering of twilight. We crept into our inn, and from the window we see the clouds shift. We feel as glad and comfortable to have a roof over our heads, as children do, when with stools, table-leaves, and carpets they construct a roof near the stove, and therein say to one another that outside "it is raining or snowing," in order to excite a pleasant and imaginary shudder in their little souls. It is exactly so with us on this autumnal evening in this strange and unknown region.

We learn from the maps that we are sitting in the angle of an elbow, from which the smaller part of Valais — running almost directly from south to north, and with the Rhone — extends to the Lake of Geneva,

while the other and the larger portion stretches from west to east, and goes up the Rhone to its source, the Furca. The prospect of riding through the Valais is very agreeable: our only anxiety is how we are to cross over into it. First of all, with the view of seeing the lower portion, it is settled that we go to-morrow to St. Maurice, where we are to meet our friend, who, with the horses, has gone round by the Pays de Vaud. To-morrow evening we think of being here again, and then on the next day shall begin to go up the country. If the advice of M. de Saussure prevails, we shall perform the route to the Furca on horseback, and then back to Brieg over the Simplon, where, in any weather, the travelling is good over Domo d'Osula, Lago Maggiore, Bellinzona, and then up Mount Gothard. The road is said to be excellent, and everywhere passable for horses. We should best prefer going over the Furca to St. Gothard, both for the sake of the shorter route, and also because this *détour* through the Italian provinces was not within our original plan. But then what could we do with our horses? They could not be made to descend the Furca; for, in all probability, the path for pedestrians is already blocked up by the snow.

With regard to the latter contingency, however, we are quite at our ease, and hope to be able, as we have hitherto done, to take counsel, from moment to moment, with circumstances as they arise.

The most remarkable object in this inn is a servant-girl, who, with the greatest stupidity, gives herself all the airs of one of our would-be delicate German ladies. We had a good laugh, when after bathing our weary feet in a bath of red wine and clay, as recommended by our guide, we had in the affected hoiden to wipe them dry.

Our meal has not refreshed us much, and after supper we hope to enjoy our beds more.



ST. MAURICE, Nov. 7, 1779.

Nearly noon.

On the road it is my way to enjoy the beautiful views in order that I may call in one by one my absent friends, and converse with them on the subject of the glorious objects. If I come into an inn, it is in order to rest myself, to go back in memory and to write something to you, when many a time my overstrained faculties would much rather collapse upon themselves, and recover their tone in a sort of half-sleep.

This morning we set off at dawn from Martinac. A fresh breeze was stirring with the day, and we soon passed the old castle which stands at the point where the two arms of Valais make a sort of Y. The valley is narrow, shut in on its two sides by mountains highly diversified in their forms, and which, without exception, are of a peculiar and sublimely beautiful character. We came to the spot where the Trent breaks into the valley around some narrow and perpendicular rocks; so that one almost doubts whether the river does not flow out of the solid rock itself. Close by stands the old bridge, which only last year was greatly injured by the stream; while not far from it lie immense masses of rock, which have fallen very recently from the mountains, and blocked up the road. The whole group together would make an extremely beautiful picture. At a short distance, a new wooden bridge has been built and a new road laid down.

We knew that we were getting near the famous waterfall of Pisse Vache, and wished heartily for a peep at the sun; the shifting clouds giving us some hope that our wish would be gratified. On the road we examined various pieces of granite and of gneiss, which, with all their differences, seem, nevertheless, to have a common origin. At last we stood before the waterfall, which well deserves its fame above all others. At a considerable height a strong stream bursts from

a cleft in the rock, falling downward into a basin, over which the foam and spray is carried far and wide by the wind. The sun at this moment came forth from the clouds, and made the sight doubly vivid. Below in the spray, wherever you go, you have close before you a rainbow. If you go higher up, you still witness no less singular a phenomenon. The airy foaming waves of the upper stream of water, as, with their frothy vapour, they come in contact with the angle of vision at which the rainbow is formed, assume a flame-like hue, without giving rise to the pendent form of the bow; so that at this point you have before you a constantly varying play of fire.

We climbed all round, and, sitting down near it, wished we were able to spend whole days, and many a good hour of our life, on this spot. Here, too, as in so many other places during our present tour, we felt how impossible it was to enjoy and to be fully impressed with grand objects on a passing visit.

We came to a village where there were some merry soldiers, and we drank there some new wine. Some of the same sort had been set before us yesterday. It looked like soap and water: however, I had rather drink it than their sour "this year's" and "two years' old" wine. When one is thirsty nothing comes amiss.

We saw St. Maurice at a distance: it is situated just at the point where the valley closes in, so much as to cease to be anything more than a mere pass. Over the city, on the left, we saw a small church, with a hermitage close to it; and we hope to have an opportunity yet of visiting them both.

We found in the inn a note from our friend, who has stopped at Bec, which is about three-quarters of a league from this place: we have sent a messenger to him. The count is gone out for a walk, to see the country before us. I shall take a morsel to eat, and then set out toward the famous bridge and the pass.

After one o'clock.

I have at last got back from the spot where one could be contented to spend whole days together lounging and loitering about, without once getting tired, holding converse with one's self.

If I had to advise any one as to the best route into Valais, I should recommend the one from the Lake of Geneva up the Rhone. I have been on the road to Bec over the great bridge, from which you step at once into the Bernese territory. Here the Rhone flows downwards, and the valley near the lake becomes a little broader. As I turned round again, I saw that the rocks near St. Maurice pressed together from both sides, and that a small light bridge, with a high arch, was thrown boldly across from them over the Rhone, which rushes beneath it with its roaring and foaming stream. The numerous angles and turrets of a fortress stand close to the bridge, and a single gateway commands the entrance into Valais. I went over the bridge back toward St. Maurice, and even beyond it, in search of a view, which I had formerly seen a drawing of at Huber's house, and by good luck found it.

The count is come back. He had gone to meet the horses, and, mounting his gray, had outstripped the rest. He says the bridge is so light and beautiful that it looks like a horse in the act of leaping a ditch. Our friend, too, is coming, and is quite contented with his tour. He accomplished the distance from the Lake of Geneva to Bec in a few days, and we are all delighted to see one another again.

MARTINAC, at about nine.

We were out riding till late at night; and the road seemed much longer returning than going, as, in the morning, our attention had been constantly attracted from one object to another. Besides, I am, for this day at least, heartily tired of descriptions and re-

flections: however, I must try hastily to perpetuate the memory of two beautiful objects. It was deep twilight, when, on our return, we reached the waterfall of the Pisse Vache. The mountains, the valley, and the heavens themselves, were dark and dusky. By its grayish tint and unceasing murmur you could distinguish the falling stream from all other objects, though you could scarcely discern the slightest motion. Suddenly the summit of a very high peak glowed just like molten brass in a furnace, and above it rose red smoke. This singular phenomenon was the effect of the setting sun illuminating the snow and the mists which ascended from it.

SION, Nov. 8, 1779.

About three o'clock.

This morning we missed our way riding, and were delayed, in consequence, three hours at least. We set out from Martinac before dawn, in order to reach Sion in good time. The weather was extraordinarily beautiful, only that the sun, being low in the heavens, was shut out by the mountains; so that the road, as we passed along, was entirely in the shade. The view, however, of the marvellously beautiful valley of Valais called up many a good and cheerful idea. We had ridden for full three hours along the highroad, with the Rhone on our left, when we saw Sion before us; and we were beginning to congratulate ourselves on the prospect of soon ordering our noonday's meal, when we found that the bridge we ought to cross had been carried away. Nothing remained for us, we were told by the people who were busy repairing it, but either to leave our horses, and go by a foot-path which ran across the rocks, or else to ride on for about three miles, and then cross the Rhone by some other bridges. We chose the latter; and we would not suffer any ill humour to get possession of us, but determined to

ascribe this mischance to the interposition of our good genius, who intended to take us a slow ride through this interesting region with the advantage of good daylight. Everywhere, indeed, in this narrow district, the Rhone makes sad havoc. In order to reach the other bridges, we were obliged, for more than a league and a half, to ride over sandy patches, which, in the various inundations, are constantly shifting, and are useful for nothing but alder and willow beds. At last we came to the bridges, which were wretched, tottering, long, and composed of rotten timbers. We had to lead our horses over, one by one, and with extreme caution. We were now on the left side of the Valais, and had to turn backwards to get to Sion. The road itself was, for the most part, wretched and stony: every step, however, opened a fresh view, which was well worth a painting. One, however, was particularly remarkable. The road brought us up to a castle, below which there was spread out the most lovely scene that we had seen in the whole road. The mountains nearest to us run down on both sides slantingly to the level ground, and by their shape give a kind of perspective effect to the natural landscape. Beneath us was the Valais, in its entire breadth from mountain to mountain, so that the eye could easily take it in. The Rhone, with its ever-varying windings and bushy banks, was flowing past villages, meadows, and richly cultivated highlands. In the distance you saw the Castle of Sion, and the various hills which begin to rise behind it. The farthest horizon was shut in, amphitheatre like, with a semicircular range of snow-capped mountains, which, like all the rest of the scene, stood glittering in the sun's meridian splendour. Disagreeable and rough was the road we had to ride over: we therefore enjoyed the more, perhaps, the still tolerably green festoons of the vines which overarched it. The inhabitants, to whom every spot of earth is precious, plant their grape-vines close

against the walls which divide their little holdings from the road where they grow to an extraordinary thickness, and, by means of stakes and trellises, are trained across the road so as almost to form one continuous arbour. The lower grounds were principally meadows. In the neighbourhood of Sion, however, we noticed some tillage. Toward this town, the scenery is extremely diversified by a variety of hills, and we wished to be able to make a longer stay in order to enjoy it. But the hideousness of the town and of the people fearfully disturb the pleasant impression which the scenery leaves. The most frightful goitres put me altogether out of humour. We cannot well put our horses any farther to-day, and therefore we think of going on foot to Seyters. Here in Sion the inn is disgusting, and the whole town has a dirty and revolting appearance.

SEYTERS, Nov. 8, 1779.

Night.

As evening had begun to fall before we set out from Sion, we reached here at night, with the sky above us clear and starry. We have consequently lost many a good view: that I know well. Particularly we should have liked to ascend to the Castle of Tourbillon, which is at no great distance from Sion: the view from it must be uncommonly beautiful. A guide whom we took with us skilfully guided us through some wretched low lands, where the water was out. We soon reached the heights, and had the Rhone below us on our right. By talking over some astronomical matters, we shortened our road, and have taken up our abode here with some very worthy people, who are doing their best to entertain us. When we think over what we have gone through, so busy a day, with its many incidents and sights, seems almost equal to a whole week. I begin to be quite sorry that I have neither time nor talent to sketch at least the

outlines of the most remarkable objects; for that would be much better for the absent than all descriptions.

SEYTERS, Nov. 9, 1779.

Before we set out, I can just bid you good morning. The count is going with me to the mountains on the left, toward Leukerbad. Our friend will, in the meantime, stay here with the horses, and join us to-morrow at Leuk.

LEUKERBAD, Nov. 9, 1779.

At the foot of Mount Gemmi.

In a little wooden house, where we have been most kindly received by some very worthy people, we are sitting in a small, low room, and trying how much of to-day's highly interesting tour can be communicated in words. Starting from Seyters very early, we proceeded for three leagues up the mountains, after having passed large districts laid waste by the mountain torrents. One of these streams will suddenly rise, and desolate an extent of many miles, covering with fragments of rock and gravel the fields, meadows, and gardens, which (at least wherever possible) the people laboriously set to work to clear, in order, within two generations, perhaps, to be again laid waste. We have had a gray day, with every now and then a glimpse of sunshine. It is impossible to describe how infinitely variegated the Valais here again becomes: the landscape bends and changes every moment. Looking around you, all the objects seem to lie close together; and yet they are separated by great ravines and hills. Generally we had had the open part of the valley below us, on the right, when suddenly we came upon a spot which commanded a most beautiful view over the mountains.

In order to render more clear what it is I am attempting to describe, I must say a few words on the

geographical position of the district in which we are at present. We had now, for three hours, been ascending the mountainous region which separates Valais from Berne. This is, in fact, the great track of mountains which runs in one continuous chain from the Lake of Geneva to Mount St. Gothard, and on which, as it passes through Berne, rest the great masses of ice and snow. Here "above" and "below" are but the relative terms of the moment. I say, for instance, beneath me lies a village; and, in all probability, the level on which it is built is on a precipitous summit, which is far higher above the valley below than I am above it.

As we turned an angle of the road, and rested a while at a hermitage, we saw beneath us, at the end of a lovely green meadow-land which stretched along the brink of an enormous chasm, the village of Inden, with its white church exactly in the middle of the landscape, and built altogether on the slope of the hillside. Beyond the chasm another line of meadow-lands and pine forests went upwards, while right behind the village a vast cleft in the rocks ran up the summit. On the left hand the mountains came right down to us, while those on our right stretched far away into the distance; so that the little hamlet, with its white church, formed, as it were, the focus toward which the many rocks, ravines, and mountains all converged. The road to Inden is cut out of the precipitous side of the rock, which, on your left going to the village, lines the amphitheatre. It is not dangerous, although it looks frightful enough. It goes down on the slope of a rugged mass of rocks, separated from the yawning abyss on the right by nothing but a few poor planks. A peasant with a mule, who was descending at the same time as ourselves, whenever he came to any dangerous points, caught his beast by the tail, lest the steep descent should cause him to slip, and roll into



the rocks below. At last we reached Inden. As our guide was well known there, he easily managed to obtain for us, from a good-natured dame, some bread and a glass of red wine; for in these parts there are no regular inns.

We now ascended the high ravine behind Inden, where we soon saw before us the Gemmiberg (of which we had heard such frightful descriptions), with Leukerbad at its foot, lying between two lofty, inaccessible, snow-covered mountains, as if it were in the hollow of a hand. It was three o'clock, nearly, when we arrived there; and our guide soon procured us lodgings. There is properly no inn, even here; but in consequence of the many visitors to the baths at this place, all people have good accommodations. Our hostess had been put to bed the day before; but her husband, with an old mother and a servant girl, did very creditably the honours of the house. We ordered something to eat, and went to see the warm springs, which in several places burst out of the earth with great force, and are received in very clean reservoirs. Out of the village, and more toward the mountains, there are said to be still stronger ones. The water has not the slightest smell of sulphur; and neither at its source, nor in its channel, does it make the least deposit of ochre, or of any other earth or mineral, but, like any other clear spring-water, it leaves not the slightest trace behind it. As it comes out of the earth, it is extremely hot, and is famous for its good qualities. We had still time for a walk to the foot of the Gemmi, which appeared to us to be at no great distance. I must here repeat a remark that has been made so often already,—that, when one is surrounded with mountain scenery, all objects appear to be extremely near. We had a good league to go,—across fragments of rocks which had fallen from the heights, and over gravel brought down by the torrents,—before

we reached the foot of the Gemmi, where the road ascends along the precipitous crags. This is the only pass into the canton of Berne, and the sick have to be transported along it in sedan-chairs.

If the season did not bid us hasten onward, we should probably to-morrow make an attempt to ascend this remarkable mountain: as it is, however, we must content ourselves with the simple view of it. On our return we saw the clouds brewing, which in these parts is a highly interesting sight. The fine weather we have hitherto enjoyed has made us almost entirely forget that we are in November: moreover, as they foretold us in Berne, the autumn here is very delightful. The short days, however, and the clouds, which threaten snow, warn us how late it is in the year. The strange drift which has been agitating them this evening was singularly beautiful. As we came back from the foot of the Gemmi, we saw light mists come up the ravine from Inden, and move with great rapidity. They continually changed their direction, going, now forward, now backward; and at last, as they ascended, they came so near to Leukerbad, that we saw clearly that we must double our steps, if we would not, before nightfall, be enveloped in the clouds. However, we reached our quarters without accident; and, whilst I write this, it is snowing in earnest. This is the first fall of snow that we have yet had; and when we call to mind our warm ride yesterday, from Martinac to Sion, beneath the vine-arbours, which were still pretty thick with leaves, the change does appear sudden indeed. I have been standing some time at the door, observing the character and look of the clouds, which are beautiful beyond description. It is not yet night; but at intervals the clouds veil the whole sky, and make it quite dark. They rise out of the deep ravines until they reach the highest summits of the mountains: attracted by these, they appear to thicken; and, being

condensed by the cold, they fall down in the shape of snow. It gives you an inexpressible feeling of loneliness to find yourself here at this height, as it were, in a sort of well, from which you scarcely can suppose that there is even a foot-path to get out by, except down the precipice before you. The clouds which gather here in this valley, at one time completely hiding the immense rocks, and absorbing them in a waste, impenetrable gloom, or at another letting a part of them be seen, like huge spectres, give to the people a cast of melancholy. In the midst of such natural phenomena, the people are full of presentiments and forebodings. Clouds, a phenomenon remarkable to every man from his youth up, are in the flat countries generally looked upon at most as something foreign, something super-terrestrial. People regard them as strangers, as birds of passage, which, hatched under a different climate, visit this or that country for a moment or two in passing; as splendid pieces of tapestry, wherewith the gods part off their pomp and splendour from human eyes. But here, where they are hatched, one is enveloped in them from the very first, and the eternal and intrinsic energy of his nature feels moved at every nerve to forebode, and to indulge in presentiments.

To the clouds, which with us even produce these effects, we pay little attention: moreover, as they are not pushed so thickly and directly before our eyes, their economy is the more difficult to observe. With regard to all such phenomena, one's only wish is to dwell on them for awhile, and to be able to tarry several days in the spots where they are observable. If one is fond of such observations, the desire becomes the more vivid, the more one reflects that every season of the year, every hour of the day, and every change of weather, produces new phenomena which we little looked for. And as no man, not even the most ordi-

nary character, was ever a witness, even for once, of great and unusual events, without their leaving behind in his soul some traces or other, and making him feel himself also to be greater for this one little shred of grandeur, so that he is never weary of telling the whole tale of it over again, and has gained, at any rate, a little treasure for his whole life, just so is it with the man who has seen and become familiar with the grand phenomena of nature. He who manages to preserve these impressions, and to combine them with other thoughts and emotions, has, assuredly, a stock of spice wherewith to season the most tasteless parts of life, and to give a pervading relish to the whole of existence.

I observe that in my notes I make very little mention of human beings. Amid these grand objects of nature, they are but little worthy of notice, especially where they do but come and go. I doubt not but that, on a longer stay, we should meet with many worthy and interesting people. One thing I think I have observed everywhere, — the farther one moves from the highroad and the busy marts of men, the more people are shut in by the mountains, isolated and confined to the simplest wants of life, the more they draw their maintenance from simple, humble, and unchangeable pursuits, the better, the more obliging, the more friendly, unselfish, and hospitable they are.

LEUKERBAD, Nov. 10, 1779.

We are getting ready by candle-light, in order to descend the mountain again as soon as day breaks. I have passed a rather restless night. I had not been long in bed before I felt as if I were attacked all over with the nettle-rash. I soon found, however, that it was a swarm of jumping insects, who, ravenous for blood, had fallen upon the newcomer. These insects breed in great numbers in these wooden houses. The

night appeared to me extremely long; and I was heartily glad, when, in the morning, a light was brought in.

LEUKERBAD.

About ten o'clock.

We have not much time to spare: however, before we set out, I will give you an account of the remarkable breaking up of our company, which has here taken place, and also of the cause of it. We set out from Leukerbad with daybreak this morning, and had to make our way over the meadows through the fresh and slippery snow. We soon came to Inden, where, leaving above us on our right the precipitous road which we came down yesterday, we descended to the meadow-lands along the ravine, which now lay on our left. It is extremely wild, and overgrown with trees; but a very tolerable road runs down into it. Through the clefts in the rock, the water which comes down from Leukerbad has its outlets into the Valais. High up on the side of the hill which yesterday we descended, we saw an aqueduct skilfully cut out of rock, by which a little stream is conducted from the mountain, then through a hollow into a neighbouring village.

Next we had to ascend a steep height, from which we soon saw the open country of Valais, with the dirty town of Valais lying beneath us. These little towns are mostly stuck on the hillsides, the roofs inelegantly covered with coarsely split planks, which within a year become black, and overgrown with moss; and when you enter them you are at once disgusted, for everything is dirty. Want and hardship are everywhere apparent among these highly privileged and free burghers.

We found here our friend, who brought the unfavourable report, that it was beginning to be injudicious to proceed farther with the horses. The stables were everywhere small and narrow, being built only

for mules or sumpter-horses; oats, too, were rarely to be procured: indeed, he was told, that, higher up among the mountains, there were none to be had. Accordingly a council was held. Our friend, with the horses, was to descend the Valais, and go by Bec, Vevay, Lausanne, Freiburg, and Berne, to Lucerne; while the count and I pursued our course up the Valais, and endeavoured to penetrate to Mount Gothard, and then through the canton of Uri, and by the lake of the Forest Towns, likewise make for Lucerne. In these parts you may anywhere procure mules, which are better suited to these roads than horses; and to go on foot is, after all, the most agreeable mode of travel. Our friend is gone, and our portmanteaus packed on the back of a mule, and so we are now ready to set off, and make our way on foot to Brieg. The sky has a motley appearance: still I hope that the good luck which has hitherto attended us, and attracted us to this distant spot, will not abandon us at the very point where we have the most need of it.

BRIEG, Nov. 10, 1779.

Evening.

Of to-day's expedition I have little to tell you, unless you would like to be entertained with a long circumstantial account of the weather. About eleven o'clock we set off from Leuk, in company with a Suabian butcher's boy, — who had run away hither, and had found a place, where he served somewhat in the capacity of *Hanswurst* (Jack-pudding); — and with our luggage packed on the back of a mule, which its master was driving before him. Behind us, as far as the eye could reach, thick snow-clouds, which came driving up the lowlands, covered everything. It was really a dull aspect. Without expressing my fears, I felt anxious, lest — even though right before us it looked as clear as it could do in the land of Goshen —

the clouds might, nevertheless, overtake us; and here, perhaps in the territory of the Valais, shut in on both sides by mountains, we might be covered with the clouds, and in one night snowed up. Thus whispered alarm, which got possession almost entirely of one ear: at the other, good courage was speaking in a confident tone, and, reproving me for want of faith, kept reminding me of the past, and called my attention to the phenomena of the atmosphere before us. Our road went continually on toward the fine weather. Up the Rhone all was clear; and, although a strong west wind kept driving the clouds behind us, they could not reach us.

The following was the cause of this. Into the valley of Valais there are, as I have so often remarked already, running down from the neighbouring mountain chains, many ravines, which fall into it like little brooks into a great stream, as, indeed, all their waters flow off into the Rhone. Out of each of these openings rushes a current of wind, which has been forming in the inner valleys and nooks of the rocks. Whenever the principal drift of the clouds up the valley reaches one of these ravines, the current of the wind does not allow the clouds to pass, but contends with them and with the wind that is driving them, and thus detains them, and disputes with them for whole hours the passage up the valley. This conflict we often witnessed; and, when we believed we should surely be overtaken by the clouds, an obstacle of this kind would again arise: and, after we had gone a league, we found they had scarcely stirred from the spot.

Toward evening the sky was uncommonly beautiful. As we arrived at Brieg, the clouds got there almost as soon as we: however, as the sun had set, and a driving east wind blew against them, they were obliged to come to a halt, and formed a huge crescent, from mountain to mountain, across the valley. The cold air had

greatly condensed them ; and, where their edge stood out against the blue sky, it presented to the eye many beautiful, light, and elegant forms. It was quite clear that they were heavy with snow : however, the fresh air seemed to us to promise that much would not fall during the night.

Here we are in a very comfortable inn ; and, what greatly tends to make us contented, we have found a roomy chamber with a stove in it, so that we can sit by the fireside, and take counsel together as to our future travels. Through Brieg runs the usual road to Italy, over the Simplon. Should we, therefore, give up our plan of going over the Furca to Mount St. Gothard, we shall go with hired horses and mules to Domo d'Ossula, Margozro, pass up Lago Maggiore, and then to Bellinzona, then on to St. Gothard, and over Airolo, to the monastery of the Capuchins. This road is passable all the winter through, and good travelling for horses. However, to our minds it is not very inviting, especially as it was not in our original plan, and will not bring us to Lucerne till five days after our friend. We should like better to see the whole of the Valais up to its extreme limit, whither we hope to come by to-morrow evening ; and, if fortune favours, we shall be sitting, by about the same time next day, in Realp, in the canton of Uri, which is on Mount Gothard, and very near to its highest summit. If we then find it impossible to cross the Furca, the road back to this spot will still be open to us, and we then shall pursue from necessity what we will not do from choice.

You can well believe that I have here closely examined the people, whether they believe that the passage over the Furca is open ; for that is the one idea with which I rise, and lie down to sleep, and occupy myself all day long. Hitherto our journey was like a march directed against an enemy ; and now it is as if we were approaching the spot where he has entrenched himself,



and we must give him battle. Besides our mule, two horses are ordered to be ready by the evening.

MUNSTER, Nov. 11, 1779.

Evening, six o'clock.

Again we have had a pleasant and prosperous day. This morning, as we set out early and in good time from Brieg, our host, when we were already on the road, said, "If the mountain (so they call the Furca here) should prove too fearful, you can easily come back, and take another route." With our two horses and mule we soon came upon some pleasant meadows, where the valley becomes so narrow that it is scarcely some gunshots wide. Here are some beautiful pasture-lands, on which stand large trees; while pieces of rock lie scattered about, which have rolled down from the neighbouring mountains. The valley gradually grows narrower; and the traveller is forced to ascend along the side of the mountain, having, the while, the Rhone below him, in a rugged ravine on his left. Above him, however, the land is beautifully spread out. On the variously undulating hills are verdant and rich meadows and pretty hamlets, which, with their dark brown wooden houses, peep out prettily from among the snow. We travelled a good deal on foot, and we did so in turns to accommodate one another; for, although riding is safe enough, still it excites one's alarm to see another riding before you along so narrow a track, and on so weak an animal, and just on the brink of so rugged a precipice. And, as no cattle can be left in the meadows (for the people here shut them all up in sheds at this season), such a country looks lonely; and the thought that one is continually being hemmed in closer and closer by the vast mountains fills the imagination with sombre and disagreeable fancies, enough to make you fall from your seat if you are not very firm in the saddle. Man

is never perfectly master of himself. As he lives in utter ignorance of the future, as, indeed, what the next moment may bring forth is hidden from him, he has often, when anything unusual falls beneath his notice, to contend with involuntary sensations, forebodings, and dream-like fancies, at which shortly afterward he may laugh outright, but which at the decisive moment are often extremely oppressive.

In our noonday quarters we met with some amusement. We had taken up our lodgings with a woman in whose house everything looked neat and orderly. Her room, after the fashion of the country, was wainscoted; the beds ornamented with carving; the cupboards, tables, and all the other little repositories which were fastened against the walls or to the corners, had pretty ornaments of turner's work or carving. From the portraits which hung around in the room, it was easy to see that several members of the family had devoted themselves to the clerical profession. We also observed over the door a collection of bound books, which we took to be the endowment of one of these reverend personages. We took down the "Legends of the Saints," and read it while our meal was preparing. On one occasion of our hostess entering the room, she asked us if we had ever read the history of St. Alexis. We said no, and took no further notice of her question, but went on reading the chapter we each had begun. When, however, we had sat down to table, she placed herself by our sides, and began again to talk of St. Alexis. We asked her whether he was her patron saint or that of her family; which she denied, affirming at the same time, however, that this saintly person had undergone so much for the love of God, that his history always affected her more than any other's. When she saw that we knew nothing about him, she began to tell us his history. "St. Alexis," she said, "was the son of noble, rich, and God-fearing parents

in Rome; and in the practice of good works he delighted to follow their example, for they did extraordinary good to the poor. All this, however, did not appear enough to Alexis; but he secretly devoted himself entirely to God's service, and vowed to Christ perpetual virginity. When, in the course of time, his parents wished to marry him to a lovely and amiable maiden, he did not oppose their will, and the marriage ceremony was concluded; but, instead of retiring to his bed in the nuptial chamber, he went on board a vessel which he found ready to sail, and with it passed over to Asia. Here he assumed the garb of a wretched mendicant, and became so thoroughly disguised, that the servants of his father who had been sent after him failed to recognise him. Here he posted himself near the door of the principal church, invariably attending the divine services, and supporting himself on the alms of the faithful. After two or three years, various miracles took place, betokening the special favour of the Almighty. In the church, the bishop heard a voice bidding him summon into the sacred temple that man whose prayer was most acceptable to God, and to keep him by his side while he celebrated divine worship. As the bishop did not at once know who could be meant, the voice went on to announce to him the beggar, whom, to the great astonishment of the people, he immediately fetched into the church. St. Alexis, embarrassed by having the attention of the people directed to him, quietly and silently departed, also on shipboard, intending to proceed still farther abroad. But, by a tempest, and other circumstances, he was compelled to land in Italy. The saint, seeing in all this the finger of God, was rejoiced to meet with an opportunity of exercising self-denial in the highest degree. He therefore set off direct for his native town, and placed himself as a beggar at the door of his parents' house. With their usual pious benevolence did

they receive him, and commanded one of their servants to furnish him with lodging in the castle and with all necessary sustenance. This servant, annoyed at the trouble he was put to, and displeased with his master's benevolence, assigned to this seeming beggar a miserable hole under some stone steps, where he threw to him, as to a dog, a sorry pittance of food. The saint, instead of suffering himself to be vexed thereat, first of all thanked God sincerely for it in his heart, and not only bore with patient meekness all this, which he might easily have altered, but, with incredible and superhuman fortitude, endured to witness the lasting grief of his parents and his wife for his absence. For he heard his much-loved parents and his beautiful spouse invoke his name a hundred times a day, and pray for his return, and he saw them waste their days in sorrow for his supposed absence." At this passage of her narrative our good hostess could not refrain her tears; while her two daughters, who during the story had crept close to her side, kept looking steadily up in their mother's face. "But," she continued, "great was the reward which the Almighty bestowed on his constancy, giving him, at his death, the greatest possible proofs of his favour in the eyes of the faithful. For after living several years in this state, daily frequenting the service of God with the most fervent zeal, he at last fell sick, without any particular heed being given to his condition by any one. One morning shortly after this, while the Pope was himself celebrating high mass, in the presence of the emperor and all the nobles, suddenly all the bells in the whole city of Rome began to toll, as if for the passing knell of some distinguished personage. Whilst every one was full of amazement, it was revealed to the Pope that this marvel was in honour of the death of the holiest person in the whole city, who had but just died in the house of the noble patrician. The father of Alexis, being inter-

rogated, thought at once of the beggar. He went home, and found him beneath the stairs, quite dead. In his folded hands the saintly man clutched a paper, which his old father sought in vain to take from him. He returned to the church, and told all this to the emperor and the Pope, who thereupon, with their courtiers and clergy, set off to visit the corpse of the saint. When they reached the spot, the holy father took the paper without difficulty out of the hands of the dead man, and handed it to the emperor, who thereupon caused it to be read aloud by his chancellor. The paper contained the history of the saint. Then you should have seen the grief of his parents and wife, which now became excessive, — to think that they had had near to them a son and husband so dear, for whom there was nothing too good that they would not have done; and then, too, to know how ill he had been treated! They fell upon his corpse and wept so bitterly, that there was not one of the bystanders who could refrain from tears. Moreover, among the multitude of the people who gradually flocked to the spot, there were many sick, who were brought to the body, and by its touch were made whole.”

When she had finished her story, she affirmed over and over again, as she dried her eyes, that she had never heard a more touching history; and I, too, was seized with so great a desire to weep, that I had the greatest difficulty to hide and suppress it. After dinner I looked out the legend itself in “Father Cochem,” and found that the good dame had dropped none of the purely human traits of the story, while she had clean forgotten all the tasteless remarks of this writer.

We keep going continually to the window, watching the weather, and are at present very near offering a prayer to the wind and clouds. Long evenings and universal stillness are the elements in which writing thrives right merrily; and I am convinced, that if, for

a few months only, I could contrive, or were obliged, to stay at a spot like this, all my unfinished dramas would of necessity be completed one after another.

We have already had several people before us, and questioned them with regard to the pass over the Furca; but even here we have been unable to gain any precise information, although the mountain is only two or three leagues distant. We must, however, rest contented; and we shall set ourselves at break of day to reconnoitre, and see how destiny will decide for us. However, in general, I may be disposed to take things as they go, it would, I must confess, be highly annoying to me if we should be forced to retrace our steps again. If we are fortunate, we shall be by to-morrow evening at Realp or St. Gothard, and by noon the next day among the Capuchins, at the summit of the mountain. If things go unfortunately, we have two roads open for a retreat, — back through the whole of Valais, and by the well-known road over Berne to Lucerne; or back to Brieg, and then by a wide *détour* to St. Gothard. I think in this short letter I have told you three times. But in fact it is a matter of great importance to us. The issue will decide which was in the right, — our courage, which gave us a confidence that we must succeed, or the prudence of certain persons who were very earnest in trying to dissuade us from attempting this route. This much, at any rate, is certain, that both prudence and courage must own chance to be over them both. And now that we have once more examined the weather, and found the air to be cold, the sky bright, and without any signs of a tendency to snow, we shall go calmly to bed.

MUNSTER, Nov. 12, 1779.

Six o'clock in the morning.

We are quite ready, and all is packed up in order to set out hence with the break of day. We have before

us two leagues to Oberwald, and from there the usual reckoning makes six leagues to Realp. Our mule is to follow us with the baggage as far as it is possible to take him.

REALP, Nov. 12, 1779.

Evening.

We reached this place just at nightfall. We have surmounted all difficulties, and the knots which entangled our path have been cut in two. Before I tell you where we are lodged, and before I describe to you the character of our hosts, allow me the gratification of going over in thought the road which we did not see before us without anxiety, but which we have left behind us without accident, though not without difficulty. About seven we started from Munster, and saw before us the snow-covered amphitheatre of mountain summits, and took to be the Furca the mountain which in the background stood obliquely before it. But, as we afterward learned, we made a mistake: it was concealed from our view by the mountains on our left and by high clouds. The east wind blew strong, and fought with some snow-clouds, chasing the drifts, now over the mountains, now up the valley. But this only made the snow-drifts deeper on the ground, and caused us several times to miss our way; although, shut in as we were on both sides, we could not fail of reaching Oberwald eventually. About nine we actually got there: and, when we dropped in at an inn, its inmates were not a little surprised to see such characters appear there this time of the year. We asked whether the pass over the Furca were still practicable; and they answered, that their folk crossed for the greater part of the winter, but whether we should be able to get across, they could not tell. We immediately sent for some of these persons to be our guides. There soon appeared a strong, thick-set peasant, whose very look and shape inspired confidence. With him we imme-

diately began to treat: if he thought the pass was practicable for us, let him say so, and then take one or more comrades and come with us. After a short pause he agreed, and went away to get ready and to fetch the others. In the meantime we paid our muleteer the hire of his beast, since we could no longer make any use of his mule; and having eaten some bread and cheese, and drank a glass of red wine, felt full of strength and spirits, as our guide came back, followed by another man, who looked still bigger and stronger, and, seeming to have all the strength and courage of a horse, he quickly shouldered our portmanteau. And now we set out, a party of five, through the village, and soon reached the foot of the mountain, which lay on our left, and began gradually to ascend it. At first we had to follow a beaten track which came down from a neighbouring Alp: soon, however, this came to an end, and we had to go up the mountainside through the snow. Our guides, with great skill, tracked their way among the rocks around which the usual path winds, although the deep and smooth snow had covered all alike. Still our road lay through a forest of pines, while the Rhone flowed beneath us in a narrow, unfruitful valley. Into it we also, after a little while, had to descend, and, by crossing a little foot-bridge, we came in sight of the glacier of the Rhone. It is the hugest we have as yet had so full a view of. Being of very great breadth, it occupies the whole saddle of the mountain, and descends uninterruptedly down to the point, where, in the valley, the Rhone flows out of it. At this source the people tell us it has for several years been decreasing. But that is as nothing compared with all the rest of the huge mass. Although everything was full of snow, still the rough crags of ice, on which the wind did not allow the snow to lie, were visible with their dark blue fissures, and you could see clearly where the glacier ended and the snow-covered



rock began. To this point, which lay on our left, we came very close. Presently we again reached a light foot-bridge over a little mountain-stream, which flowed through a barren, trough-shaped valley to join the Rhone. After passing the glacier, neither on the right, nor on the left, nor before you, was there a tree to be seen: all was one desolate waste,—no rugged and prominent rocks, nothing but long smooth valleys, slightly inclining eminences, which now, in the snow, which levelled all inequalities, presented to us their simple, unbroken surfaces. Turning now to the left, we ascended a mountain, sinking at every step deep in the snow. One of our guides had to go first, and, boldly treading down the snow, break the way by which we were to follow.

It was a strange sight, when, turning for a moment your attention from the road, you directed it to yourself and your fellow travellers. In the most desolate region of the world, in a boundless, monotonous wilderness of mountains enveloped in snow, where, for three leagues before and behind, you would not expect to meet a living soul, while on both sides you had the deep hollows of a web of mountains, you might see a line of men wending their way, treading each in the deep footsteps of the one before him, and where, in the whole of the wide expanse thus smoothed over, the eye could discern nothing but the track they left behind them. The hollows as we left them lay behind us gray and boundless in the mist. The changing clouds continually passed over the pale disk of the sun, and spread over the whole scene a perpetually moving veil. I am convinced that any one, who, while pursuing this route, allowed his imagination to gain the mastery, would, even in the absence of all immediate danger, fall a victim to his own apprehensions and fears. In reality, there is little or no risk of a fall here. The great danger is from the avalanches, when the snow

has become deeper than it is at present, and begins to roll. However, our guide told us that they cross the mountains throughout the winter, carrying from Valais to St. Gothard skins of the chamois, in which a considerable trade is carried on here. But then, to avoid the avalanches, they do not take the route that we did, but remain for some time longer in the broad valley, and then go straight up the mountain. This road is safer, but much more inconvenient. After a march of about three hours and a half, we reached the saddle of the Furca, near the cross which marks the boundary of Valais and Uri. Even here we could not distinguish the double peak from which the Furca derives its name. We now hoped for an easier descent; but our guides soon announced to us still deeper snow, as we immediately found it to be. Our march continued in single file, as before; and the foremost man, who broke the path, often sank up to his waist in the snow. The readiness of the people, and their light way of speaking of matters, served to keep up our courage; and I will say, for myself, that I have accomplished the journey without fatigue, although I cannot say that it was a mere walk. The huntsman Hermann asserted that he had often before met with equally deep snow in the forests of Thuringia; but at last he could not help bursting out with a loud exclamation, "The Furca is a" —

A vulture, or lammergeyer, swept over our heads with incredible rapidity. It was the only living thing that we had met with in this waste. In the distance we saw the mountains of the Ursi lighted up with the bright sunshine. Our guides wished to enter a shepherd's hut which had been abandoned and snowed up, and to take something to eat; but we urged them to go onwards to avoid standing still in the cold. Here, again, is another group of valleys; and at last we gained an open view into the valley of the Ursi.

We now proceeded at a shorter pace; and, after travelling about three leagues and a half from the cross, we saw the scattered roofs of Realp. We had several times questioned our guides as to what sort of an inn, and what kind of wine, we were likely to find in Realp. The hopes they gave us were anything but good; but they assured us that the Capuchins there, although they had not, like those on the summit of St. Gothard, an hospice, were in the habit of entertaining strangers. We should there get some good red wine, and better food than at an inn. We therefore sent one of our party forward to inform the Capuchins of our arrival, and procure a lodging for us. We did not loiter long behind, and arrived very soon after him, when we were received at the door by one of the fathers,—a portly, good-looking man. With much friendliness of manner he invited us to enter, and at the threshold begged that we would put up with such entertainment as they could offer, since at no time, and least of all at this season of the year, were they prepared to receive such guests. He therefore led us into a warm room, and was very busy waiting upon us while we took off our boots, and changed our linen. He begged us once for all to make ourselves perfectly at home. As to our meat, we must, he said, be indulgent; for they were in the middle of their long fast, which would last till Christmas Day. We assured him that a warm room, a bit of bread, and a glass of red wine, would, in our present circumstances, fully satisfy all our wishes. He procured us what we asked for; and we had scarcely refreshed ourselves a little, ere he began to recount to us all that concerned the establishment, and the settlement of himself and fellows, on this waste spot. “We have not,” he said, “an hospice, like the fathers on Mount St. Gothard: we are here in the capacity of parish priests, and there are three of us. The duty of preaching falls to my

lot; the second father has to look after the school; and the brother, after the household." He went on to describe their hardships and toils, here, at the farthest end of a lonely valley, separated from all the world, and working hard to very little profit. This spot, like all others, was formerly provided with a secular priest; but, an avalanche having buried half of the village, the last one had run away, and taken the pyx with him, whereupon he was suspended, and they, of whom more resignation was expected, were sent there in his place.

In order to write all this, I had retired to an upper room, which is warmed from below by a hole in the floor; and I have just received an intimation that dinner is ready, which, notwithstanding our luncheon, is right welcome news.

About nine.

The fathers, priests, servants, guides, and all, took their dinner together at a common table. The brother, however, who superintended the cooking, did not make his appearance till dinner was nearly over. Out of milk, eggs, and flour he had compounded a variety of dishes, which we tasted one after another, and found them all very good. Our guides, who took great pleasure in speaking of the successful issue of our expedition, praised us for our uncommon dexterity in travelling, and assured us that it was not every one that they would have undertaken the task of being guides to. They even confessed, also, that this morning, when their services were required, one had gone first to reconnoitre, and to see if we looked like people who would really go through all difficulties with them; for they were particularly cautious how they accompanied old or weak people at this time of the year, since it was their duty to take over in safety every one they had once engaged to guide, being bound, in case of his falling sick, to carry him, even though it should

be at the imminent risk of their own lives, and, if he were to die on the passage, not to leave his body behind. This confession at once opened the flood-gates to a host of anecdotes; and each, in turn, had his story to tell of the difficulties and dangers of wandering over the mountains amidst which the people had here to live as in their proper element; so that with the greatest indifference they speak of mischances and accidents to which they themselves are daily liable. One of them told a story of how, on the Candersteg, on his way to Mount Gemmi, he and a comrade with him (he is mentioned on every occasion with both Christian and surname) found a poor family in the deep snow, the mother dying, her boy half dead, and the father in that state of indifference which verges on a total prostration of intellect. He took the woman on his back, and his comrade her son; and thus laden, they had driven before them the father, who was unwilling to move from the spot.

During the descent of Gemmi the woman died on his back; but he brought her, dead as she was, to Leukerbad. When we asked what sort of people they were, and what could have brought them at such a season into the mountains, he said they were poor people of the canton of Berne, who, driven by want, had taken to the road at an unseasonable period of the year, in the hope of finding some relations either in Valais or the Italian canton, and had been overtaken by a snow-storm. Moreover, they told many anecdotes of what had happened to themselves during the winter journeys over the Furca with the chamois-skins; on which expeditions, however, they always travelled in companies. Every now and then our reverend host would make excuses for the dinner, and we redoubled our assurances that we wished for nothing better. We also found that he contrived to bring back the conversation to himself and his own matters, observing that

he had not been long in this place. He began to talk of the office of preaching and of the skill that a preacher ought to have. He compared the good preacher to a chapman who cleverly puffs his wares and by his pleasant words makes himself agreeable to his customers. After dinner he kept up the conversation; and, as he stood with his left hand leaning on the table, he accompanied his remarks with his right, and, while he discoursed most eloquently on eloquence, appeared at the moment as if he wished to convince us that he himself was the clever chapman. We assented to his observations, and he came from the lecture to the thing itself. He panegyriced the Roman Catholic religion. "We must," he said, "have a rule of faith; and the great value of it consists in its being fixed, and as little as possible liable to change. We," he said, "had made Scripture the foundation of our faith; but it was insufficient. We ourselves would not venture to put it into the hands of common men; for holy as it is, and full as every leaf is of the Spirit of God, still the worldly-minded man is insensible of all this, and finds rather perplexities and stumbling-blocks throughout. What good can a mere layman extract from the histories of sinful men which are contained therein, and which the Holy Ghost has there recorded for the strengthening of the faith of the tried and experienced children of God? What benefit can a common man draw from all this, when he is unable to consider the whole context and connection? How is such a person to see his way clear out of the seeming contradictions which occasionally occur, out of the difficulties which arise from the ill arrangement of the books, and the differences of style, when the learned themselves find it so hard, and while so many passages make them hold their reason in abeyance? What ought we, therefore, to teach? A rule of faith founded on Scripture, and proved by the best of commentaries? But who,

then, is to comment upon Scripture? Who is to set up this rule? I, perhaps, or some other man? By no means. Every man has his own way of taking and seeing things, and represents them after his own ideas. That would be to give to the people as many systems of doctrines as there are heads in the world, and to produce inexplicable confusion, as indeed had already been done. No: it remains for the Holy Church alone to interpret Scripture, to determine the rule by which the souls of men are to be guided and governed. And what is the Church? It is not any single supreme head, or any particular member alone. No! it is all the holiest, most learned, and most experienced men of all times, who, with the coöperation of the Holy Spirit, have successively combined in building up that great, universal, and agreeing body, which has its great councils for its members to communicate their thoughts to one another, and for mutual edification; which banishes error, and thereby imparts to our holy religion a certainty and a stability such as no other profession can pretend to, and gives it a foundation, and strengthens it with bulwarks which even hell cannot overthrow. And just so it is with the text of the Sacred Scriptures. We have," he said, "the Vulgate, moreover, an approved version of the Vulgate, and of every sentence a commentary which the Church itself has accredited. Hence arises that uniformity of our teaching which surprises every one. Whether," he continued, "you hear me preach in this most remote corner of the world or, in the great capital of a distant country, are listening to the dullest or cleverest of preachers, all will hold one and the same language. A Catholic Christian will always hear the same doctrine: everywhere will he be instructed and edified in the same manner. And this is what constitutes the certainty of our faith, what gives us the peace and confidence by which we in life hold sure communion with

our brother Catholics, and at death we can calmly part in the sure hope of meeting one another again."

In his speech, as in a sermon, he let the subjects follow in due order, and spoke more from an inward feeling of satisfaction that he was exhibiting himself under a favourable aspect than from any bigoted anxiety for conversion. During the delivery he would occasionally change the arm he rested upon, or draw them both into the arms of his gown, or let them rest on his portly stomach; now and then he would, with much grace, draw his snuff-box out of his capote, and, after using it, replace it with a careless ease. We listened to him attentively, and he seemed to be quite content with our way of receiving his instructions. How greatly amazed would he have been if an angel had revealed to him at the moment, that he was addressing his peroration to a descendant of Frederick the Wise!

Nov. 13, 1779.

Among the Capuchins, on the summit of Mt. St. Gothard.  
Morning, about ten o'clock.

At last we have fortunately reached the utmost limits of our journey. Here it is determined we shall rest awhile, and then turn our steps toward our dear fatherland. Very strange are my feelings here, on this summit, where, four years ago, I passed a few days with very different anxieties, sentiments, plans, and hopes, and at a very different season of the year, when, without any foreboding of my future fortunes, but moved by I know not what, I turned my back upon Italy, and ignorantly went to meet my present destiny. I did not even recognise the house again. Some time ago it was greatly injured by an avalanche; and the good fathers took advantage of this opportunity, and made a collection throughout the canton for enlarging and improving their residence. Both of the two fathers who reside here at present are absent; but, as I hear,



they are still the same that I met four years ago. Father Seraphin, who has now passed fourteen years in this post, is at present at Milan; and the other is expected to-day from Airolo. In this clear atmosphere the cold is awful. As soon as dinner is over, I will continue my letter; for I see clearly we shall not go far outside the door.

After dinner.

It is getting colder and colder. One does not like to stir from the stove. Indeed, it is most delightful to sit upon it, which in this country, where the stoves are made of stone tiles, it is very easy to do so. First of all, therefore, we will tell you of our departure from Realp, and then of our journey hither.

Yesterday evening, before we retired to our beds, the good father would show us his bedroom, where everything was in nice order, in a very small space. His bed, which consisted of a bag of straw, with a woollen coverlid, did not appear to us to be anything very meritorious, as we ourselves had often put up with no better. With great pleasure and internal satisfaction he showed us everything, — his bookcase and all other things. We praised all that we saw; and, parting on the best terms with each other, we retired for the night. In furnishing our room, in order that two beds might stand against one wall, both had been made unusually small. This inconvenience kept me long awake, until I thought of remedying it by placing four chairs together. It was quite broad daylight before we awoke this morning. When we went down, we found nothing but happy and friendly faces. Our guides, on the point of entering upon their return over yesterday's beautiful route, seemed to look upon it as an epoch, and as a history with which hereafter they would be able to entertain other strangers; and, as they were well paid, the idea of an adventure became complete in

their minds. After this, we made a capital breakfast, and departed.

Our road now lay through the Valley of the Uri, which is remarkable as having, at so great an elevation, such beautiful meadows, and pasturage for cattle. They make here a cheese which I prefer to all others. No trees, however, grow here. Sally-bushes line all the brooks, and on the mountains little shrubs grow thickly together. Of all the countries that I know, this is to me the loveliest and most interesting, — whether it is that old recollections make it precious to me, or that the reception of such a long chain of Nature's wonders excites within me a secret and inexpressible feeling of enjoyment. I take it for granted that you bear in mind that the whole country through which I am leading you is covered with snow, and that rock and meadow alike are snowed over. The sky has been quite clear, without a single cloud; the hue far deeper than one is accustomed to see in low and flat countries; and the white mountain ridges, which stood out in strong contrast to it, were either glittering in the sunshine, or else took a grayish tint in the shade.

In an hour and a half we reached Hôpital, — a little village within the canton of Uri, which lies on the road to St. Gothard. Here, at last, I regained the track of my former tour. We entered an inn, and, though it was as yet morning, ordered a dinner, and soon afterward began to ascend the summit. A long train of mules, with their bells, enlivened the whole region. It is a sound which awakens all one's recollections of mountain scenery. The greater part of the train was in advance of us, and, with their sharp iron shoes, had pretty well cut up the smooth, icy road. We also saw some labourers who were employed in covering the slippery ice with fresh earth in order to render it passable. The wish which I formerly gave utterance to, that I might one day be permitted to see this part of

the world under snow, is now at last gratified. The road goes up the Reuss, as it dashes down over rocks all the way, and forms everywhere the most beautiful waterfalls. We stood a long while attracted by the singular beauty of one, which, in considerable volume, was dashing over a succession of dark black rocks. Here and there, in the cracks and on the flat ledges, pieces of ice had formed; and the water seemed to be running over a variegated black and white marble. The masses of ice glistened in the sun like veins of crystal, and the water flowed pure and fresh between them.

On the mountains, there are no more tiresome fellow travellers than a train of mules, they have so unequal a pace. With a strange instinct, they always stop awhile at the bottom of a steep ascent, and then dash off at a quick pace up it, to rest again at the top. Very often, too, they will stop at the level spots, which do occur now and then, until they are forced on by the drivers, or by other beasts coming up. And so the foot-passenger, by keeping a steady pace, soon gains upon them, and in the narrow road has to push by them. If you stand still a little while to observe any object, they, in their turn, will pass by you, and you are pestered with the deafening sound of their bells, and hard brushed with their loads, which project to a good distance on each side of them. In this way we at last reached the summit of the mountain, of which you can form some idea by fancying a bald skull surrounded with a crown. Here one finds himself on a perfect flat surrounded with peaks. Far and near the eye meets with nothing but bare and mostly snow-covered peaks and crags.

It is scarcely possible to keep one's self warm, especially as they have here no fuel but brushwood, and of that, too, they are obliged to be very sparing, as they have to fetch it up the mountains, from a distance of at least three leagues; for at the summit, they tell us, scarcely any kind of wood grows. The reverend father

is returned from Airolo, so frozen, that, on his arrival, he could scarcely utter a word. Although here the Capuchins are allowed to clothe themselves a little more comfortably than the rest of their order, still their style of dress is by no means suited to such a climate as this. All the way up from Airolo, the road was frozen perfectly smooth, and he had the wind in his face. His beard was quite frozen, and it was a long while before he recovered. We had some conversation together on the hardships of their residence: he told us how they managed to get through the year, their various occupations, and their domestic circumstances. He could speak nothing but Italian, and so we had an opportunity of putting to use the exercises which we had taken in this language during the spring. Toward evening, we went for a moment outside the house-door, that the good father might point out to us the peak which is considered to be the highest summit of Mount Gothard. But we could scarcely endure to stay out a very few minutes, so searching and pinching was the cold. This time, therefore, we shall remain close shut up within doors, and shall have time enough, before we start to-morrow, to travel again, in thought, over all the most remarkable parts of this region.

A brief geographical description will enable you to understand how remarkable the point is at which we are now sitting. St. Gothard is not, indeed, the highest mountain of Switzerland (in Savoy, Mont Blanc has a far higher elevation); and yet it maintains above all others the rank of a king of mountains, because all the great chains converge together around it, and all rest upon it as on their base. Indeed, if I do not make a great mistake, I think I was told at Berne, by Herr Wytttenbach, who from its highest summit had seen the peaks of all the others, that the latter all leaned toward it. The mountains of Schweiz and Unterwalden, joined by those of Uri, range from the north;

from the east, those of the Grisons; from the south, those of the Italian cantons; while from the west, by means of the Furca, the double line of mountains which enclose Valais presses upon it. Not far from this house there are two small lakes, one of which sends forth the Ticino through gorges and valleys into Italy; while from the other, in like manner, the Reuss proceeds, till it empties itself in the Lake of the Forest towns.<sup>1</sup> Not far from this spot are the sources of the Rhine, which pursue an easterly course; and if then we take in the Rhone, which rises at the foot of the Furca, and runs westward through Valais, we shall find ourselves at the point of a cross, from which mountain ranges and rivers proceed toward the four cardinal points.

<sup>1</sup>Lake Lucerne.



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Letters from Italy

Auch in Arcadien





# Letters from Italy

## Auch in Arcadien

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### FROM CARLSBAD TO THE BRENNER.

SEPT. 3, 1786.

As early as three o'clock in the morning, I stole out of Carlsbad; for otherwise I should not have been allowed to depart quietly. The band of friends, who, on the 28th of August, rejoiced to celebrate my birthday, had in some degree acquired a right to detain me. However, it was impossible to stay here any longer. Having packed a portmanteau merely, and a knapsack, I jumped alone into a post-chaise; and by half-past eight, on a beautifully calm but foggy morning, I arrived at Zevoda. The upper clouds were streaky and fleecy, the lower ones heavy. This appeared to me a good sign. I hoped, that, after so wretched a summer, we should enjoy a fine autumn. About twelve I got to Egra, under a warm and shining sun; and now it occurred to me, that this place had the same latitude as my own native town, and it was a real pleasure to me once more to take my midday meal beneath a bright sky, at the fiftieth degree.

On entering Bavaria, one comes at once on the monastery of Waldsassen, with the valuable domain of the ecclesiastical lords who were wise sooner than other men. It lies in a dish-like, not to say caldron-like,

hollow, in a beautiful wheat-ground, enclosed on all sides by slightly ascending and fertile heights. This cloister also possesses settlements in the neighbouring districts. The soil is decomposed slate clay. The marl which is found in this mineral formation, and which, as yet undecomposed, slowly crumbles, makes the earth loose and extremely fertile. The land continues to rise until you come to 'Tirschenreuth, and the waters flow against you, to fall into the Egra and the Elbe. From Tirschenreuth it descends southwards, and the streams run toward the Danube. I can very rapidly form an idea of a country as soon as I know by examination which way even the least brook runs, and can determine the river to whose basin it belongs. By this means, even in those districts of which it is impossible to take a survey, one can, in thought, form a connection between lines of mountains and valleys. From the last-mentioned place begins an excellent road formed of granite. A better one cannot be conceived; for, as the decomposed granite consists of gravelly and argillaceous earths, they bind excellently together, and form a solid foundation, so as to make a road as smooth as a threshing-floor. The country through which it runs looks so much the worse: it also consists of a granite-sand, lies very flat and marshy, and the excellent road is all the more desirable. And as, moreover, the roads descend gradually from this plane, one gets on with a rapidity that strikingly contrasts with the general snail's pace of Bohemian travelling. The enclosed billet will give you the names of the different stages. Suffice it to say, that, on the second morning, I was at Ratisbon; and so I did these twenty-four miles<sup>1</sup> and a half in thirty-nine hours. As the day

<sup>1</sup> A German mile is exactly equal to four English geographical, and to rather more than four and a quarter ordinary miles. The distance in the text may therefore be roughly set down as one hundred and four miles English. — A. J. W. M.

began to dawn, I found myself between Schwondorf and Regenstaufer; and I observed here a change for the better in the cultivation of the land. The soil was no longer the mere débris of the rock, but a mixed alluvial deposit. The inundation by which it was deposited must have been caused by the ebb and flood, from the basin of the Danube, into all the valleys which at present drain their water into it. In this way were formed the natural boles (*pölder*) on which the tillage is carried on. This remark applies to all lands in the neighbourhood of large or small streams, and with this guide any observer may form a conclusion as to the soils suited for tillage.

Ratisbon is, indeed, beautifully situated. The country could not but invite men to settle, and build a city in it, and the spiritual lords have shown their judgment. All the land around the town belongs to them: in the city itself churches crowd churches, and monastic buildings are no less thick. The Danube reminds me of the dear old Main. At Frankfort, indeed, the river and bridges have a better appearance: here, however, the view of the northern suburb, Stadt-amhof, looks very pretty, as it lies before you across the river.

Immediately on my arrival I betook myself to the College of the Jesuits, where the annual play was being acted by the pupils. I saw the end of the opera and the beginning of the tragedy. They did not act worse than many an unexperienced company of amateurs, and their dresses were beautiful, almost too superb. This public exhibition also served to convince me still more strongly of the worldly prudence of the Jesuits. They neglect nothing that is likely to produce an effect, and contrive to practise it with interest and care. In this there is not merely prudence, such as we understand the term abstractedly: it is associated with a real pleasure in the matter in hand, a sympathy and a fellow feeling, a taste, such as arises from the experience

of life. As this great society has among its members organ-builders, sculptors, and gilders, so, assuredly, there are some who patronise the stage with learning and taste; and, just as they decorate their churches with appropriate ornaments, these clear-sighted men take advantage of the world's sensual eye by an imposing theatre.

To-day I am writing in latitude forty-nine degrees. The weather promises to be fair, and even here the people complain of the coldness and wet of the past summer. The morning was cool, but it was the beginning of a glorious and temperate day. The mild atmosphere which the mighty river brings with it is something quite peculiar. The fruits are nothing very surprising. I have tasted, indeed, some excellent pears; but I am longing for grapes and figs.

My attention is riveted by the actions and principles of the Jesuits. Their churches, towers, and buildings have a something great and perfect in their plan, which imposes all beholders with a secret awe. In the decoration, gold, silver, metal, and polished marble are accumulated in such splendour and profusion as must dazzle the beggars of all ranks. Here and there one fails not to meet with something in bad taste in order to appease and to attract humanity. This is the general character of the external ritual of the Roman Catholic Church; but I have never seen it applied with so much shrewdness, tact, and consistency as among the Jesuits. Here all tends to this one end. Unlike the members of the other spiritual orders, they do not continue an old, worn-out ceremonial, but, humouring the spirit of the age, continually deck it out with fresh pomp and splendour.

A rare stone is quarried here into blocks. In appearance it is a species of conglomerate: however, it must be held to be older, more primary, and of a porphyritic nature. It is of a greenish colour, mixed

with quartz, and is porous: in it are found large pieces of very solid jasper, in which, again, are to be seen little round pieces of a kind of breccia. A specimen would have been very instructive, and one could not help longing for one. The rock, however, was too solid; and I had taken a vow not to load myself with stones on this journey.

MUNICH, Sept. 6, 1786.

At half-past twelve on the 5th of September, I set off for Ratisbon. At Abbach the country is beautiful, while the Danube dashes against limestone rocks as far as Saal; the limestone somewhat similar to that at Osteroda, on the Hartz,—close, but, on the whole, porous. By six A. M. I was in Munich; and, after having looked about me for some twelve hours, I will notice only a few points. In the Sculpture Gallery I did not find myself at home. I must practise my eye, first of all, on paintings. There are some excellent things here. The sketches of Rubens from the Luxembourg Gallery caused me the greatest delight.

Here, also, is the rare toy, a model of Trajan's Pillar. The material *lapis-lazuli*, and the figures in gilt. It is, at any rate, a rare piece of workmanship, and in this light one takes pleasure in looking at it.

In the Hall of the Antiques I soon felt that my eye was not much practised on such objects. On this account I was unwilling to stay long there, and to waste my time. There was much that did not take my fancy, without my being able to say why. A *Drusus* attracted my attention; two Antonines pleased me, as also did a few other things. On the whole, the arrangement of the objects was not happy, although there is an evident attempt to make a display with them; and the hall, or rather the museum, would have a good appearance if it were kept in better repair and cleaner. In the Cabinet of Natural History I saw beautiful things from the Tyrol, which in smaller speci-

mens I was already acquainted with, and, indeed, possessed.

I was met by a woman with figs, which, as the first, tasted delicious; but the fruit in general is not good, considering the latitude of forty-eight degrees. Every one is complaining here of the wet and cold. A mist, which might well be called a rain, overtook me this morning early, before I reached Munich. Throughout the day the wind has continued to blow cold from off the Tyrolese mountains. As I looked toward them from the tower, I found them covered, and the whole heavens shrouded with clouds. Now, at setting, the sun is shining on the top of the ancient tower, which stands right opposite to my window. Pardon me that I dwell so much on wind and weather. The traveller by land is almost as much dependent upon them as the voyager by sea; and it would be a sad thing if my autumn in foreign lands should be as little favoured as my summer at home.

And now straight for Innspruck. What a deal I pass over, both on my right and on my left, in order to carry out the one thought which has become almost too old in my soul!

MITTELWALD, Sept. 7, 1786.

It seems as if my guardian-spirit had said "Amen" to my "Credo," and I thank him that he has brought me to this place on so fine a day. My last postilion said, with a joyous exclamation, it was the first in the whole summer. I cherish in quiet my superstition that it will long continue so: however, my friends must pardon me if again I talk of air and clouds.

As I started from Munich, about five o'clock, the sky had cleared. On the mountains of the Tyrol the clouds stood in huge masses. Nor did the streaks in the lower regions move. The road lies on the heights, over hills of alluvial gravel, while below one sees the

Isar flowing slowly. Here the work of the inundations of the primal oceans becomes conceivable. In many granite rubbles I found the counterparts of the specimens in my cabinet, for which I have to thank Knebel.

The mists rising from the river and the meadows hung about for a time ; but at last they, too, dispersed. Between these gravelly hills, which you must think of as extending, both in length and breadth, for many leagues, is a highly beautiful and fertile region like that in the basin of the Regen. Now one comes again upon the Isar, and observes in its channel a precipitous section of the gravel-hills, at least a hundred and fifty feet high. I arrived at Wolfrathshausen, and reached the eight and fortieth degree. The sun was scorching hot. No one relies on the fine weather. Every one is complaining of the past year, and bitterly weeping over the arrangements of Providence.

And now a new world opened upon me. I was approaching the mountains, which stood out more and more distinctly.

Benedictbeuern has a glorious situation, and charms one at first sight. On a fertile plain is a long and broad white building, and behind it a broad and lofty ridge of rocks. Next, one ascends to the Kochelsee, and, still higher on the mountains, to the Walchensee. Here I greeted the first snow-capped summit, and, in the midst of my admiration at being so near the snowy mountains, I was informed that yesterday it had thundered in these parts, and that snow had fallen on the heights. From these meteoric tokens people draw hopes of better weather, and from this early snow anticipate change in the atmosphere. The rocks around me are all of limestone, of the oldest formation, and containing no fossils. These limestone mountains extend, in vast, unbroken ranges, from Dalmatia to Mount St. Gothard. Hacquet has travelled over a

considerable portion of the chain. They dip on the primary rocks of the quartz and clay.

I reached Walchensee about half-past four. About three miles from this place I met with a pretty adventure. A harper and his daughter, a little girl of about eleven years, were walking before me, and he begged of me to take up his child. He went on with his instrument. I let her sit by my side; and she very carefully placed at her feet a large new box,—a pretty and accomplished creature, and already pretty well acquainted with the world. She had been on a pilgrimage on foot, with her mother, to Maria Einsiedel; and both had determined to go upon the still longer journey to St. Jago of Compostella, when her mother was carried off by death, and was unable to fulfil her vow. It was impossible, she thought, to do too much in honour of the Mother of God. After a great fire, in which a whole house was burnt to the lowest foundation, she herself had seen the image of the Mother of God, which stood over the door, beneath a glass frame,—image and glass both uninjured; which was surely a palpable miracle. All her journeys she had taken on foot. She had just played in Munich, before the elector of Bavaria, and altogether her performances had been witnessed by one and twenty princely personages. She quite entertained me. Pretty, large hazel eyes, a proud forehead, which she frequently wrinkled by an elevation of the brows. She was natural and agreeable when she spoke, and especially when she laughed out loud with the free laugh of childhood. When, on the other hand, she was silent, she seemed to have a meaning in it, and, with her upper lip, had a sinister expression. I spoke with her on very many subjects: she was at home with all of them, and made most pertinent remarks. Thus she asked me once what tree one we came to was. It was a huge and beautiful maple, the first I had seen



on my whole journey. She narrowly observed it, and was quite delighted when several more appeared, and she was able to recognise this tree. She was going, she told me, to Botzen, for the fair, where she guessed I, too, was hastening. When she met me there, I must buy her a fairing; which, of course, I promised to do. She intended to put on there her new coif, which she had had made out of her earnings at Munich. She would show it to me beforehand. So she opened the bandbox; and I could not do less than admire the head-gear, with its rich embroidery and beautiful ribbons.

Over another pleasant prospect we felt a mutual pleasure. She asserted that we had fine weather before us; for they always carried their barometer with them, and that was the harp. When the treble-string twanged, it was sure to be fine weather; and it had done so yesterday. I accepted the omen, and we parted in the best of humours and with the hope of a speedy meeting.

ON THE BRENNER, Sept. 8, 1786.  
Evening.

Hurried, not to say driven here by necessity, I have reached at last a resting-place in a calm, quiet spot just such as I could wish it to be. It has been a day which for many years it will be a pleasure to recall. I left Mittelwald about six in the morning, and a sharp wind soon perfectly cleared the sky. The cold was such as one looks for only in February. But now, in the splendour of the setting sun, the dark foreground thickly planted with fig-trees, and, peeping between them, the gray limestone rocks, and, behind all, the highest summit of the mountain covered with snow, and standing out in bold outline against the deep blue sky, furnish precious and ever-changing images.

One enters the Tyrol by Scharnitz. The boundary-line is marked by a wall which bars the passage through the valley, and abuts on both sides on the mountains. It looks well. On one side the rocks are fortified; on the other they ascend perpendicularly. From Seefeld the road continually grew more interesting, and from Benedictbeuern to this place it went on ascending, from height to height: while all the streams of the neighbouring districts were making for the Isar. Now one caught a sight, over a ridge of rocks, of the Valley of the Inn; and Inzingen lay before us. The sun was high and hot, so that I was obliged to throw off some of my coats; for indeed, with the varying atmosphere of the day, I am obliged frequently to change my clothing.

At Zierl one begins to descend into the Valley of the Inn. Its situation is indescribably beautiful, and the bright beams of the sun made it look quite cheerful. The postilion went faster than I wished; for he had not yet heard mass, and was anxious to be present at it at Innsbruck, where, as it was the festival of the Nativity of the Virgin Mary, he hoped to be a devout participant. Accordingly, we rattled along the banks of the Inn, hurrying by Martinswand, — a vast, precipitous, wall-like rock of limestone. To the spot where the Emperor Maximilian is said to have lost himself, I ventured to descend, and came up again without a guide; although it is, in any case, a rash undertaking.

Innsbruck is gloriously situated in a rich, broad valley, between high rocks and mountains. Everybody and everything was decked out in honour of the Virgin's Nativity. At first I had some wish to stop there, but it promised neither rest nor peace. For a little while I amused myself with the son of my host. At last the people who were to attend to me came in one by one. For the sake of health, and prosperity to the flocks, they had all gone on a pilgrimage to

Wilden, — a place of worship on the mountains, about three miles and a half from the city. About two o'clock, as my rolling carriage divided the gay, merry throng, every one was in holiday garb and promenade.

From Innspruck the road becomes even still more beautiful: no powers of description can equal it. The most frequented road, ascending a gorge which empties its waters into the Inn, offers to the eye innumerable varieties of scenery. While the road often runs close to the most rugged rocks, indeed is frequently cut right through them, one sees the other side above you slightly inclining, and cultivated with the most surprising skill. On the high and broad-ascending surface lie valleys, houses, cottages, and cabins, white-washed, glittering among the fields and hedges. Soon all changed: the land becomes available only for pasture, until it, too, terminates on the precipitous ascent. I have gained some ideas for my scheme of a creation; none, however, perfectly new and unexpected. I have also dreamed much of the model I have so long talked about, by which I am desirous to give a notion of all that is brooding in my own mind, and which in nature itself I cannot point out to every eye.

Now it grew darker and darker; individual objects were lost in the obscurity; the masses became constantly vaster and grander; at last, as the whole moved before me like some deeply mysterious figure, the moon suddenly illuminated the snow-capped summits; and now I am waiting till morning shall light up this rocky chasm in which I am shut up on the boundary-line of the north and south.

I must again add a few remarks on the weather, which, perhaps, favours me so highly in return for the great attention I pay to it. On the lowlands one has good or bad weather when it is already settled for either: on the mountains one is present with the beginning of the change. I have so often experienced this

when, on my travels, or walks, or hunting-excursions, I have passed days and nights between the cliffs in the mountain forests. On such occasions a conceit occurred to me, which I give you as nothing better, but which, however, I cannot get rid of, as indeed, generally, such conceits are, of all things, most difficult to get rid of. I altogether look upon it as a truth; and so I will now give utterance to it, especially as I have already so often had occasion to prove the indulgence of my friends.

When we look at the mountains, either closely or from a distance, and see their summits above us, at one time glittering in the sunshine, at another enveloped in mist, swept round with strong clouds, or blackened with showers, we are disposed to ascribe it all to the atmosphere, as we can easily with the eye see and discern its movements and changes. The mountains, on the other hand, with their glorious shapes, lie before our outward senses immovable. We take them to be dead, because they are rigid; and we believe them to be inactive, because they are at rest. For a long while, however, I cannot put off the impulse to ascribe, for the most part, to their imperceptible and secret influence the changes which are observable in the atmosphere. For instance, I believe that the mass of the earth generally, and therefore, also, in an especial way, its more considerable continents, do not exercise a constant and invariable force of attraction, but that this attractive force manifests itself by a certain pulse, which, according to intrinsic, necessary, and probably, also, accidental external causes, increases or decreases. Though all attempts by other objects to determine this oscillation may be too limited and rude, the atmosphere furnishes a standard both delicate and large enough to test their silent operations. When this attractive force decreases never so little, immediately the decrease in the gravity, and the diminished

elasticity of the air, indicate this effect. The atmosphere is now unable to sustain the moisture which is diffused throughout it, either chemically or mechanically: the clouds lower, and the rain falls, and passes to the lowlands. When, however, the mountains increase their power of attraction, then the elasticity of the air is again restored, and two important phenomena result. First of all, the mountains collect around their summits vast masses of clouds, hold them fast and firm above themselves like second heads, until, as determined by the contest of electrical forces within them, they pour down as thunder-showers, rain or mist; and then, on all that remains, the electricity of the air operates, which is now restored to a capacity of retaining more water, dissolving and elaborating it. I saw quite clearly the dispersion of a cloudy mass of this kind. It was hanging on the very highest peak; the red tints of the setting sun still illuminated it. Slowly and slowly pieces detached themselves from either end. Some fleecy nebulae were drawn off, and carried up still higher, and then disappeared; and in this manner, by degrees, the whole mass vanished, and was strangely spun away before my eyes, like a distaff, by invisible hands.

If my friends are disposed to laugh at the itinerant meteorologist and his strange theories, I shall, perhaps, give them more solid cause for laughter by some other of my remarks; for I must confess, that as my journey was, in fact, a flight from all the unshapely things which tormented me in latitude  $51^{\circ}$ , I hoped in  $48^{\circ}$  to meet with a true Goshen. But I found myself disappointed; for latitude alone does not make a climate and fine weather, but the mountain chains, especially such as intersect the land from east to west. In these, great changes are constantly going on; and the lands which lie to the north have most to suffer from them. Thus, farther north, the weather throughout the

summer was determined by the great Alpine range on which I am now writing. Here, for the last few months, it has rained incessantly, while a southeast or southwest wind carried the showers northwards. In Italy they are said to have had fine weather; indeed, a little too dry.

And now a few words on a kindred subject, — the vegetable world, which in so many ways depends on climate and moisture, and the height of the mountain ranges. Here, too, I have noticed no remarkable change, but still an improvement. In the valley before Innspruck, apples and pears are abundant; while the peaches and grapes are brought from the Welsh districts, or, in other words, the Southern Tyrol. Near Innspruck they grow a great deal of Indian corn and buckwheat, which they call *blende*. On the Brenner I first saw the larch, and near Schemberg the pine. Would the harper's daughter have questioned me about them also?

As regards the plants, I feel still more how perfect a tyro I am. Up to Munich I saw, I believed, none but those I was well accustomed to. In truth, my hurried travelling by day and night was not favourable to nicer observation on such objects. Now, it is true, I have my "Linnæus" at hand; and his terminology is well stamped on my brain. But whence are the time and quiet to come for analysing, which, if I at all know myself, will ever become my forte? I, therefore, sharpen my eye for the more general features; and, when I met with the first gentiana near the Walchensee, it struck me that it was always near the water that I had hitherto noticed any new plants.

What made me still more attentive was the influence which the altitude of the mountain region evidently had on plants. Not only did I meet there with new specimens, but I also observed that the growth of the old ones was materially altered. While, in the

lower regions, branches and stalks were stronger and more sappy, the buds stood closer together, and the leaves broader, the higher you got on the mountains, the stalks and branches became more fragile, the buds were at greater intervals, and the leaves thinner and more lanceolate. I noticed this in the case of a willow and of a gentiana, and convinced myself that it was not a case of different species. So, also, near the Walchensee, I noticed longer and thinner rushes than anywhere else.

The limestone of the Alps which I have as yet travelled over has a grayish tint, and beautiful, singular, irregular forms; although the rock is divisible into blocks and strata. But as irregular strata occur, and the rock in general does not crumble equally under the influence of the weather, the sides and the peaks have a singular appearance. This kind of rock comes up the Brenner to a great height. In the region of the Upper Lake I noticed a slight modification. On a micaceous slate of dark green and gray colours, and thickly veined with quartz, lay a white, solid limestone, which, in its detritus, sparkled, and stood in great masses, with numberless clefts. Above it I again found micaceous slate, which, however, seemed to me to be of a softer texture than the first. Higher up still, there was to be seen a peculiar kind of gneiss, or rather a granitic species which approximated to gneiss, as in the district of Ellbogen. Here at the top, and opposite the Inn, the rock is micaceous slate. The streams which come from the mountains leave deposits of nothing but this stone and of the gray limestone.

Not far from here must be the granitic base on which all rests. The maps show that one is on the side of the true great Brenner, from which the streams of a wide surrounding district take their rise.

The following is my external judgment of the people. They are active and straightforward. In form

they are pretty generally alike. Hazel, well-opened eyes: with the women, brown and well-defined eyebrows, but with the men, light and thick. Among the gray rocks, the green hats of the men have a cheerful appearance. The hats are generally ornamented with ribbons, or broad silk sashes, and with fringes, which are prettily sewn on. On the other hand, the women disfigure themselves with white undressed cotton caps of a large size, very much like men's night-caps. These give them a very strange appearance; but abroad, they wear the green hats of the men, which become them very much.

I have opportunity of seeing the value the common class of people put upon peacock's feathers, and in general how every variegated feather is prized. He who wishes to travel through these mountains will do well to take with him a lot of them. A feather of this kind produced at the proper moment will serve instead of the ever-welcome "something to drink."

Whilst I am putting together, sorting, and arranging these sheets, in such a way that my friends may easily take a review of my fortunes up to this point, and that I may at the same time dismiss from my soul all that I have lately thought and experienced, I have, on the other hand, cast many a trembling look on some packets of which I must give a good but brief account. They are to be my fellow travellers: may they not exercise too great an influence on my next few days!

I brought with me to Carlsbad the whole of my manuscripts in order to complete the edition of my works which Goschen has undertaken. The unprinted ones I had long possessed in beautiful transcripts by the practised hand of Secretary Vögel. This active person accompanied me on this occasion in order that I might, if necessary, command his dexterous services. By this means, and with the never-failing coöperation



of Herder, I was soon in a condition to send to the printer the first four volumes, and was on the point of doing the same with the last four. The latter consisted, for the most part, of mere unfinished sketches, indeed of fragments; for, in truth, my perverse habit of beginning many plans, and then, as the interest waned, laying them aside, had gradually gained strength with increasing years, occupations, and duties.

As I had brought these scraps with me, I readily listened to the requests of the literary circles of Carlsbad, and read out to them all that before had remained unknown to the world, which already was bitter enough in its complaints that much with which it had entertained itself still remained unfinished.

The celebration of my birthday consisted mainly in sending me several poems in the name of my commenced but unfinished works. Among these, one was distinguished above the rest. It was called "The Birds." A deputation of these happy creatures, being sent to a true friend, earnestly entreat him to found at once and establish the kingdom so long promised to them. Not less obvious and playful were the allusions to my other unfinished pieces; so that all at once they again possessed a living interest for me, and I related to my friends the designs I had formed, and the entire plans. This gave rise to the expression of wishes and urgent requests, and gave the game entirely into Herder's hands, while he attempted to induce me to take back these papers, and, above all, to bestow upon the "Iphigenia" the pains it well deserved. The fragment which lies before me is rather a sketch than a finished piece. It is written in poetical prose, which occasionally falls into a sort of iambical rhythm, and even imitates other syllabic metres. This, indeed, does great injury to the effect, unless it is read well, and unless, by skilful turns, this defect is carefully concealed. He pressed this matter on me very earnestly; and as

I concealed from him, as well as the rest, the great extent of my intended tour, and as he believed I had nothing more in view than a mountain trip, and as he was always ridiculing my geographical and mineralogical studies, he insisted I should act much wiser, if, instead of breaking stones, I would put my hand to this work. I could not but give way to so many and well-meant remonstrances, but as yet I have had no opportunity to turn my attention to these matters. I now detach "Iphigenia" from the bundle, and take the play with me as my fellow-traveller into the beautiful and warm country of the South. The days are so long, and there will be nothing to disturb reflection, while the glorious objects of the surrounding scenery by no means depress the poetic nerve: indeed, assisted by movement and the free air, they rather stimulate and call it forth more quickly and more vividly.

#### FROM THE BRENNER TO VERONA.

TRENT, morning of the 11th September.

AFTER full fifty hours passed in active and constant occupation, I reached here about eight o'clock yesterday evening, and soon after retired to rest; so that I now find myself in condition to go on with my narrative. On the evening of the 9th, when I had closed the first portion of my diary, I thought I would try and draw the inn and post-house on the Brenner, just as it stood. My attempt was unsuccessful, for I missed the character of the place: I went home, therefore, in somewhat of an ill-humour. Mine host asked me if I would not depart, telling me it was moonlight and the best travelling. Although I knew perfectly well, that as he wanted his horses early in the morning to carry in the after-crop (*Grummet*), and wished to have them home again in time for that purpose, his advice was given

with a view to his own interest, I nevertheless took it, because it accorded with my own inclination. The sun reappeared, the air was tolerable. I packed up, and started about seven o'clock. The blue atmosphere triumphed over the clouds, and the evening was most beautiful.

The postilion fell asleep; and the horses set off at a quick trot down hill, always taking the well-known route. When they came to a village, they went somewhat slower; then the driver would wake up, and urge them on again. And thus we descended at a good pace, with high rocks on both sides of us, or by the banks of the rapid River Etsch. The moon rose, and shed her light upon the massive objects around. Some mills which stood between primeval pine-trees, over the foaming stream, seemed really everlasting.

When, at nine o'clock, I had reached Sterzingen, they gave me clearly to understand that they wished me off again. Arriving in Mittelwald exactly at twelve o'clock, I found everybody asleep except the postilion; and we were obliged to go on to Brixen, where they again, as it were, eloped with me, so that at dawn of day I was in Colman. The postilions drove so fast that there was neither seeing nor hearing; and although I could not help being sorry at travelling through this noble country with such frightful rapidity, and at night too, as though I were fleeing from the place, I nevertheless felt an inward joy that a favourable wind was blowing from behind me, and seemed to hurry me toward the object of my wishes. At daybreak I perceived the first vineyard. A woman with pears and peaches met me; and thus we went on to Teutschen, where I arrived at seven o'clock, and then was again hurried on. After I had again travelled northwards for awhile, I at last saw in the bright sunshine the valley where Botzen is situated. Surrounded by steep and somewhat high mountains, it is open toward

the south, and sheltered toward the north by the Tyro-  
lese range. A mild, soft air pervaded the spot. Here  
the Etsch again winds toward the south. The hills at  
the foot of the mountain are cultivated with vines.  
They are trained over long but low arbour-work. The  
purple grapes are gracefully suspended from the top,  
and ripen in the warmth of the soil, which is close be-  
neath them. In the bottom of the valley, which, for  
the most part, consists of nothing but meadows, the  
vine is cultivated in narrow rows of similar festoons,  
at a little distance from each other; while between  
grows the Indian corn, the stalks of which at this time  
are high. I have often seen it ten feet high. The  
fibrous male blossom is not yet cut off, as is the case  
when fructification has ceased for some time.

I came to Botzen in a bright sunshine. A good  
assemblage of mercantile faces pleased me much.  
Everywhere one sees the liveliest tokens of an existence  
full of purpose, and highly comfortable. In the square,  
some fruit-women were sitting with round flat baskets  
above four feet in diameter, in which peaches were  
arranged side by side so as to avoid pressure. Here I  
thought of a verse which I had seen written on the  
window of the inn at Ratisbon :

“Comme les pêches et les melons  
Sont pour la bouche d'un baron,  
Ainsi les verges et les bâtons  
Sont pour les fous, dit Salomon.”

It is obvious that this was written by a northern  
baron; and no less clear is it, that if he were in this  
country, he would alter his notions.

At the Botzen fair a brisk silk-trade is carried on.  
Cloths are also brought here, and as much leather as  
can be procured from the mountain districts. Several  
merchants, however, came chiefly for the sake of de-

positing their money, taking orders, and opening new credits. I felt I could have taken great delight in examining the various products that were collected here; but the impulse, the state of disquiet, which keeps urging me from behind, would not let me rest, and I must at once hasten from the spot. For my consolation, however, the whole matter is printed in the statistical papers; and we can, if we require it, get such instructions from books. I have now to deal only with the sensible impressions, which no book or picture can give. In fact, I am again taking an interest in the world; I am testing my faculty of observation, and trying how far I can go with my science and my acquirements, how far my eye is clear and sharp, how much I can take in at a hasty glance, and whether those wrinkles that are imprinted upon my heart are ever again to be effaced. Even in these few days, the circumstance that I have had to wait upon myself, and have always been obliged to keep my attention and presence of mind on the alert, has given me quite a new elasticity of intellect. I must now busy myself with the currency, must change, pay, note down, write; while I formerly did nothing but think, will, reflect, command, and dictate.

From Botzen to Trent the stage is nine leagues, and runs through a valley which constantly increases in fertility. All that merely struggles into vegetation on the higher mountains has here more strength and vitality: the sun shines with warmth, and there is once more belief in a Deity.

A poor woman cried out to me to take her child into my vehicle, as the hot soil was burning its feet. I did her this little service in honour of the strong light of heaven. The child was strangely decked out, but I could get nothing from it in any way.

The Etsch flows more gently in these parts, and it makes broad deposits of gravel in many places. On the

land, near the river and up the hills, the planting is so thick and close that one fancies one thing will suffocate the other. It is a regular thicket of vineyards, maize, mulberry-trees, apples, pears, quinces, and nuts. The danewort (*Attich*) thrives luxuriantly on the walls. Ivy with solid stems runs up the rocks, on which it spreads itself. The lizards glide through the interstices; and whatever has life or motion here, reminds one of the most charming works of art. The braided top-knots of the women, the bared breasts and light jackets of the men, the fine oxen which you see driven home from market, the laden asses, all combine to produce one of Heinrich Roos's animated pictures. And when evening draws on, and through the calmness of the air a few clouds rest upon the mountains, rather standing than running against the sky, and as, immediately after sunset, the chirp of the grasshoppers begins to grow loud, one feels quite at home in the world, and not a mere exile. I am as reconciled to the place as if I were born and bred in it, and had now just returned from Greenland from a whaling expedition. Even the dust, which here, as in our country, often plays about my wheels, and which has so long remained strange to me, I welcome as an old friend. The bell-like voice of the cricket is most piercing, and far from unpleasant. A cheerful effect is produced when playful boys whistle against a field of such singers, and you almost fancy that the sound on each side is raised by emulation. The evening here is perfectly mild, no less so than the day.

If any one who lived in the South, or came from the South, heard my enthusiasm about these matters, he would consider me very childish. Alas! what I express here, I long ago was conscious of while suffering under an unkindly sky; and now I love to experience as an exception the happiness I hope soon to enjoy as a regular natural necessity.

## TRENT.

The evening of the 10th September.

I have wandered about the city, which has an old, not to say a very primitive, look, though there are new and well-built houses in some of the streets. In the church there is a picture in which is represented the assembled council of the Jesuits listening to a sermon delivered by the general of the order. I should like to know what he is trying to palm upon them. The church of these fathers may at once be recognised from the outside by pilasters of red marble on the façade. The doors are covered by a heavy curtain, which serves to keep off the dust. I raised it, and entered a small vestibule. The church itself is parted off by an iron grating, but so that it can be entirely overlooked. All was as silent as the grave, for divine service is no longer performed here. The front door stood open, merely because all churches must be open at the time of vespers.

While I stood considering the architecture, which was, I found, similar to other Jesuit churches, an old man stepped in, and at once took off his little black cap. His old faded black coat indicated that he was a needy priest. He knelt down before the grating, and rose again after a short prayer. When he turned round, he said to himself, half aloud, "Well, they have driven out the Jesuits; but they ought to have paid them the cost of the church. I know how many thousands were spent on the church and the seminary." As he uttered this he left the spot, and the curtain fell behind him. I lifted it again, and kept quiet. He remained awhile standing on the topmost step, and said, "The emperor did not do it: the Pope did it." With his face turned toward the street, so that he could not observe me, he continued, "First the Spaniards, then we, then the French. The blood of Abel cries out against his brother Cain!" And

thus he went down the steps, and along the street, still talking to himself. I should conjecture he is one, who, having been maintained by the Jesuits, has lost his wits in consequence of the tremendous fall of the order, and now comes every day to search the empty vessel for its old inhabitants, and, after a short prayer, to pronounce a curse upon their enemies.

A young man whom I questioned about the remarkable sights in the town showed me a house which is called the "Devil's house," because the devil, who is generally too ready to destroy, is said to have built it in a single night, with stones rapidly brought to the spot. However, what is really remarkable about the house the good man had not observed; namely, that it is the only house of good taste that I have yet seen in Trent, and was certainly built by some good Italian, at an earlier period. At five o'clock in the evening I again set off. The spectacle of yesterday evening was repeated, and at sunset the grasshoppers again began to sing. For about a league the journey lies between walls above which the grape-espaliers are visible. Other walls, which are not high enough, have been eked out with stones, thorns, etc., to prevent passengers from plucking off the grapes. Many owners sprinkle the foremost rows with lime, which renders the grapes uneatable, but does not hurt the wine, as the process of fermentation drives out the heterogeneous matter.

Evening of Sept. 11.

I am now at Roveredo, where a marked distinction of language begins: hitherto it has fluctuated between German and Italian. I have now, for the first time, had a thoroughly Italian postilion. The innkeeper does not speak a word of German, and I must put my own linguistic powers to the test. How delighted I am that the language I have always loved most now becomes living, — the language of common usage!



TORBOLE, 12th September.

After dinner.

How much do I wish that my friends were with me for a moment to enjoy the prospect which now lies before my eyes!

I might have been in Verona this evening: but a magnificent natural phenomenon was in my vicinity, — Lake Garda, a splendid spectacle, which I did not want to miss; and now I am nobly rewarded for taking this circuitous route. After five o'clock I started from Roveredo, up a side valley, which still pours its waters into the Etsch. After ascending this, you come to an immense rocky bar, which you must cross in descending to the lake. Here appeared the finest calcareous rocks for pictorial study. On descending, you come to a little village on the northern end of the lake, with a little port, or rather landing-place, which is called Torbole. On my way up, I was constantly accompanied by fig-trees; and, descending into the rocky atmosphere, I found the first olive-tree full of fruit. Here, also, for the first time, I found as a common fruit those little white figs which the Countess Lanthieri had promised me.

A door opens from the chamber in which I sit into the courtyard below. Before this I have placed my table, and taken a rough sketch of the prospect. The lake may be seen for its whole length, and it is only at the end toward the left that it vanishes from our eyes. The shore, which is enclosed on both sides by hill and mountain, shines with a countless number of little hamlets.

After midnight the wind blows from north to south; and he who wishes to go down the lake must travel at this time, for a few hours before sunset the current of air changes, and moves northward. At this time (the afternoon) it blows strongly against me, and pleasantly qualifies the burning heat of the sun

Volkman teaches me that this lake was formerly called "Benacus," and quotes from Virgil a line in which it was mentioned :—

"Fluctibus et fremiter resonans, Benace, marino."

This is the first Latin verse the subject of which ever stood visibly before me ; and now, in the present moment, when the wind is blowing more and more strongly, and the lake casts loftier billows against the little harbour, it is just as true as it was hundreds of years ago. Much, indeed, has changed ; but the wind still roars about the lake, the aspect of which gains even greater glory from a line of Virgil's.

The above was written in a latitude of 45° 50'.

I went out for a walk in the cool of the evening ; and now I really find myself in a new country, surrounded by objects entirely strange. The people lead a careless, sauntering life. In the first place, the doors are without locks ; but the host assured me that I might be quite at ease, even though all I had about me consisted of diamonds. In the second place, the windows are covered with oiled paper instead of glass. In the third place, an extremely *necessary* convenience is wanting, so that one comes pretty close to a state of nature. When I asked the waiter for a certain place, he pointed down into the courtyard : "Qui, abasso puo servirsi !" — "Dove ?" asked I. "Da per tutto, dove vuol," was the friendly reply. The greatest carelessness is visible everywhere, but still there is life and bustle enough. During the whole day the women of the neighbourhood are incessantly chattering and shrieking : all have something to do at the same time. I have not yet seen an idle woman.

The host, with Italian emphasis, assured me that he felt great pleasure in being able to serve me with the

finest trout. They are taken near Torbole, where the stream flows down from the mountains, and the fish seeks a passage upward. The emperor farms this fishery for ten thousand gulden. The fish, which are large (often weighing fifty pounds), and spotted over the whole body to the head, are not trout, properly so called. The flavour, which is between that of trout and salmon, is delicate and excellent.

But my real delight is in the fruit, — in the figs and in the pears, which must, indeed, be excellent, where citrons are already growing.

Evening of Sept. 13.

At three o'clock this morning I started from Torbole with a couple of rowers. At first the wind was so favourable that we put up a sail. The morning was cloudy, but fine, and perfectly calm at daybreak. We passed Limona, the mountain gardens of which — laid out terrace-fashion, and planted with citron-trees — have a neat and rich appearance. The whole garden consists of rows of square white pillars placed at some distance from each other, and rising up the mountain in steps. On these pillars strong beams are laid, that the trees planted between them may be sheltered in the winter. The view of these pleasant objects was favoured by a slow passage; and we had already passed Malsesine when the wind suddenly changed, took the direction usual in the daytime, and blew toward the north. Rowing was of little use against this superior power, and therefore we were forced to land in the harbour of Malsesine. This is the first Venetian spot on the eastern side of the lake. When one has to do with water, we cannot say, "I will be at this or that particular place to-day." I will make my stay here as useful as I can, especially by making a drawing of the castle, which lies close to the water, and is a beautiful object. As I passed along, I took a sketch of it.

SEPT. 14.

The wind, which blew against me yesterday, and drove me into the harbour of Malsesine, was the cause of a perilous adventure, which I got over with good humour, and the remembrance of which I still find amusing. According to my plan, I went early in the morning into the old castle, which, having neither gate nor guard, is accessible to everybody. Entering the courtyard, I seated myself opposite to the old tower, which is built on and among the rocks. Here I had selected a very convenient spot for drawing, — a carved stone seat in the wall, near a closed door, raised some three or four feet high, such as we also find in the old buildings in our own country.

I had not sat long, before several persons entered the yard, and walked backward and forward, looking at me. The multitude increased, and at last so stood as completely to surround me. I remarked that my drawing had excited attention. However, I did not allow myself to be disturbed, but quietly continued my occupation. At last a man, not of the most prepossessing appearance, came up to me, and asked me what I was about. I replied that I was copying the old tower, that I might have some remembrance of Malsesine. He said that this was not allowed, and that I must leave off. As he said this in the common Venetian dialect, so that I understood him with difficulty, I answered that I did not understand him at all. With true Italian coolness he took hold of my paper, and tore it, at the same time letting it remain on the pasteboard. Here I observed an air of dissatisfaction among the bystanders. An old woman, in particular, said that it was not right, but that the *podestà* ought to be called, who was the best judge of such matters. I stood upright on the steps, having my back against the door, and surveyed the assembly, which was continually increasing. The fixed, eager glances, the good-hu-

moured expression of most of the faces, and all the other characteristics of a foreign mob, made the most amusing impression upon me. I fancied that I could see before me the chorus of birds, which, as Treufreund, I had often laughed at in the Ettersburg theatre. This put me in excellent humour; and, when the *podestà* came up with his actuary, I greeted him in an open manner, and, when he asked me why I was drawing the fortification, modestly replied that I did not look upon that wall as a fortification. I called the attention of him and the people to the decay of the towers and walls, and to the generally defenceless position of the place, assuring him that I thought I only saw and drew a ruin.

I was answered thus: "If it was only a ruin, what could there be remarkable about it?" As I wished to gain time and favour, I replied, very circumstantially, that they must be well aware how many travellers visited Italy for the sake of the ruins only; that Rome, the metropolis of the world, having suffered the depredations of barbarians, was now full of ruins, which had been drawn hundreds of times; and that all the works of antiquity were not in such good preservation as the amphitheatre at Verona, which I hoped soon to see.

The *podestà*, who stood before me, though in a less elevated position, was a tall man, not exactly thin, of about thirty years of age. The flat features of his spiritless face perfectly accorded with the slow, constrained manner in which he put his questions. Even the actuary, a sharp little fellow, seemed as if he did not know what to make of a case so new and so unexpected. I said a great deal of the same sort. The people seemed to take my remarks good-naturedly; and, on turning toward some kindly female faces, I thought I could read assent and approval.

When, however, I mentioned the amphitheatre at

Verona, which in this country is called the "Arena," the actuary, who had in the meanwhile collected himself, replied that this was all very well, because the edifice in question was a Roman building, famed throughout the world. In these towers, however, there was nothing remarkable, excepting that they marked the boundary between the Venetian domain and Austrian Empire; and therefore *espionage* could not be allowed. I answered by explaining, at some length, that not only the Greek and Roman antiquities, but also those of the middle ages, were worth attention. They could not be blamed, I granted, if, having been accustomed to this building from their youth upwards, they could not discern in it so many picturesque beauties as I did. Fortunately the morning sun shed the most beautiful lustre on the tower, rocks, and walls; and I began to describe the scene with enthusiasm. My audience, however, had these much lauded objects behind them; and, as they did not wish to turn altogether away from me, they all at once twisted their heads, like the birds which we call "wry-necks" (*Wendehälse*), that they might see with their eyes what I had been lauding to their ears. Even the *podestà* turned round, though with more dignity than the rest, toward the picture I had been describing. This scene appeared to me so ridiculous that my good humour increased, and I spared them nothing, least of all, the ivy, which had been suffered for ages to adorn the rock and walls.

The actuary retorted, that this was all very well: but the Emperor Joseph was a troublesome gentleman, who certainly entertained many evil designs against Venice; and I might, probably, have been one of his subjects, appointed by him, to act as a spy on the borders.

"Far from belonging to the emperor," I replied, "I can boast, as well as you, that I am a citizen of a republic which also governs itself, but which is not,

indeed, to be compared for power and greatness to the illustrious state of Venice, although in commercial activity, in wealth, and in the wisdom of its rulers, it is inferior to no state in Germany. I am a native of Frankfort-on-the-Main, a city the name and fame of which has doubtless reached you."

"Of Frankfort-on-the-Main!" cried a pretty young woman. "Then, Mr. *Podestà*, you can at once see all about the foreigner, whom I look upon as an honest man. Let Gregorio be called: he has resided there a long time, and will be the best judge of the matter."

The kindly faces had already increased around me; the first adversary had vanished; and, when Gregorio came to the spot, the whole affair took a decided turn in my favour. He was a man upwards of fifty, with one of those well-known Italian faces. He spoke and conducted himself like one who feels that something foreign is not foreign to him, and told me at once that he had seen service in Bolongari's house, and would be delighted to hear from me something about this family and the city in general, which had left a pleasant impression in his memory. Fortunately, his residence at Frankfort had been during my younger years; and I had the double advantage of being able to say exactly how matters stood in his time, and what alteration had taken place afterwards. I told him about all the Italian families, none of whom had remained unknown to me. With many particulars he was highly delighted, as, for instance, with the fact that Herr Alessina had celebrated his "golden wedding"<sup>1</sup> in the year 1774, and that a medal had been struck on the occasion, which was in my possession. He remembered that the wife of this wealthy merchant was by birth a Brentano. I could also tell him something about the children and grandchildren of these families,

<sup>1</sup>The fiftieth anniversary of a wedding-day is so-called in Germany. — TRANS.

— how they had grown up, and had been provided for and married, and had multiplied in their descendants.

When I had given the most accurate information about almost everything about which he had asked, his features alternately expressed cheerfulness and solemnity. He was pleased and touched; while the people cheered up more and more, and could not hear too much of our conversation, of which, it must be confessed, he was obliged to translate a part into their own dialect.

At last he said, "*Podestà*, I am convinced that this is a good, accomplished, and well-educated gentleman, who is travelling about to acquire instruction. We will let him depart in a friendly manner, that he may speak well of us to his fellow countrymen, and induce them to visit Malsesine, the beautiful situation of which is well worthy the admiration of foreigners." I gave additional force to these kind words by praising the country, the situation, and the inhabitants, not forgetting to mention the magistrates as wise and prudent personages.

This was well received; and I had permission to visit the place at pleasure, in company with Master Gregorio. The landlord with whom I had put up now joined us, and was delighted at the prospect of the foreign guests who would crowd upon him when once the advantages of Malsesine were properly known. With the most lively curiosity he examined my various articles of dress, but especially envied me the possession of a little pistol, which slipped conveniently into the pocket. He congratulated those who could carry such pretty weapons; this being forbidden in his country, under the severest penalties. This friendly but obtrusive personage I sometimes interrupted to thank my deliverer. "Do not thank me," said honest Gregorio; "for you owe me nothing. If the *podestà* had understood his business, and the actuary had not



been the most selfish man in the world, you would not have got off so easily. The former was still more puzzled than you; and the latter would have pocketed nothing by your arrest, the information, and your removal to Verona. This he rapidly considered, and you were already free before our dialogue was ended."

Toward the evening the good man took me into his vineyard, which was very well situated, down along the lake. We were accompanied by his son, a lad of fifteen, who was forced to climb the trees, and pluck me the best fruit, while the old man looked out for the ripest grapes.

While thus placed between these two kind-hearted people, both strange to the world, alone, as it were, in the deep solitude of the earth, I felt in the most lively manner, as I reflected on the day's adventure, what a whimsical being man is; how the very thing, which in company he might enjoy with ease and security, is often rendered troublesome and dangerous, from his notion that he can appropriate to himself the world and its contents after his own peculiar fashion.

Toward midnight my host accompanied me to the bark, carrying the basket of fruit with which Gregorio had presented me, and thus, with a favourable wind, I left the shore, which had promised to become for me a *Læstrygonicum* shore.

And now for my expedition on the lake. It ended happily, after the noble aspect of the water, and of the adjacent shore of Brescia, had refreshed my very heart. On the western side, where the mountains cease to be perpendicular, and near the lake, the land becomes more flat. Garignano, Bojaco, Cecina, Toscolan, Madero, Verdom, and Salo stand all in a row, and occupy a reach of about a league and a half; most of them being built in long streets. No words can express the beauty of this richly inhabited spot. At ten o'clock in the morning, I landed at Bartolino, placed my luggage

on one mule, and myself on another. The road went now over a ridge which separates the valley of the Etsch from the hollow of the lake. The primeval waters seem to have driven against each other from both sides, in immense currents, and to have raised this colossal dam of gravel. A fertile soil was deposited upon the gravel at a quieter period, but the labourer is constantly annoyed by the appearance of the stones on the surface. Every effort is made to get rid of them. They are piled in rows and layers one on another, and thus a sort of thick wall is formed along the path. The mulberry-trees, from a want of moisture, have a dismal appearance at this elevation. Springs there are none. From time to time puddles of collected rain-water may be found, with which the mules, and even their drivers, quench their thirst. Some wheels are placed on the river beneath, to water at pleasure those plantations that have a lower situation.

The magnificence of the new country, which opens on you as you descend, surpasses description. It is a garden a mile long and broad, which lies quite flat at the foot of tall mountains and steep rocks, and is as neatly laid out as possible. By this way, about one o'clock on the 10th of September, I reached Verona, where I first write this, finish, and put together the first part of my diary, and indulge in the pleasing hope of seeing the amphitheatre in the evening.

Concerning the weather of these days I have to make the following statement. The night from the 9th to the 10th was alternately clear and cloudy: the moon had always a halo round it. Toward five o'clock in the morning, all the sky was overcast with gray, not heavy clouds, which vanished with the advance of day. The more I descended, the finer was the weather. As at Botzen the great mass of the mountains took a northerly situation, the air displayed quite another

quality. From the different grounds in the landscape, which were separated from each other in the most picturesque manner, by a tint more or less blue, it might be seen that the atmosphere was full of vapours equally distributed, which it was able to sustain, and which, therefore, neither fell in the shape of dew, nor were collected in the form of clouds. As I descended farther, I could plainly observe that all the exhalations from the Botzen Valley, and all the streaks of cloud which ascended from the more southern mountains, moved toward the higher northern regions, which they did not cover, but veiled with a kind of yellow fog. In the remotest distance, over the mountains, I could observe what is called a "water-gull." To the south of Botzen they have had the finest weather all the summer, only a little *water* (they say *aqua* to denote a light rain) from time to time, and then a return of sunshine. Yesterday a few drops occasionally fell, and the sun throughout continued shining. They have not had so good a year for a long while; everything turns out well: the bad weather they have sent to us.

I mention but slightly the mountains and the species of stone; since Ferber's "Travels to Italy," and Hacquet's "Journey along the Alps," give sufficient information respecting this district. A quarter of a league from the Brenner, there is a marble quarry, which I passed at twilight. It may, nay must, lie upon mica-slate, as on the other side. This I found near Colman, just as it dawned: lower down there was an appearance of porphyry. The rocks were so magnificent, and the heaps were so conveniently broken up along the highway, that a "Voigt" cabinet might have been made and packed up at once. Without any trouble of that kind, I can take a piece, if it is only to accustom my eyes and my curiosity to a small quantity. A little below Colman I found some porphyry, which splits into regular plates, and, between Brandrol and

Neumark, some of a similar kind, in which, however, the laminæ separated in pillars. Ferber considered them to be volcanic productions; but that was fourteen years ago, when all the world had its head on fire. Even Hacquet ridicules the notion.

Of the people I can say but little, and that is not very favourable. On my descent from the Brenner, I discovered, as soon as day came, a decided change of form, and was particularly displeas'd by the pale, brownish complexion of the women: their features indicated wretchedness. The children looked equally miserable, the men somewhat better. I imagine that the cause of this sickly condition may be found in the frequent consumption of Indian corn and buckwheat. Both the former (which they also call "Yellow Blende") and the latter (which is called "Black Blende") are ground, made into a thick pap with water, and thus eaten. The Germans on this side pull out the dough, and fry it in butter. The Italian Tyrolese, on the contrary, eat it just as it is, often with scrapings of cheese, and do not taste meat throughout the year. This necessarily glues up and stops the alimentary channels, especially with the women and children; and their cachectic complexion is an indication of the malady. They also eat fruit and green beans, which they boil down in water, and mix with oil and garlic. I asked if there were no rich peasants. "Yes, indeed!" was the reply. "Don't they indulge themselves at all? don't they eat anything better?" — "No, they are used to it." — "What do they do with their money, then? how do they lay it out?" — "Oh! they have their ladies, who relieve them of that." This is the sum and substance of a conversation with mine host's daughter at Botzen.

I also learned from her that the vine-tillers were the worst off, although they appeared to be the most opulent; for they were in the hands of commercial towns-

people, who advanced them enough to support life in the bad seasons, and in winter took their wine at a low price. However, it is the same thing everywhere.

My opinion concerning the food is confirmed by the fact that the women who inhabit the towns appear better and better. They have pretty, plump, girlish faces. The body is somewhat too short, in proportion to the stoutness and the size of the head; but sometimes the countenances have a most agreeable expression. The men we already know through the wandering Tyrolese. In the country their appearance is less fresh than that of the women, perhaps because the latter have more bodily labour, and are more in motion; while the former sit at home as traders and workmen. By the Garda Lake I found the people very brown, without the slightest tinge of red in their cheeks: however, they did not look unhealthy, but quite fresh and comfortable. Probably the burning sunbeams to which they are exposed at the foot of their mountains are the cause of their complexion.

#### FROM VERONA TO VENICE.

VERONA, Sept. 16.

WELL, then, the Amphitheatre is the first important monument of the old times that I have seen; and how well it is preserved! When I entered, and still more when I walked around the edge of it at the top, it seemed strange to me that I saw something great, and yet, properly speaking, saw nothing. Besides, I do not like to see it empty. I should like to see it full of people, just as, in modern times, it was filled up in honour of Joseph I. and Pius VI. The emperor, although his eye was accustomed to human masses, must have been astonished. But it was only in the earliest times that it produced its full effect, when the people

was more a people than it is now. For, properly speaking, such an amphitheatre is constructed to give the people an imposing view of itself, — to cajole itself.

When anything worth seeing occurs on the level ground, and any one runs to the spot, the hindermost try by every means to raise themselves above the foremost: they get upon benches, roll casks, bring up vehicles, lay planks in every direction, occupy the neighbouring heights, and a crater is formed in no time.

If the spectacle occur frequently on the same spot, light scaffoldings are built for those who are able to pay, and the rest of the multitude must get on as it can. Here the problem of the architect is to satisfy this general want. By means of his art he prepares such a crater, making it as simple as possible, that the people itself may constitute the decoration. When the populace saw itself so assembled, it must have been astonished at the sight; for whereas it was only accustomed to see itself running about in confusion, or to find itself crowded together without particular rule or order, so must this many-headed, many-minded, wandering animal now see itself combined into a noble body, made into a definite unity, bound and secured into a mass, and animated as one form by one mind. The simplicity of the oval is most pleasingly obvious to every eye, and every head serves as a measure to show the vastness of the whole. Now we see it empty, we have no standard, and do not know whether it is large or small.

The Veronese deserve commendation for the high preservation in which this edifice is kept. It is built of a reddish marble, which has been affected by the atmosphere; and hence the steps, which have been eaten, are continually restored, and look almost all new. An inscription makes mention of one Hieronymus Maurigenus, and of the incredible industry which he has expended on this monument. Of the outer wall

only a piece remains, and I doubt whether it was ever quite finished. The lower arches, which adjoin the large square called "Il Bra," are let out to workmen; and the reanimation of these arcades produces a cheerful appearance.

VERONA, Sept. 16.

The most beautiful gate, which, however, always remains closed, is called "Porta stupa," or "del Pallio." As a gate, and considering the great distance from which it is first seen, it is not well conceived; and it is not till we come near it, that we recognise the beauty of the structure.

All sorts of reasons are given to account for its being closed. I have, however, a conjecture of my own. It was manifestly the intention of the artist to cause a new *Corso* to be laid out from this gate; for the situation, or the present street, is completely wrong. On the left side there is nothing but barracks; and the line at right angles from the middle of the gate leads to a convent of nuns, which must certainly have come down. This was presently perceived; and, besides, the rich and higher classes might not have liked to settle in the remote quarter. The artist, perhaps, died; and therefore the door was closed, and so an end was put to the affair.

VERONA, Sept. 16.

The portico of the theatre, consisting of six large Ionic columns, looks handsome enough. So much the more puny is the appearance of the Marchese di Maffei's bust, which as large as life, and in a great wig, stands over the door, and in front of a painted niche which is supported by two Corinthian columns. The position is honourable; but, to be in some degree proportionate to the magnitude and solidity of the columns, the bust should have been colossal. But now, placed as it is on a corbel, it has a mean appearance, and is by no means in harmony with the whole.

The gallery which encloses the fore-court is also small, and the channelled Doric dwarfs have a mean appearance by the side of the smooth Ionic giants. But we pardon this discrepancy on account of the fine institution which has been founded among the columns. Here is kept a number of antiquities, which have mostly been dug up in and about Verona. Something, they say, has even been found in the Amphitheatre. There are Etruscan, Greek, and Roman specimens, down to the latest times, and some even of more modern date. The bas-reliefs are inserted in the walls, and provided with the numbers which Maffei gave them when he described them in his work, "Verona Illustrata." There are altars, fragments of columns, and other relics of the sort; an admirable tripod of white marble, upon which there are genii occupied with the attributes of the gods. Raphael has imitated and improved this kind of thing in the scrolls of the Farnesina.

The wind which blows from the graves of the ancients comes fragrantly over hills of roses. The tombs give touching evidences of a genuine feeling, and always bring life back to us. Here is a man by the side of his wife, who peeps out of a niche, as if it were a window. Here are father and mother, with their son between them, eyeing each other as naturally as possible. Here a couple are grasping each other's hands. Here a father, resting on his couch, seems to be amused by his family. The immediate proximity of these stones was to me highly touching. They belong to a later school of art, but are simple, natural, and generally pleasing. Here a man in armour is on his knees, in expectation of a joyful resurrection. With more or less of talent, the artist has produced the mere simple presence of the persons, and has thus given a permanent continuation to their existence. They do not fold their hands, they do not look toward heaven; but they are here below just what they were and just



what they are. They stand together, take interest in each other, love one another; and this is charmingly expressed on the stone, though with a certain want of technical skill. A marble pillar very richly adorned gave me more new ideas.

Laudable as this institution is, we can plainly perceive that the noble spirit of preservation, by which it was founded, is no longer continued. The valuable tripod will soon be ruined, placed as it is in the open air, and exposed to the weather toward the west. This treasure might easily be preserved in a wooden case.

The Palace of the Proveditore, which is begun, might have afforded a fine specimen of architecture, if it had been finished. Generally speaking, the *nobili* build a great deal; but, unfortunately, every one builds on the site of his former residence, and often, therefore, in narrow lanes. Thus, for instance, a magnificent façade to a seminary is now building in an alley of the remotest suburb.

While, with a guide whom I had accidentally picked up, I passed before the great solemn gate of a singular building, he asked me good-humouredly whether I should not like to step into the court for awhile. It was the Palace of Justice; and the court, on account of the height of the building, looked only like an enormous wall. Here, he told me, all the criminals and suspicious persons are confined. I looked around, and saw that round all the stories there were open passages, fitted with iron balustrades, which passed by numerous doors. The prisoner, as he stepped out of his dungeon to be led to trial, stood in the open air, and was exposed to the gaze of all passers; and, because there were several trial-rooms, the chains were rattling, now over this, now over that passage, in every story. It was a hateful sight, and I do not deny that the good

humour with which I had despatched my "Birds" might here have come into a strait.

I walked at sunset upon the margin of the crater-like Amphitheatre, and enjoyed the most splendid prospect over the town and the surrounding country. I was quite alone, and multitudes of people were passing below me on the hard stones of the Bra. Men of all ranks, and women of the middle ranks, were walking. The latter, in their black outer garments, look, in this bird's-eye view, like so many mummies.

The *Zendale* and the *Veste*, which serve this class in the place of an entire wardrobe, is a costume completely fitted for a people that does not care much for cleanliness, and yet always likes to appear in public, — sometimes at church, sometimes on the promenade. The *Veste* is a gown of black taffeta, which is thrown over other gowns. If the lady has a clean white one beneath, she contrives to lift up the black one on one side. This is fastened on so as to cut the waist, and to cover the lappets of a corset, which may be of any colour. The *Zendale* is a large hood with long ears. The hood itself is kept high above the head by a wire frame, while the ears are fastened round the body like a scarf, so that the ends fall down behind.

VERONA, Sept. 16.

When I again left the Arena to-day, I came to a modern public spectacle, about a thousand paces from the spot. Four noble Veronese were playing ball against four people of Vicenza. This pastime is carried on among the Veronese themselves all the year round, about two hours before night. On this occasion there was a far larger concourse of people than usual, on account of the foreign adversaries. The spectators seemed to have amounted to four or five thousand. I did not see women of any rank.

When, a little while ago, I spoke of the necessities of the multitude in such a case, I described the natural accidental amphitheatre as arising just in the manner in which I saw the people raised one over another on this occasion. Even at a distance, I could hear the lively clapping of hands which accompanied every important stroke. The game is played as follows: two boards, slightly inclined, are placed at a convenient distance from each other. He who strikes off the ball stands at the higher end: his right hand is armed with a broad wooden ring, set with spikes. While another of his party throws the ball to him, he runs down to meet it, and thus increases the force of the blow with which he strikes it. The adversaries try to beat it back; and thus it goes backward and forward, till at last it remains on the ground. The most beautiful attitudes, worthy of being imitated in marble, are thus produced. As there are none but well-grown, active young people, in a short, close white dress, the parties are only distinguished by a yellow mark. Particularly beautiful is the attitude into which the man on the eminence falls, when he runs down the inclined plane, and raises his arm to strike the ball: it approaches that of the Borghesian gladiator.

It seemed strange to me that they carry on this exercise by an old lime-wall, without the slightest convenience for spectators. Why is it not done in the Amphitheatre, where there would be such ample room?

VERONA, Sept. 17.

What I have seen of pictures I will but briefly touch upon, and add some remarks. I do not make this extraordinary tour for the sake of deceiving myself, but to become acquainted with myself by means of these objects. I therefore honestly confess, that of the painter's art, of his manipulation, I understand but little. My attention and observation can only be

directed to the practical part, to the subject, and the general treatment of it.

St. Georgio is a gallery of good pictures, — all altar-pieces, and all remarkable, if not of equal value. But what subjects were the hapless artists obliged to paint! And for whom? Perhaps a shower of manna thirty feet long and twenty feet high, with the miracle of the loaves as a companion. What could be made of these subjects? Hungry men falling on little grains, and a countless multitude of others, to whom bread is handed. The artists have racked their invention in order to get something striking out of such wretched subjects. And yet, stimulated by the urgency of the case, genius has produced some beautiful things. An artist who had to paint St. Ursula with the eleven thousand virgins has got over the difficulty cleverly enough. The saint stands in the foreground, as if she had conquered the country. She is very noble, like an Amazonian virgin, and without any enticing charms: on the other hand, her troop is shown descending from the ships, and moving in procession at a diminishing distance. The Assumption of the Virgin, by Titian, in the dome, has become much blackened; and it is a thought worthy of praise, that, at the moment of her apotheosis, she looks, not toward heaven, but toward her friends below.

In the Gherardini Gallery I found some very fine things by Orbitto, and for the first time became acquainted with this meritorious artist. At a distance we only hear of the first artists, and then we are often contented with names only; but when we draw nearer to this starry sky, and the luminaries of the second and third magnitude also begin to twinkle, each one coming forward, and occupying his proper place in the whole constellation, then the world becomes wide, and art becomes rich. I must here commend the conception of one of the pictures. Samson has gone to sleep

in the lap of Delilah, and she has softly stretched her hand over him to reach a pair of scissors, which lies near the lamp on the table. The execution is admirable. In the Canopa Palace I observed a Danäe.

The Bevilagua Palace contains the most valuable things. A picture by Tintoretto, which is called a "Paradise," but which, in fact, represents the coronation of the Virgin Mary as queen of heaven, in the presence of all the patriarchs, prophets, apostles, saints, angels, etc., affords an opportunity for displaying all the riches of the most felicitous genius. To admire and enjoy all that care of manipulation, that spirit and variety of expression, it is necessary to possess the picture, and to have it before one all one's life. The painter's work is carried on *ad infinitum*. Even the farthest angels' heads, which are vanishing in the halo, preserve something of character. The largest figures may be about a foot high; Mary and the Christ who is crowning her, about four inches. Eve is, however, the finest woman in the picture, — a little voluptuous, as from time immemorial.

A couple of portraits by Paul Veronese have only increased my veneration for that artist. The collection of antiquities is very fine. There is a son of Niobe extended in death, which is highly valuable; and the busts, including an Augustus with the civic crown, a Caligula, and others, are mostly of great interest, notwithstanding the restoration of the noses.

It is in my nature to admire, willingly and joyfully, all that is great and beautiful; and the cultivation of this talent day after day, hour after hour, by the inspection of such beautiful objects, produces the happiest feelings.

In a land where we enjoy the days, but take especial delight in the evenings, the time of nightfall is highly important: for now work ceases; those who have gone out walking turn back; the father wishes to have his

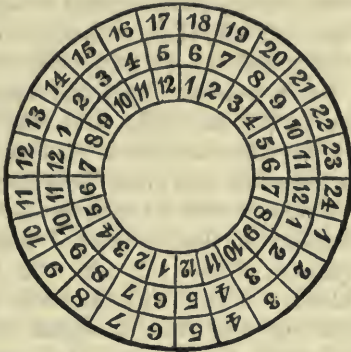
daughter home again; the day has an end. What the day is, we Cimmericians hardly know. In our eternal mist and fog, it is the same thing to us whether it be day or night; for how much time can we really pass and enjoy in the open air? Now, when night sets in, the day, which consisted of a morning and an evening, is decidedly past; four and twenty hours are gone; the bells ring, the rosary is taken in hand, and the maid, entering the chamber with the lighted lamp, says, "*Felicissima notte.*" This epoch varies with every season; and a man who lives here in actual life cannot go wrong, because all the enjoyments of his existence are regulated, not by the nominal hour, but by the time of day. If the people were forced to use a German clock, they would be perplexed, for their own is intimately connected with their nature. About an hour and a half, or an hour, before nightfall, the nobility begin to ride out. They proceed to the Piazza della Bra, along the long, broad street, to the Porta Nuova, out at the gate, and along the city, and, when night sets in, they all return home. Sometimes they go to the churches to say their Ave Maria della sera; sometimes they keep on the Bra, where the cavaliers step up to the coaches, and converse for awhile with the ladies. The foot-passengers remain till a late hour of night; but I have never stopped till the last. To-day just enough rain had fallen to lay the dust, and the spectacle was most cheerful and animated.

That I may accommodate myself the better to the custom of the country, I have devised a plan for mastering more easily the Italian method of reckoning the hours. The accompanying diagram may give an idea of it. The inner circle denotes our four and twenty hours, from midnight to midnight, divided into twice twelve, as we reckon and as our clocks indicate. The middle circle shows how the clocks strike at the present season; namely, as much as twelve twice in

COMPARATIVE TABLE OF GERMAN AND ITALIAN TIME,

WITH THE HOURS OF THE ITALIAN SUN-DIAL FOR THE LATTER HALF OF SEPTEMBER.

MID-DAY.



MIDNIGHT.

THE NIGHT LENGTHENS HALF AN HOUR EVERY FORTNIGHT.

THE DAY LENGTHENS HALF AN HOUR EVERY FORTNIGHT.

Month.	Day.	Time of night as shown by German clocks.	Mid-night consequently falls about	Month.	Day.	Time of night as shown by German clocks.	Mid-night consequently falls about
August . . .	1	8½	3½	February . . .	1	5½	6¼
" . . .	15	8	4	" . . .	15	6	6
September . . .	1	7½	4½	March . . .	1	6½	5½
" . . .	15	7	5	" . . .	15	7	5
October . . .	1	6½	5½	April . . .	1	7½	4½
" . . .	15	6	6	" . . .	15	8	4
November . . .	1	5½	6½	May . . .	1	8½	3
" . . .	15	5	7	" . . .	15	9	3

From this date the time remains constant, and it is:—

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	Night.	Midnight.		Night.	Midnight.
December . . . } January . . . }	5	7	June . . . } July . . . }	9	3

the twenty-four hours, but in such a way that it strikes one when it strikes eight with us, and so on till the number twelve is complete. At eight o'clock in the morning, according to our clock, it again strikes one, and so on. Finally, the outer circle shows how the four and twenty hours are reckoned in actual life. For example, I hear seven o'clock striking in the night, and know that midnight is at five o'clock: I therefore deduct the latter number from the former, and thus have two hours after midnight. If I hear seven o'clock strike in the daytime, and know that noon is at five, I proceed in the same way, and thus have two in the afternoon. But, if I wish to express the hour according to the fashion of this country, I must know that noon is seventeen o'clock: I add the two, and get nineteen o'clock. When this method is heard and thought of for the first time, it seems extremely confused, and difficult to manage; but we soon grow accustomed to it, and find the occupation amusing. The people themselves take delight in this perpetual calculation, just as children are pleased with easily surmounted difficulties. Indeed, they always have their fingers in the air, make any calculation in their heads, and like to occupy themselves with figures. Besides, to the inhabitant of the country, the matter is so much the easier, as he really does not trouble himself about noon and midnight, and does not, like the foreign resident, compare two clocks with each other. They only count from the evening the hours as they strike, and in the daytime they add the number to the varying number of noon, with which they are acquainted. The rest is explained by the remarks appended to the diagram.

VERONA, Sept. 17.

The people here jostle one another actively enough. The narrow streets, where shops and workmen's stalls are thickly crowded together, have a particularly cheer-



ful look. There is no such thing as a door in front of the shop or workroom: the whole breadth of the house is open, and one may see all that passes in the interior. Half-way out into the path the tailors are sewing, and the cobblers are pulling and rapping: indeed, the work-stalls make a part of the street. In the evening, when the lights are burning, the appearance is most lively.

The squares are very full on market-days. There are fruit and vegetables without number, and garlic and onions to the heart's desire. Then again, throughout the day there is a ceaseless screaming, bantering, singing, squalling, huzzaing, and laughing. The mildness of the air and the cheapness of the food make subsistence easy. Everything possible is done in the open air.

At night, singing and all sorts of noises begin. The ballad of "Marlbrook" is heard in every street; then comes a dulcimer, then a violin. They try to imitate all the birds with a pipe. The strangest sounds are heard on every side. A mild climate can give this exquisite enjoyment of mere existence, even to poverty; and the very shadow of the people seems venerable.

The want of cleanliness and convenience which so much strikes us in the houses, arises from the following cause: the inhabitants are always out-of-doors, and in their light-heartedness think of nothing. With the people all goes right. Even the middle-class man just lives on from day to day; while the rich and genteel shut themselves up in their dwellings, which are not so habitable as in the north. Society is found in the open streets. Fore-courts and colonnades are all soiled with filth, for things are done in the most *natural* manner. The people always feel their way before them. The rich man may be rich, and build his palaces, and the *nobile* may rule; but, if he makes a colonnade or a fore-court, the people will make use of it for their own occasions, and have no more urgent wish

than to get rid as soon as possible of that which they have taken as often as possible. If a person cannot bear this, he must not play the great gentleman; that is to say, he must act as if a part of his dwelling belonged to the public. He may shut his door, and all will be right. But in open buildings the people are not to be debarred of their privileges; and this, throughout Italy, is a nuisance to the foreigner.

To-day I remarked in several streets of the town the customs and manners of the middle classes especially, who appear very numerous and busy. They swing their arms as they walk. Persons of a high rank, who on certain occasions wear a sword, swing only one arm, being accustomed to hold the left arm still.

Although the people are careless enough with respect to their own wants and occupations, they have a keen eye for everything foreign. Thus in the very first days I observed that every one took notice of my boots: because here they are too expensive an article of dress to wear, even in winter. Now that I wear shoes and stockings, nobody looks at me. Particularly I noticed this morning, when all were running about with flowers, vegetables, garlic, and other market-stuff, that a twig of cypress which I carried in my hand did not escape their attention. Some green cones hung upon it, and I held in the same hand some blooming caper-twigs. Everybody, large and small, watched me closely, and seemed to entertain some whimsical thought.

I brought these twigs from the Giusti Garden, which is finely situated, and in which there are monstrous cypresses, all pointed up like spikes into the air. The taxus, which in northern gardening we find cut to a sharp point, is probably an imitation of this splendid natural product. A tree the branches of which, the oldest as well as the youngest, are striving to reach heaven; a tree which will last its three hun-

dred years,— is well worthy of veneration. Judging from the time when this garden was laid out, these trees have already attained that advanced age.

VICENZA, Sept. 19.

The way from Verona hither is very pleasant. We go northeastward along the mountains, always keeping to the left the foremost mountains, which consist of sand, lime, clay, and marl: the hills which they form are dotted with villages, castles, and houses. To the right extends the broad plain along which the road goes. The straight broad path, which is in good preservation, goes through a fertile field. We look into deep avenues of trees, up which the vines are trained to a considerable height, and then drop down, like pendent branches. Here we can get an admirable idea of festoons. The grapes are ripe, and are heavy on the tendrils, which hang down long and trembling. The road is filled with people of every class and occupation; and I was particularly pleased by some carts with low, solid wheels, which, with teams of fine oxen, carry the large vats in which the grapes from the vineyards are put and pressed. The drivers rode in them when they were empty, and the whole was like a triumphal procession of Bacchanals. Between the ranks of vines the ground is used for all sorts of grain, especially Indian corn and millet (*Sörgel*.)

As one goes toward Vicenza, the hills again rise from north to south, and enclose the plain. They are, it is said, volcanic. Vicenza lies at their foot, or, if you will, in a bosom which they form.

VICENZA, Sept. 19.

Though I have been here only a few hours, I have already run through the town, and seen the Olympian Theatre and the buildings of Palladio. A very pretty little book is published here, for the convenience of

foreigners, with copperplates and some letter-press, that shows knowledge of art. When once one stands in the presence of these works, one immediately perceives their great value; for they are calculated to fill the eye with their actual greatness and massiveness, and to satisfy the mind by the beautiful harmony of their dimensions, not only in abstract sketches, but with all the prominences and distances of perspective. Therefore I say of Palladio, he was a man really and intrinsically great, whose greatness was outwardly manifested. The chief difficulty with which this man, like all modern architects, had to struggle, was the suitable application of the orders of columns to buildings for domestic or public use; for there is always a contradiction in the combination of columns and walls. But with what success he has worked them up together! What an imposing effect the aspect of his edifices has! at the sight of them one almost forgets that he is attempting to reconcile us to a violation of the rules of his art. There is, indeed, something divine about his designs, which may be exactly compared to the creations of the great poet, who out of truth and falsehood elaborates something between both, and charms us with its borrowed existence.

The Olympic Theatre is a theatre of the ancients, which is realised on a small scale, and is indescribably beautiful. However, compared with our theatres, it reminds me of a genteel, rich, well-bred child, contrasted with a shrewd man of the world, who, though he is neither so rich, nor so genteel and well-bred, knows better how to employ his resources.

If we contemplate on the spot the noble buildings which Palladio has erected, and see how they are disfigured by the mean, filthy necessities of the people, how the plans of most of them exceeded the means of those who undertook them, and how little these precious monuments of one lofty mind are adapted to all

else around, the thought occurs, that it is just the same with everything else; for we receive but little thanks from men, when we would elevate their inner aspirations, give them a great idea of themselves, and make them feel the grandeur of a really noble existence. But when one cajoles them, tells them tales, and, helping them on from day to day, makes them worse, then one is just the man they like; and hence it is that modern times take delight in so many absurdities. I do not say this to lower my friends: I only say that they are so, and that people must not be astonished to find everything just as it is.

How the Basilica of Palladio looks by the side of an old castellated kind of a building, dotted all over with windows of different sizes (whose removal, tower and all, the artist evidently contemplated), it is impossible to describe: and besides, I must now, by a strange effort, compress my own feelings; for I, too, alas! find here side by side both what I seek and what I flee from.

SEPT. 20.

Yesterday we had the opera, which lasted till midnight; and I was glad to get some rest. The "Three Sultaneesses" and the "Rape of the Seraglio" have afforded several tatters, out of which the piece has been patched up, with very little skill. The music is agreeable to the ear, but is probably by an amateur; for not a single thought struck me as being new. The *ballets*, on the other hand, were charming. The principal pair of dancers executed an *Allemande* to perfection.

The theatre is new, pleasant, beautiful, modestly magnificent, uniform throughout, just as it ought to be in a provincial town. Every box has hangings of the same colour; and the one belonging to the *Capitan Grande* is only distinguished from the rest by the fact that the hangings are somewhat longer.

The *prima donna*, who is a great favourite of the whole people, is tremendously applauded on her entrance; and the "gods" are quite obstreperous with their delight when she does anything remarkably well, which very often happens. Her manners are natural: she has a pretty figure, a fine voice, a pleasing countenance, and, above all, a really modest demeanour, while there might be more grace in the arms. However, I am not what I was. I feel that I am spoiled — I am spoiled for a "god."

SEPT. 21.

To-day I visited Doctor Tura. Five years ago he passionately devoted himself to the study of plants, formed an *herbarium* of the Italian flora, and laid out a botanical garden, under the superintendence of the former bishop. However, all that has come to an end. Medical practice drove away natural history; the *herbarium* is eaten by worms; the bishop is dead; and the botanic garden is again *rationaly* planted with cabbages and garlic.

Doctor Tura is a very refined and good man. He told me his history with frankness, purity of mind, and modesty, and altogether spoke in a very definite and affable manner. At the same time he did not like to open his cabinets, which, perhaps, were in no very presentable condition. Our conversation soon came to a standstill.

SEPT. 21. Evening.

I called upon the old architect Scamozzi, who has published an edition of "Palladio's Buildings," and is a diligent artist, passionately devoted to his art. He gave me some directions, being delighted with my sympathy. Among Palladio's buildings, there is one for which I always had an especial predilection, and which is said to have been his own residence. When it is seen close, there is far more in it than appears in a picture. I should have liked to draw it, and to

illuminate it with colours, to show the material and the age. It must not, however, be imagined that the architect has built himself a palace. The house is the most modest in the world, with only two windows, separated from each other by a broad space which would admit a third. If it were initiated in a picture which should exhibit the neighbouring houses at the same time, the spectator would be pleased to observe how it has been let in between them. Canaletto was the man who should have painted it.

SEPT. 22.

To-day I visited the splendid building which stands on a pleasant elevation about half a league from the town, and is called the "Rotonda." It is a quadrangular building, enclosing a circular hall, lighted from the top. On all the four sides you ascend a broad flight of steps, and always come to a vestibule, which is formed of six Corinthian columns. Probably the luxury of architecture was never carried to so high a point. The space occupied by the steps and vestibules is much larger than that occupied by the house itself, for every one of the sides is as grand and pleasing as the front of a temple. With respect to the inside, it may be called habitable, but not comfortable. The hall is of the finest proportions, and so are the chambers; but they would hardly suffice for the actual wants of any genteel family in a summer residence. On the other hand, it presents a most beautiful appearance as it is viewed on every side throughout the district. The variety which is produced by the principal mass, as, together with the projecting columns, it is gradually brought before the eyes of the spectator who walks round it, is very great; and the purpose of the owner, who wished to leave a large trust-estate and at the same time a visible monument of his wealth, is completely obtained. And, while the building appears in all its magnificence when viewed from any

spot in the district, it also forms the point of view for a most agreeable prospect. You may see the Bachiglione flowing along, and taking vessels down from Verona to the Brenta, while you overlook the extensive possessions which the Marquis Capra wished to preserve undivided in his family. The inscriptions on the four gable-ends, which together constitute one whole, are worthy to be noted down :

Marcus Capra Gabrielis filius  
 Qui ædes has  
 Arcissimo primogenituræ gradui subjecit  
 Una cum omnibus  
 Censibus agris vallibus et collibus  
 Citra viam magnam  
 Memoriam perpetuam mandans hæc  
 Dum sustinet ac abstinet.

The conclusion, in particular, is strange enough. A man who has at command so much wealth and such a capacious will still feels that he must *bear* and *forbear*. This can be learned at a less expense.

SEPT. 22.

This evening I was at a meeting held by the academy of the "Olympians." It is mere play-work, but good in its way, and seems to keep up a little spice and life among the people. There is the great hall by Palladio's Theatre, handsomely lighted up. The *Capitan* and a portion of the nobility are present, besides a public composed of educated persons, and several of the clergy; the whole assembly amounting to about five hundred.

The question proposed by the president for to-day's sitting was this, "Which has been most serviceable to the fine arts, — invention, or imitation?" This was a



happy notion ; for, if the alternatives which are involved in the question are kept duly apart, one may go on debating for centuries. The academicians have gallantly availed themselves of the occasion, and have produced all sorts of things in prose and verse, some very good.

Then there is the liveliest public. The audience cry *Bravo*, and clap their hands, and laugh. What a thing it is to stand thus before one's nation, and amuse them in person ! We must set down our best productions in black and white. Every one squats down with them in a corner, and scribbles at them as he can.

It may be imagined, that, even on this occasion, Palladio would be continually appealed to, whether the discourse was in favour of invention or imitation. At the end, which is always the right place for a joke, one of the speakers hit on a happy thought, and said that the others had already taken Palladio away from him ; so that he, for his part, would praise Franceschini, the great silk manufacturer. He then began to show the advantages which this enterprising man, and, through him, the city of Vicenza, had derived from imitating the Lyonnese and Florentine stuffs, and thence came to the conclusion that imitation stands far above invention. This was done with so much humour, that uninterrupted laughter was excited. Generally those who spoke in favour of imitation obtained the most applause ; for they said nothing but what was adapted to the thoughts and capacities of the multitude. Once the public, by a violent clapping of hands, gave its hearty approval to a most clumsy sophism, when it had not felt many good, nay, excellent things that had been said in honour of invention. I am very glad I have witnessed this scene ; for it is highly gratifying to see Palladio, after the lapse of so long a time, still honoured by his fellow citizens as their polar star and model.

SEPT. 22.

This morning I was at Tiene, which lies north, toward the mountains, where a new building has been erected after an old plan, of which there may be a little to say. Thus do they here honour everything that belongs to the good period, and have sense enough to raise a new building on a plan which they have inherited. The *château* is excellently situated in a large plain, having behind it the calcareous Alps, without any mountains intervening. A stream of living water flows along the level causeway from each side of the building, toward those who approach it, and waters the broad fields of rice through which one passes.

I have now seen but two Italian cities, and for the first time, and have spoken with but few persons; and yet I know my Italians pretty well. They are like courtiers, who consider themselves the first people in the world, and who, on the strength of certain advantages, which cannot be denied them, can indulge with impunity in so comfortable a thought. The Italians appear to me a right good people. Only one must see the children and the common people as I see them now, and can see them, while I am always open to them, nay, always lay myself open to them. What figures and faces there are!

It is especially to be commended in the Vicentians, that with them one enjoys the privileges of a large city. Whatever a person does, they do not stare at him; but, if he addresses them, they are conversable and pleasant, especially the women, who please me much. I do not mean to find fault with the Veronese women: they are well made, and have decided profiles; but they are, for the most part, pale, and the *Zendal* is to their disadvantage, because one looks for something charming under the beautiful costume. I have found here some very pretty creatures, especially some with black locks, who inspire me with peculiar

interest. There are also fairer beauties, who, however, do not please me so well.

PADUA, Sept. 26.

Evening.

In four hours I have this day come here from Vicenza, crammed, luggage and all, into a little one-seated chaise called a *Sediola*. Generally the journey is performed with ease in three hours and a half; but, as I wished to pass the delightful daytime in the open air, I was glad that the *Vetturino* fell short of his duty. The route goes constantly southwards, over the most fertile plains, and between hedges and trees, without further prospect, until at last the beautiful mountains, extending from the east toward the south, are seen on the right hand. The abundance of the festoons of plants and fruit, which hang over walls and hedges, and down the trees, is indescribable. The roofs are loaded with gourds, and the strangest sort of cucumbers are hanging from poles and trellises.

From the observatory I could take the clearest survey possible of the fine situation of the town. Toward the north are the Tyrolese mountains, covered with snow and half-hidden by clouds, and joined by the Vicentian mountains on the northwest. Then toward the west are the nearer mountains of Este, the shapes and recesses of which are plainly to be seen. Toward the southeast is a verdant sea of plants, without a trace of elevation, tree after tree, bush after bush, plantation after plantation, while houses, villas, and churches, dazzling with whiteness, peer out from among the green. Against the horizon I plainly saw the tower of St. Mark's at Venice, with other smaller towers.

PADUA, Sept. 27.

I have at last obtained the works of Palladio, not indeed the original edition, which I saw at Vicenza, where the cuts are in wood, but a fac-simile in copper,

published at the expense of an excellent man, named Smith, who was formerly the English consul at Venice. We must give the English this credit, that they have long known how to prize what is good, and have a magnificent way of diffusing it.

On the occasion of this purchase I entered a book-shop, which in Italy presents quite a peculiar appearance. Around it are arranged the books all stitched; and during the whole day good society may be found in the shop, which is a lounge for all the secular clergy, nobility, and artists who are in any way connected with literature. One asks for a book, opens it, and amuses himself as one can. Thus I found a knot of half a dozen, all of whom became attentive to me when I asked for the works of Palladio. While the master of the shop looked for the book, they commended it, and gave me information respecting the original and the copy: they were well acquainted with the work itself, and with the merits of the author. Taking me for an architect, they praised me for having recourse to this master in preference to all the rest; saying that he was of more practical utility than Vitruvius himself, since he had thoroughly studied the ancients and antiquity, and had sought to adapt the latter to the wants of our own times. I conversed for a long time with these friendly men, learned something about the remarkable objects in the city, and took my leave.

Where men have built churches to saints, a place may sometimes be found in them where monuments to intellectual men may be set up. The bust of Cardinal Bembo stands between Ionic columns. It is a handsome face, strongly drawn in, if I may use the expression, and with a copious beard. The inscription runs thus: "Petri Bembi Card. inaginem Hier. Guerinus Ismeni f. in publico ponendam curavit ut cujus ingenii monumenta æterna sint, ejus corporis quoque memoria ne a posteritate desideretur."

With all its dignity, the University gave me the horrors as a building. I am glad that I had nothing to learn in it. One cannot imagine such a narrow compass for a school, even though, as the student of a German university, one may have suffered a great deal on the benches of the auditorium. The anatomical theatre is a perfect model of the art of pressing students together. The audience are piled one above another in a tall, pointed funnel. They look down upon the narrow space where the table stands; and, as no daylight falls upon it, the professor must demonstrate by lamplight. The botanic garden is much more pretty and cheerful. Several plants can remain in the ground during the winter, if they are set near the walls or at no great distance from them. At the end of October the whole is built over, and the process of heating is carried on for the few remaining months. It is pleasant and instructive to walk through a vegetation that is strange to us. With ordinary plants, as well as with other objects that have been long familiar to us, we at last do not think at all; and what is looking without thinking? Amidst this variety which comes upon me quite new, the idea that all forms of plants may, perhaps, be developed from a single form, becomes more lively than ever. On this principle alone it would be possible to define orders and classes, which, it seems to me, has hitherto been done in a very arbitrary manner. At this point I stand fast in my botanical philosophy, and I do not see how I am to extricate myself. The depth and breadth of this business seem to me quite equal.

The great square, called *Prato della Valle*, is a very wide space, where the chief fair is held in June. The wooden booths in the middle of it do not produce the most favourable appearance; but the inhabitants assure me that there will soon be a *fièra* of stone here, like that at Verona. One has hopes of this already,

from the manner in which the *Prato* is surrounded, and which affords a very beautiful and imposing view.

A huge oval is surrounded with statues, all representing celebrated men who have taught or studied at the University. Any native or foreigner is allowed to erect a statue of a certain size to any countryman or kinsman, as soon as the merit of the person and his academical residence at Padua are proved.

A moat filled with water goes round the oval. On the four bridges which lead up to it stand colossal figures of popes and doges. The other statues, which are smaller, have been set up by corporations, private individuals, or foreigners. The King of Sweden caused a figure of Gustavus Adolphus to be erected, because, it is said, he once heard a lecture in Padua. The Archduke Leopold revived the memory of Petrarch and Galileo. The statues are in a good, modern style, a few of them rather affected, some very natural, and all in the costume of their rank and dignity. The inscriptions deserve commendation. There is nothing in them absurd or paltry.

At any university this would have been a happy thought; and here it is particularly so, because it is very delightful to see a whole line of departed worthies thus called back again. It will, perhaps, form a very beautiful *Prato*, when the wooden *Fiera* will have been removed, and one built of stone, according to the plan they are said to have made.

In the consistory of a fraternity dedicated to St. Anthony, there are some pictures of an early date, which remind one of the old German paintings, and also some by Titian, in which may be remarked the great progress which no one has made on the other side of the Alps. Immediately afterward I saw works by some of the most modern painters. These artists, as they could not hope to succeed in the lofty and the serious, have been very happy in hitting the humorous.

The decollation of John by Piazzetta is, in this sense, a capital picture, if one can once allow the master's manner. John is kneeling, with his hands before him, and his right knee on a stone looking toward heaven. One of the soldiers who is binding him is bending round on one side, and looking into his face, as if he were wondering at his patient resignation. Higher up stands another, who is to deal the fatal blow. He does not, however, hold the sword, but makes a motion with his hands, like one who is practising the stroke beforehand. A third is drawing the sword out of the scabbard. The thought is happy, if not grand; and the composition is striking, and produces the best effect.

In the Church of the Eremitani I have seen pictures by Mantegna, one of the older painters, at which I am astonished. What a sharp, strict actuality is exhibited in these pictures! It is from this actuality, thoroughly true, — not apparent merely, and falsely effective, and appealing solely to the imagination, — but solid, pure, bright, elaborated, conscientious, delicate, and circumscribed; an actuality which had about it something severe, credulous, and laborious, — it is from this, I say, that the later painters proceeded (as I remarked in the pictures by Titian), in order that by the liveliness of their own genius, the energy of their nature, illumined at the same time by the mind of the predecessors, and exalted by their force, they might rise higher and higher, and, elevated above the earth, produce forms that were heavenly indeed, but still true. Thus was art developed after the barbarous period.

The hall of audience in the town-house, properly designated by the augmentative *Salone*, is such a huge enclosure, that one cannot conceive it, much less recall it to one's immediate memory. It is three hundred feet long, one hundred feet broad, and one hundred feet high, measured up to the roof, which covers it quite in. So accustomed are these people to live in the

open air, that the architects look out for a market-place to overarch. And there is no question that this huge vaulted space produces quite a peculiar effect. It is an enclosed infinity, which has more analogy to man's habits and feelings than the starry heavens. The latter takes us out of ourselves; the former insensibly brings us back to ourselves.

For the same reason, I also like to stay in the Church of St. Justina. This church, which is eighty-five feet long, and high and broad in proportion, is built in a grand and simple style. This evening I seated myself in a corner, and indulged in quiet contemplation. Then I felt truly alone; for no one in the world even if he had thought of me for the moment, would have looked for me here.

Now everything ought to be packed up again; for to-morrow morning I set off by water, upon the Brenta. It rained to-day; but now it has cleared, and I hope I shall be able to see the lagunes and the Bride of the Sea by beautiful daylight, and to greet my friends from her bosom.

## VENICE.

ON my page in the Book of Fate, there was written that on the evening of the 28th of September, by five o'clock, German time, I should see Venice for the first time, as I passed from the Brenta into the lagunes, and that soon afterward I should actually enter and visit this strange island-city, this heaven-like republic. So now, Heaven be praised! Venice is no longer to me a bare and a hollow name, which has so long tormented me, — *me*, the mental enemy of mere verbal sounds.

As the first of the gondoliers came up to the ship (they come in order to convey more quickly to Venice those passengers who are in a hurry), I recollected an old plaything, of which, perhaps, I had not thought for







twenty years. My father had a beautiful model of a gondola, which he had brought with him [*from Italy*]. He set a great value upon it, and it was considered a great treat when I was allowed to play with it. The first beaks of tinned iron-plate, the black gondola-gratings, all greeted me like old acquaintances; and I experienced again dear emotions of my childhood which had been long unknown.

I am well lodged at the sign of the *Queen of England*, not far from the Square of St. Mark, which is, indeed, the chief advantage of the spot. My windows look upon a narrow canal between lofty houses: a bridge of one arch is immediately below me, and directly opposite is a narrow bustling alley. Thus am I lodged; and here I shall remain until I have made up my packet for Germany, and until I am satiated with the sight of the city. I can now really enjoy the solitude for which I have longed so ardently; for nowhere does a man feel more solitary than in a crowd, where, unknown to every one, he must push his way. Perhaps in Venice there is only one person who knows me, and he will not come in contact with me all at once.

VENICE, Sept. 28, 1786.

A few words on my journey hither from Padua. The passage on the Brenta, in the public vessel, and in good company, is highly agreeable. The banks are ornamented with gardens and villas; little hamlets come down to the water's edge; and the animated highroad may be seen here and there. As the descent of the river is by means of locks, there is often a little pause, which may be employed in looking about the country, and in tasting the fruits, which are offered in great abundance. You then enter your vessel again, and move on through a world which is itself in motion, and full of life and fertility.

To so many changing forms and images a phenome-

non was added, which, although derived from Germany, was quite in its place here, — I mean two pilgrims, the first whom I have seen closely. They have a right to travel *gratis* in this public conveyance; but, because the rest of the passengers dislike coming in contact with them, they do not sit in the covered part, but in the after-part, beside the steersman. They were stared at as a phenomenon, even at the present day; and as, in former times, many vagabonds had made use of this cloak, they were but lightly esteemed. When I learned that they were Germans, and could speak no language but their own, I joined them, and found that they came from the Paderborn territory. Both of them were men of more than fifty years of age, and of a dark but good-humoured physiognomy. They had first visited the sepulchre of the Three Kings at Cologne, had then travelled through Germany, and were now together on their way back to Rome and Upper Italy, whence one intended to set out for Westphalia, and the other to pay a visit of adoration to St. James of Compostella.

Their dress was the well-known costume of pilgrims; but they looked much better with this tucked-up robe than the pilgrims in long taffeta garments whom we are accustomed to exhibit at our masquerades. The long cape, the round hat, the staff and shell (the latter used as the most innocent drinking-vessel) — all had its signification, and its immediate use; while a tin case held their passports. Most remarkable of all were their small red morocco pocketbooks, in which they kept all the little implements that might be wanted for any simple necessity. They had taken them out on finding that something in their garments wanted mending.

The steersman, highly pleased to find an interpreter, made me ask them several questions; and thus I learned a great deal about their views, and especially about their expedition. They made bitter complaints against their brethren in the faith, and even against the

clergy, both secular and monastic. Piety, they said, must be a very scarce commodity, since no one would believe in theirs; but they were treated as vagrants in almost every Catholic country, although they produced the route, which had been clerically prescribed, and the passports given by the bishop. On the other hand, they described, with a great deal of emotion, how well they had been received by Protestants, and made special mention of a country clergyman in Swabia, and still more of his wife, who had prevailed on her somewhat unwilling husband to give them an abundant repast, of which they stood in great need. On taking leave, the good couple had given them a "convention's dollar,"<sup>1</sup> which they found very serviceable as soon as they entered the Catholic territory. Upon this, one of them said, with all the elevation of which he was capable, "We include this lady every day in our prayers, and implore God that he will open her eyes, as he has opened her heart toward us, and take her, although late, into the bosom of the Catholic Church. And thus we hope that we shall meet her in paradise hereafter."

As I sat upon the little gangway which led to the desk, I explained as much as was necessary and useful to the steersman, and to some other persons who had crowded from the cabin into this narrow space. The pilgrims received some paltry donations, for the Italians are not fond of giving. Upon this they drew out some little consecrated tickets, on which might be seen the representation of the three sainted kings, with some prayers addressed to them. The worthy men entreated me to distribute these tickets among the little party, and explain how invaluable they were. In this I succeeded perfectly; for, when the two men appeared to

<sup>1</sup> A "convention's dollar" is a dollar coined in consequence of an agreement made between several of the German states in the year 1750, when the Viennese standard was adopted. — TRANS.

be greatly embarrassed as to how they should find the convent devoted to pilgrims in so large a place as Venice, the steersman was touched, and promised, that, when they landed, he would give a boy a trifle to lead them to that distant spot. He added, in confidence, that they would not be very heartily welcomed. "The institution," he said, "was founded to admit I don't know how many pilgrims; but now it has become greatly contracted, and the revenues are otherwise employed."

During this conversation we had gone down the beautiful Brenta, leaving behind us many a noble garden and many a noble palace, and casting a rapid glance at the populous and thriving hamlets which lay along the banks. Several gondolas wound about the ship as soon as we had entered the lagunes. A Lombard, well acquainted with Venice, asked me to accompany him, that we might enter all the quicker, and escape the nuisance of the custom-house. Those who endeavoured to hold us back, he contrived to put off with a little drink-money, and so, in a cheerful sunset, we floated to the place of our destination.

SEPT. 29 (Michaelmas Day). Evening.

So much has already been told and printed about Venice, that I shall not be circumstantial in my description, but shall only say how it struck *me*. Now, in this instance again, that which makes the chief impression upon me is the people, — a great mass, who live an involuntary existence, determined by the changing circumstances of the moment.

It was for no idle fancy that this race fled to these islands; it was no mere whim which impelled those who followed to combine with them; necessity taught them to look for security in a highly disadvantageous situation that afterward became most advantageous, enduing them with talent when the whole northern

world was immersed in gloom. Their increase and their wealth were a necessary consequence. New dwellings arose close against dwellings; rocks took the place of sand and marsh; houses sought the sky, being forced, like trees enclosed in a narrow compass, to seek in height what they were denied in breadth. Being niggards of every inch of ground, as having been from the very first compressed into a narrow compass, they allowed no more room for the streets than was just necessary to separate a row of houses from the one opposite, and to afford the citizens a narrow passage. Moreover, water supplied the place of street, square, and promenade. The Venetian was forced to become a new creature; and thus Venice can only be compared with itself. The large canal, winding like a serpent, yields to no street in the world; and nothing can be put by the side of the space in front of St. Mark's Square — I mean that great mirror of water, which is encompassed by Venice proper, in the form of a crescent. Across the watery surface, you see to the left the island of St. Giorgio Maggiore; to the right, a little farther off, the Guidecca and its canal, and, still more distant, the *Dogana* (custom-house) and the entrance into the *Canal Grande*, where right before us two immense marble temples are glittering in the sunshine. All the views and prospects have been so often engraved, that my friends will have no difficulty in forming a clear idea of them.

After dinner I hastened to fix my first impression of the whole, and without a guide, and merely observing the cardinal points, threw myself into the labyrinth of the city, which, though everywhere intersected by larger or smaller canals, is again connected by bridges. The narrow and crowded appearance of the whole cannot be conceived by one who has not seen it. In most cases one can quite or nearly measure the breadth of the street by stretching out one's arms; and, in the

narrowest, a person would scrape his elbows if he walked with his arms akimbo. Some streets, indeed, are wider, and here and there is a little square; but comparatively all may be called narrow.

I easily found the Grand Canal and the principal bridge, the Rialto, which consists of a single arch of white marble. Looking down from this, one has a fine prospect, — the canal full of ships, which bring every necessary from the Continent, and put in chiefly at this place to unload; while between them is a swarm of gondolas. To-day especially, being Michaelmas, the view was wonderfully animated. But, to give some notion of it, I must go back a little.

The two principal parts of Venice, which are divided by the Grand Canal, are connected by no other bridge than the Rialto; but several means of communication are provided, and the river is crossed in open boats at certain fixed points. To-day a very pretty effect was produced by the number of well-dressed ladies, who, their features concealed beneath large black veils, were being ferried over in large parties at a time, in order to go to the Church of the Archangel, whose festival was being solemnised. I left the bridge, and went to one of the points of landing, to see the parties as they left the boats. I discovered some very fine forms and faces among them.

After I had become tired of this amusement, I seated myself in a gondola, and quitting the narrow streets, with the intention of witnessing a spectacle of an opposite description, went along the northern part of the Grand Canal, into the lagunes, and then entered the Canal della Guidecca, going as far as the Square of St. Mark. Now was I also one of the birds of the Adriatic Sea, as every Venetian feels himself to be whilst reclining in his gondola. I then thought with due honour of my good father, who knew of nothing better than to talk about the things I now witnessed.



And will it not be so with me likewise? All that surrounds me is dignified,—a grand, venerable work of combined human energies, a noble monument, not of a ruler, but of a people. And if their lagunes are gradually filling up, if unwholesome vapours are floating over the marsh, if their trade is declining, and their power has sunk, still the great place and the essential character will not, for a moment, be less venerable to the observer. Venice succumbs to time, like everything that has a phenomenal existence.

SEPT. 30.

Toward evening I again rambled, without a guide, into the remotest quarters of the city. The bridges here are all provided with stairs, that gondolas, and even larger vessels, may pass conveniently under the arches. I sought to find my way in and out of this labyrinth, without asking anybody, and, on this occasion also, only guiding myself by the points of the compass. One disentangles one's self at last; but it is a wonderful complication, and my manner of obtaining a sensible impression of it is the best. I have now been to the remotest points of the city, and observed the conduct, mode of life, manners, and character of the inhabitants; and in every quarter they are different. Gracious Heaven! what a poor, good sort of animal man is, after all!

Most of the smaller houses stand immediately on the canals; but there are here and there quays of stone, beautifully paved, along which one may take a pleasant walk between the water, and the churches and palaces. Particularly cheerful and agreeable is the long stone quay on the northern side, from which the islands are visible, especially Murano, which is a Venice on a small scale. The intervening lagunes are all alive with little gondolas.

SEPT. 30. Evening.

To-day I have enlarged my notions of Venice by procuring a plan of it. When I had studied it for some time, I ascended the Tower of St. Mark, where a unique spectacle is presented to the eye. It was noon; and the sun was so bright, that I could see places near and distant without a glass. The tide covered the lagunes; and, when I turned my eyes toward what is called the "Lido" (this is a narrow strip of earth which bounds the lagunes), I saw the sea for the first time with some sails upon it. In the lagunes themselves some galleys and frigates are lying, destined to join the Chevalier Emo, who is making war on the Algerines, but detained by unfavourable winds. The mountains of Padua and Vicenza, and the mountain chain of Tyrol, beautifully bound the picture between the north and west.

OCT. 1.

I went out and surveyed the city from many points of view; and, as it was Sunday, I was struck by the great want of cleanliness in the streets, which forced me to make some reflections. There seems to be a sort of policy in this matter; for the people scrape the sweepings into the corners, and I see large ships going backward and forward, which, at several points, lie to, and take off the accumulation. They belong to the people of the surrounding islands, who are in want of manure. But there is neither consistency nor strictness in this method. And the want of cleanliness in the city is the more unpardonable, as in it as much provision has been made for cleaning it as in any Dutch town.

All the streets are paved, even those in the remotest quarters, with bricks at least, which are laid down lengthwise, with the edges slightly canted. The middle of the street, where necessary, is raised a little;

while channels are formed on each side to receive the water, and convey it into covered drains. There are other architectural arrangements in the original well-considered plan, which prove the intention of the excellent architects to make Venice the most cleanly, as well as the most singular, of cities. As I walked along, I could not refrain from sketching a body of regulations, anticipating in thought some superintendent of police, who might be in earnest. Thus one always has an impulse and a desire to sweep his neighbour's door.

Oct. 2, 1786.

Before all things, I hastened to the Carità. I had found in Palladio's works that he had planned a monastic building here, in which he intended to represent a private residence of the rich and hospitable ancients. The plan, which was excellently drawn both as a whole and in detail, gave me infinite delight; and I hoped to find a marvel. Alas! scarcely a tenth part of the edifice is finished. However, even this part is worthy of that heavenly genius. There is a completeness in the plan, and an accuracy in the execution, which I had never before witnessed. One ought to pass whole years in the contemplation of such a work. It seems to me that I have seen nothing grander, nothing more perfect, and I fancy that I am not mistaken. Only imagine the admirable artist, born with an inner feeling for the grand and the pleasing, now, for the first time, forming himself by the ancients, with incredible labour, that he may be the means of reviving them. He finds an opportunity to carry out a favourite thought in building a convent, which is destined as a dwelling for so many monks, and a shelter for so many strangers, in the form of an antique private residence.

The church was already standing, and led to an

atrium of Corinthian columns. Here one feels delighted, and forgets all priestcraft. At one end the sacristy, at another a chapter-room is found; while there is the finest winding staircase in the world, with a wide well, and the stone steps built into the wall, and so laid that one supports another. One is never tired of going up and down this staircase; and we may judge of its success from the fact that Palladio himself declares that he has succeeded. The fore-court leads to the large inner court. Unfortunately, nothing is finished of the building which was to surround this, except the left side. Here there are three rows of columns, one over the other. On the ground-floor are the halls; on the first story is an archway in front of the cells; and the upper story consists of a plain wall with windows. However, this description should be illustrated by a reference to the sketches. I will just add a word about the execution.

Only the capitals and bases of the columns, and the keystones of the arches, are of hewn stone: all the rest is — I will not say of brick, but — of burned clay. This description of tile I never saw before. The frieze and cornice are of the same material, as well as the parts of the arch. All is but half burnt; and lastly the building is put together with a very little lime. As it stands, it looks as if it had been produced at one cast. If the whole had been finished, and properly rubbed up and coloured, it would have been a charming sight.

However, as so often happens with buildings of a modern time, the plan was too large. The artist had presupposed, not only that the existing convent would be pulled down, but also that the adjoining houses would be bought; and here money and inclination probably began to fail. Kind Destiny, thou who hast formed and perpetuated so much stupidity, why didst thou not allow this work to be completed!

OCT. 3.

The Church Il Redentore is a large and beautiful work by Palladio, with a façade even more worthy of praise than that of St. Giorgio. These works, which have often been engraved, must be placed before you to elucidate what is said. I will only add a few words.

Palladio was thoroughly imbued with the antique mode of existence, and felt the narrow, petty spirit of his own age, like a great man, who will not give way to it, but strives to mould, as far as possible, all that it leaves him, into accordance with his own noble ideas. From a slight perusal of his book I conclude that he was displeased with the continued practice of building Christian churches after the form of the ancient Basilica, and, therefore, tried to make his own sacred edifices approximate to the form of the antique temple. Hence arose certain discrepancies, which, as it seemed to me, are happily avoided in Il Redentore, but are rather obvious in the St. Giorgio. Volckmann says something about it, but does not hit the nail on the head.

The interior of Il Redentore is likewise admirable. Everything, including even the designs of the altars, is by Palladio. Unfortunately, the niches, which should have been filled with statues, are glaring with wooden figures, flat, carved, and painted.

OCT. 3.

In honour of St. Francis, St. Peter's Capuchins have splendidly adorned a side altar. There was nothing to be seen of stone but the Corinthian capitals: all the rest seemed to be covered with tasteful but splendid embroidery in the arabesque style; and the effect was as pretty as could be desired. I particularly admired the broad tendrils and foliage, embroidered in gold. Going nearer, I discovered an ingenious deception. All that I had taken for gold was, in fact, straw pressed

flat, and glued upon paper, according to some beautiful outlines; while the ground was painted with lively colours. This is done with such variety and tact, that the design, which was probably worked in the convent itself with a material that was worth nothing, must have cost several thousand dollars, if the material had been genuine. It might, on occasion, be advantageously imitated.

On one of the quays, and in front of the water, I have often remarked a little fellow telling stories, in the Venetian dialect, to a greater or less concourse of auditors. Unfortunately I cannot understand a word; but I observe that no one laughs, though the audience, who are composed of the lowest class, occasionally smile. There is nothing striking or ridiculous in the man's appearance, but on the contrary, something very sedate, with such admirable variety and precision in his gestures, that they evince art and reflection.

OCT. 3.

With my plan in my hand, I endeavoured to find my way through the strangest labyrinth to the Church of the Mendicanti. Here is the conservatorium, which stands in the highest repute at the present day. The ladies performed an oratorio behind the grating. The church was filled with hearers, the music was very beautiful, and the voices were magnificent. An alto sung the part of King Saul, the chief personage in the poem. Of such a voice I had no notion whatever. Some passages of the music were excessively beautiful; and the words, which were Latin, most laughably Italianised in some places, were perfectly adapted for singing. Music here has a wide field.

The performance would have been a source of great enjoyment, if the accursed *Maestro di Capella* had not beaten time, with a roll of music, against the grating.

as conspicuously as if he had to do with schoolboys whom he was instructing. As the girls had repeated the piece often enough, his noise was quite unnecessary, and destroyed all impression, as much as he would, who, in order to make a beautiful statue intelligible to us, should stick scarlet patches on the joints. The foreign sound destroys all harmony. Now, this man is a musician and yet he seems not to be sensible of this ; or, more properly speaking, he chooses to let his presence be known by an impropriety, when it would have been much better to allow his value to be perceived by the perfection of the execution. I know that this is the fault of the French ; but I did not give the Italians credit for it, and yet the public seems accustomed to it. This is not the first time that that which spoils enjoyment has been supposed to be indispensable to it.

OCT. 3.

Yesterday evening I went to the opera at the St. Moses (for the theatres take their name from the church to which they lie nearest). Nothing very delightful. In the plan, the music, and the singers, that energy was wanting which alone can elevate opera to the highest point. One could not say of any part that it was bad ; but the two female actresses alone took pains, not so much to act well, but to set themselves off, and to please. That is something, after all. These two actresses have beautiful figures and good voices, and are nice, lively, compact little bodies. Among the men, on the other hand, there is no trace of national power, or even of pleasure, in working on the imaginations of their audience. Neither is there among them any voice of decided brilliancy.

The ballet, which was wretchedly conceived, was condemned as a whole ; but some excellent dancers and *danseuses*, the latter of whom considered it their duty

to make the spectators acquainted with all their personal charms, were heartily applauded.

Oct. 3.

To-day, however, I saw another comedy, which gave me more pleasure. In the ducal palace I heard the public discussion of a law case. It was important, and, happily for me, was brought forward in the holidays. One of the advocates had all the qualifications for an exaggerated *buffo*. His figure was short and fat, but supple: in profile his features were monstrously prominent. He had a stentorian voice, and a vehemencé as if everything that he said came in earnest from the very bottom of his heart. I call this a comedy; because, probably, everything had been already prepared when the public exhibition took place. The judges knew what they had to say, and the parties what they had to expect. However, this plan pleases me infinitely more than our hobbling law affairs. I will endeavour to give some notion of the particulars, and of the neat, natural, and unostentatious manner in which everything takes place.

In a spacious hall of the palace, the judges were sitting on one side, in a half-circle. Opposite to them, in a tribune which could hold several persons, were the advocates for both parties; and upon a bench immediately in front of them, the plaintiff and defendant in person. The advocate for the plaintiff had descended from the tribune, since there was to be no controversy at this day's sitting. All the documents on both sides were to be read, although they were already printed.

A lean clerk, in a black scanty gown, and with a thick bundle in his hand, prepared to perform the office of a reader. The hall was completely crammed with persons who came to see and to hear. The point of law itself, and the persons whom it concerned, must have appeared highly important to the Venetians.



Trust estates are so decidedly secured in Venice, that a property once stamped with this character preserves it for ever; though it may have been divested ages ago by appropriations or other circumstances, and though it may have passed through ever so many hands. When the matter comes into dispute, the descendants of the first family recover their right, and the property must be delivered up.

On this occasion the discussion was highly important; for the action was brought against the doge himself, or rather against his wife, who, veiled by her *zendal*, or little hood, sat only at a little distance from the plaintiff. She was a lady of a certain age, of noble stature, and with well-formed features, in which there was something of an earnest, not to say fretful, character. The Venetians make it a great boast that the princess in her own palace is obliged to appear before them and the tribunal.

When the clerk began to read, I for the first time clearly discerned the business of a little man who sat on a low stool behind a small table opposite the judges, and near the advocates. More especially I learned the use of an hour-glass, which was placed before him. As long as the clerk reads, time is not heeded; but the advocate is only allowed a certain time, if he speaks in the course of the reading. The clerk reads, and the hour-glass lies in a horizontal position, with the little man's hand upon it. As soon as the advocate opens his mouth, the glass is raised, and sinks again as soon as he is silent. It is the great duty of the advocate to make remarks on what is read, to introduce cursory observations, in order to excite and challenge attention. This puts the little Saturn in a state of the greatest perplexity. He is obliged every moment to change the horizontal and vertical position of the glass, and finds himself in the situation of the evil spirits in the puppet-show, who, by the quickly varying "*Berliche*,

*Berloche*" of the mischievous *Hanswurst*,<sup>1</sup> are puzzled whether they are to come or to go.

Whoever has heard documents read over in a law court can imagine the reading on this occasion,— quick and monotonous, but plain and articulate enough. The ingenious advocate contrives to interrupt the tedium by jests; and the public shows its delight in his jokes by immoderate laughter. I must mention one, the most striking of those I could understand. The reader was just reciting the document by which one who was considered to have been illegally possessed of it had disposed of the property in question. The advocate bade him read more slowly; and when he plainly uttered the words, "I give and bequeath," the orator flew violently at the clerk, and cried, "What will you give, what will you bequeath, you poor starved-out devil? Nothing in the world belongs to you. However," he continued, as he seemed to collect himself, "the illustrious owner was in the same predicament. He wished to give, he wished to bequeath, that which belonged to him no more than to you." A burst of inextinguishable laughter followed this sally, but the hour-glass at once resumed its horizontal position. The reader went mumbling on, and made a saucy face at the advocate. But all these jokes are prepared beforehand.

OCT. 4.

I was yesterday at the play in the theatre of St. Luke, and was highly pleased. I saw a piece acted *extempore* in masks, with a great deal of nature, energy, and vigour. The actors are not, indeed, all equal. The pantaloon is excellent; and one of the actresses, who is

<sup>1</sup> An allusion to the comic scene in the puppet-play of "Faust," from which Goethe took the subject of his poem. One of the two magic words (*Berliche*, *Berloche*) summons the devils, the other drives them away; and the *Hanswurst* (or "buffoon"), in a mock incantation scene, perplexes the fiends by uttering one word after the other as rapidly as possible. — TRANS.

stout and well-built, speaks admirably, and departs herself cleverly, though she is no extraordinary actress. The subject of the piece is extravagant, and resembled that which is treated by us under the name of "Der Verschlag" ("the partition"). With inexhaustible variety, it amused us for more than three hours. But even here the people is the base upon which everything rests. The spectators are themselves actors, and the multitude is melted into one whole with the stage. All day long the buyer and the seller, the beggar, the sailor, the female gossip, the advocate and his opponent, are living and acting in the square and on the bench, in the gondolas and in the palaces, and make it their business to talk and to asseverate, to cry and to offer for sale, to sing and to play, to curse and to brawl. In the evening they go into the theatre, and see and hear the life of the day artificially put together, prettily set off, interwoven with a story, removed from reality by the masks, and brought near to it by manners. In all this they take a childish delight, and again shout and clap, and make a noise. From day to night, nay, from midnight to midnight, it is always the same.

I have not often seen more natural acting than that of these masks. It is such acting as can only be sustained by a remarkably happy talent and long practice.

While I am writing this, they are making a tremendous noise on the canal under my window, though it is past midnight. Whether for good or for evil, they are always doing something.

Oct. 4.

I have now heard public orators; viz., three fellows in the square and on the stone beach (each telling tales after his fashion), two advocates, two preachers, and the actors, among whom I must especially commend the pantaloon. All these have something

in common, both because they belong to one and the same nation, — which, as it always lives in public, always adopts an impassioned manner of speaking, — and because they imitate each other. There is, besides, a marked language of gesticulations, with which they accompany the expressions of their intentions, views, and feelings.

This day was the festival of St. Francis; and I was in his church, Alle Vigne. The loud voice of the Capuchin was accompanied by the cries of the salesmen in front of the church, as by an antiphony. I stood at the church door between the two, and the effect was singular enough.

OCT. 5.

This morning I was in the arsenal, which I found interesting enough, though I know nothing of maritime affairs; and visited the lower school there. It has an appearance like that of an old family, which still bustles about, although its best time of blossom and fruit has passed. By paying attention to the handicraftsmen, I have seen much that is remarkable, and have been on board an eighty-four-gun ship, the hull of which is just completed.

Six months ago, a thing of the sort was burned down to the water's edge, off the Riva dei Schiavoni. The powder-room was not very full; and, when it blew up, it did no great damage. The windows of the neighbouring houses were destroyed.

I have seen worked the finest oak from Istria, and have made my observations in return upon this valuable tree. That knowledge of the natural things used by man as materials, and employed for his wants, which I have acquired with so much difficulty, has been incalculably serviceable in explaining to me the proceedings of artists and artisans. The knowledge of mountains, and of the stone taken out of them, has been to me a great advance in art.

OCT. 5.

To give a notion of the Bucentaur in one word, I should say that it is a state galley. The older one, of which we still have drawings, justified this appellation still more than the present one, which, by its splendour, makes us forget its original.

I am always returning to my old opinions. When a genuine subject is given to an artist, his productions will be something genuine also. Here the artist was commissioned to form a galley worthy to carry the heads of the republic on the highest festivals in honour of its ancient rule on the sea; and the problem has been admirably solved. The vessel is all ornament: we ought to say it is overladen with ornament. It is altogether one piece of gilt carving, for no other use but that of a pageant to exhibit to the people its leaders in right noble style. We know well enough that a people who likes to deck out its boats is no less pleased to see their rulers bravely adorned. This state galley is a good index to show what the Venetians were, and what they considered themselves.

OCT. 5. Night.

I have come home from a tragedy, and am still laughing; and I must at once make the jest secure upon paper. The piece was not bad. The author had brought together all the tragic *matadors*, and the actors played well. Most of the situations were well known, but some were new and highly felicitous. There are two fathers who hate each other; sons and daughters of these severed families, who respectively are passionately in love with each other; and one couple is even privately married. Wild and cruel work goes on; and at last nothing remains to render the young people happy, but to make the two fathers kill each other, upon which the curtain falls amid the liveliest applause. Now the applause becomes more vehement,

now *fuora* was called out; and this lasted until the two principal couples vouchsafed to crawl forward from behind the curtain, make their bow, and retire at the opposite side.

The public was not yet satisfied, but went on clapping, and crying, "*I morti!*" till the two dead men also came forward, and made their bow, when some voices cried, "*Bravi i morti!*" The applause detained them for a long time, till at last they were allowed to depart. The effect is infinitely more droll to the eye-and-ear witness, who, like me, has ringing in his ears the "*bravo! bravi!*" which the Italians have incessantly in their mouths, and then suddenly hears the dead also called forward with this word of honour.

We of the north can say "good night" at any hour, when we take leave after dark; but the Italian says, "*Felicissima notte*" only once, and that is when the candles are brought into a room. Day and night are thus divided, and something quite different is meant. So impossible is it to translate the idioms of any language. From the highest to the lowest word, all has reference to the peculiarities of the natives, in character, opinions, or circumstances.

OCT. 6.

The tragedy yesterday taught me a great deal. In the first place, I have heard how the Italians treat and declaim their eleven-syllable iambs; and, in the next place, I have understood the tact of Gozzi in combining masks with his tragic personages. This is the proper sort of play for this people, which likes to be moved in a rough fashion. It has no tender, heartfelt sympathy for the unfortunate personage, but is only pleased when the hero speaks well. The Italians attach a great deal of importance to the speaking; and then they like to laugh, or to hear something silly.

Their interest in the drama is like that in the real event. When the tyrant gave his son a sword, and

required him to kill his own wife, who was standing opposite, the people began loudly to express their disapprobation of this demand; and there was a great risk that the piece would have been interrupted. They insisted that the old man should take his sword back, in which case all the subsequent situations in the drama would have been completely spoiled. At last the distressed son plucked up courage, advanced to the proscenium, and humbly entreated that the audience would have patience for a moment, assuring them that all would turn out to their entire satisfaction. But, even judging from an artistical point of view, this situation was, under the circumstances, silly and unnatural, and I commended the people for their feeling.

I can now better understand the long speeches and the frequent dissertations, *pro* and *con*, in the Greek tragedy. The Athenians liked still more to hear speaking, and were still better judges of it, than the Italians. They learned something from the courts of law, where they spent the whole day.

Oct. 6.

In those works of Palladio which are completed, I have found much to blame, together with much that is highly valuable. While I was reflecting how far I was right or wrong in setting my judgment in opposition to that of so extraordinary a man, I felt as if he stood by and said, "I did so and so against my will, but, nevertheless, I did it, because in this manner alone was it possible for me, under the given circumstances, to approximate to my highest idea."

The more I consider the matter, the more it seems to me that Palladio, while contemplating the height and width of an already existing church, or of an old house to which he was to attach façades, only considered, "How will you give the greatest form to these dimensions? Some part of the detail must, from the

necessity of the case, be put out of its place, or spoiled, and something unseemly is sure to arise here and there. Be that as it may, the whole will have a grand style, and you will be pleased with your work."

And thus he carried out the great image which he had within his soul, just to the point where it was not quite suitable, and where he was obliged, in the detail, to mutilate or to overcrowd it.

On the other hand, the wing of the Carità cannot be too highly prized; for here the artist's hands were free, and he could follow the bent of his own mind without constraint. If the convent were finished, there would, perhaps, be no work of architecture more perfect throughout the present world.

How he thought and how he worked become more and more clear to me, the more I read his works, and reflect how he treated the ancients; for he says few words, but they are all important. The fourth book, which illustrates the antique temples, is a good introduction to a judicious examination of ancient remains.

OCT. 7.

Yesterday evening I saw the "Electra" of Crébillon, that is to say a translation, at the Theatre St. Crisostomo. I cannot say how absurd the piece appeared to me, and how terribly it tired me out.

The actors are generally good, and know how to put off the public with single passages.

Orestes alone has three narratives poetically set off in one scene. Electra, a pretty little woman, of the middle size and stature, with almost French vivacity, and with a good deportment, delivered the verses beautifully, only she acted the part madly from beginning to end, which, alas! it requires. However, I have again learned something. The Italian iambic, which is invariably of eleven syllables, is very inconvenient for declamation, because the last syllable is



always short, and causes an involuntary elevation of the declaimer's voice.

This morning I was present at high mass, which annually, on this day, the doge must attend, in the Church of St. Justina, to commemorate an old victory over the Turks. When the gilded barks which carry the princes and a portion of the nobility approach the little square; when the boatmen, in their rare liveries, are plying their red-painted oars; when, on the shore, the clergy and the religious fraternities are standing, pushing, moving about, and waiting with their lighted torches, fixed upon poles and portable silver chandeliers; then, when the gangways covered with carpet are placed from the vessels to the shore, and first the full violet dresses of the Savii, next the ample red robes of the senators, are unfolded upon the pavement, and, lastly, when the old doge, adorned with his golden Phrygian cap, in his long golden *talar* and his ermine cloak, steps out of the vessel, — when all this, I say, takes place in a little square before the portal of a church, one feels as if he were looking at an old worked tapestry, exceedingly well designed and coloured. To me, northern fugitive as I am, this ceremony gave a great deal of pleasure. With us, who parade nothing but short coats in our processions of pomp, and who conceive nothing greater than one performed with shouldered arms, such an affair might be out of place. But these trains, these peaceful celebrations, are all in keeping here.

The doge is a well-grown and well-shaped man, who, perhaps, suffers from ill health, but nevertheless, for dignity's sake, bears himself upright under his heavy robe. In other respects he looks like the grandpapa of the whole race, and is kind and affable. His dress is very becoming. The little cap which he wears under the large one does not offend the eye, resting as it does upon the whitest and finest hair in the world.

About fifty *nobili*, with long dark red trains, were with him. For the most part, they were handsome men; and there was not a single uncouth figure among them. Several of them were tall, with large heads; so that the white curly wigs were very becoming to them. Their features are prominent. The flesh of their faces is soft and white, without looking flabby and disagreeable. On the contrary, there is an appearance of talent without exertion, repose, self-confidence, easiness of existence; and a certain joyousness pervades the whole.

When all had taken their places in the church, and mass began, the fraternities entered by the chief door, and went out at the side door to the right, after they had received holy water in couples, and made their obeisance to the high altar, to the doge, and the nobility.

Night.

For this evening I had bespoke the celebrated *song* of the mariners, who chant Tasso and Ariosto to melodies of their own. This must be actually ordered, as it is not to be heard as a thing of course, but rather belongs to the half-forgotten traditions of former times. I entered a gondola by moonlight, with one *singer* before, and the other behind me. They *sing* their *song*, taking up the verses alternately. The melody, which we know through Rousseau, is of a middle kind, between choral and recitative, maintaining throughout the same cadence, without any fixed time. The modulation is also uniform, only varying with a sort of declamation, both tone and measure, according to the subject of the verse. But the spirit, the life of it, is as follows:

Without inquiring into the construction of the melody, suffice it to say, that it is admirably suited to that easy class of people, who, always humming something or other to themselves, adapt such tunes to any little poem they know by heart.

Sitting on the shore of an island, on the bank of a canal, or on the side of a boat, a gondolier will sing away with a loud penetrating voice, — the multitude admire force above everything, — anxious only to be heard as far as possible. Over the silent mirror it travels far. Another in the distance, who is acquainted with the melody, and knows the words, takes it up, and answers with the next verse, and then the first replies; so that the one is, as it were, the echo of the other. The song continues through whole nights, and is kept up without fatigue. The farther the singers are from each other, the more touching sounds the strain. The best place for the listener is half-way between the two.

In order to let me hear it, they landed on the bank of the Guidecca, and took up different positions by the canal. I walked backward and forward between them, so as to leave the one whose turn it was to sing, and to join the one who had just left off. Then it was that the effect of the strain first opened upon me. As a voice from the distance, it sounds in the highest degree strange, — as a lament without sadness: it has an incredible effect, and is moving even to tears. I ascribed this to my own state of mind; but my old boatman said, “È singolare, como quel canto intene-risce, e molto piu quando è piu ben cantato.” He wished that I could hear the women of the Lido, especially those of Malamocco and Pelestrina. These also, he told me, chanted Tasso and Ariosto to the same or similar melodies. He went on, “In the evening, while their husbands are on the sea, fishing, they are accustomed to sit on the beach, and with shrill, penetrating voice to make these strains resound, until they catch from the distance the voices of their partners, and in this way they keep up a communication with them.” Is not that beautiful? And yet it is very possible that one who heard them close by would take little pleasure in such tones, which have to vie with the waves of the

sea. Human, however, and true, becomes the song in this way. Thus is life given to the melody on whose dead elements we should otherwise have been sadly puzzled. It is the song of one solitary, singing at a distance, in the hope that another of kindred feelings and sentiments may hear and answer.

VENICE, Oct. 8, 1786.

I paid a visit to the Palace Pisani Moretta, for the sake of a charming picture by Paul Veronese. The females of the family of Darius are represented kneeling before Alexander and Hephæstion: his mother, who is in the foreground, mistakes Hephæstion for the king; turning away from her, he points to Alexander. A strange story is told about this painting. The artist had been well received and for a long time honourably entertained in the palace: in return, he secretly painted the picture, and left it behind him as a present, rolled up under his bed. Certainly it well deserves to have had a singular origin, for it gives an idea of all the peculiar merits of this master. The great art with which he manages, by a skilful distribution of light and shade, and by an equally clever contrast of the local colours, to produce a most delightful harmony, without throwing any sameness of tone over the whole picture, is here most strikingly visible. For the picture is in excellent preservation, and stands before us almost with the freshness of yesterday. Indeed, whenever a painting of this order has suffered from neglect, our enjoyment of it is marred on the spot, even before we are conscious what the cause may be.

Whoever feels disposed to quarrel with the artist on the score of costume has only to say he ought to have painted a scene of the sixteenth century; and the matter is at an end. The gradation in the expression, from the mother through the wife to the daughters, is in the highest degree true and happy. The youngest

princess, who kneels behind all the rest, is a beautiful girl, and has a very pretty, but somewhat independent and haughty, countenance. Her position does not at all seem to please her.

My old gift of seeing the world with the eyes of that painter whose pictures have most recently made an impression on me, has occasioned me some peculiar reflections. It is evident that the eye forms itself by the objects which from youth up it is accustomed to look upon; and so the Venetian artist must see all things in a clearer and brighter light than other men. We, whose eye when out-of-doors falls on a dingy soil, which, when not muddy, is dusty, and which, always colourless, gives a sombre hue to the reflected rays, or at home spend our lives in close, narrow rooms, can never attain to such a cheerful view of nature.

As I floated down the lagunes in the full sunshine, and observed how the figures of the gondoliers in their motley costume, and as they rowed, lightly moving above the sides of the gondola, stood out from the bright green surface, and against the blue sky, I caught the best and freshest type possible of the Venetian school. The sunshine brought out the local colours with dazzling brilliancy; and the shades even were so luminous, that, comparatively, they in their turn might serve as lights. And the same may be said of the reflection from the sea-green water. All was painted *chiaro nell chiaro*; so that foamy waves and lightning-flashes were necessary to give it the last finish (*um die Tüpfchen auf "i" zu setzen*).

Titian and Paul have this brilliancy in the highest degree; and, whenever we do not find it in any of their works, the piece is either damaged or has been touched up.

The cupola and vaulting of St. Mark's, with its side-walls, are covered with paintings, — a mass of richly

coloured figures on a golden ground, all in mosaic-work ; some of them very good, others but poor, according to the masters who furnished the cartoons.

Circumstances here have strangely impressed on my mind how everything depends on the first invention, and that this constitutes the right standard, the true genius ; since with little square pieces of glass (and here not in the soberest manner) it is possible to imitate the good as well as the bad. The art which furnished to the ancients their pavements, and to the Christians the vaulted veils of their churches, fritters itself away in our days on snuff-box lids and bracelet-clasps. The present times are worse even than one thinks.

VENICE, Oct. 8, 1786.

In the Farsetti Palace, there is a valuable collection of casts from the best antiques. I pass over all such as I had seen before at Mannheim or elsewhere, and mention only new acquaintances, — a Cleopatra in intense repose, with the asp coiled round her arm, and sinking into the sleep of death ; a Niobe shrouding with her robe her youngest daughter from the arrows of Apollo ; some gladiators ; a winged genius resting in his flight ; some philosophers, both in sitting and standing postures.

They are works from which, for thousands of years to come, the world may receive delight and instruction, without ever being able to equal with their thanks the merits of the artists.

Many speaking busts transported me to the old, glorious times. Only I felt, alas ! how backward I am in these studies. However, I will go on with them : at least, I know the way. Palladio has opened the road for me to this and every other art and life. That sounds, probably, somewhat strange, and yet not so paradoxical as when Jacob Böhme says, that, by seeing a pewter platter by a ray from Jupiter, he was

enlightened as to the whole universe. There is also in this collection a fragment of the entablature of the temple of Antonius and Faustina, in Rome.

The bold front of this noble piece of architecture reminded me of the capital of the Pantheon at Mannheim. It is, indeed, something very different from our queer saints, piled up one above the other on little consoles, after the Gothic style of decoration; something different from our tobacco-pipe-like shafts, our little steeple-crowned towers and foliated terminals. From all taste for these I am now, thank God, set free for ever!

I will further mention a few works of statuary, which, as I passed along these last few days, I have observed with astonishment and instruction. Before the gate of the Arsenal two huge lions of white marble: the one is half recumbent, raising himself up on his fore feet; the other is lying, — noble emblems of the variety of life. They are of such huge proportions, that all around appears little, and man himself would become as nought, did not sublime objects elevate him. They are of the best times of Greece, and were brought here from the Piræus, in the better days of the Republic.

From Athens, too, in all probability, came two bas-reliefs which have been introduced in the Church of St. Justina, the conqueress of the Turks. Unfortunately they are in some degree hidden by the church seats. The sacristan called my attention to them, on account of the tradition that Titian modelled from them the beautiful angel in his picture of the martyrdom of St. Peter. The relievos represent genii, who are decking themselves out with the attributes of the gods, — so beautiful in truth as to transcend all idea or conception.

Next I contemplated with quite peculiar feelings the naked colossal statue of Marcus Agrippa, in the

court of a palace: a dolphin, which is twisting itself by his side, points out the naval hero. How does such an heroic representation make the mere man equal to the gods!

I took a close view of the horses of St. Mark's. When one looks up at them from below, it is easy to see that they are spotted: in places they exhibit a beautiful yellow-metallic lustre, in others a coppery green has run over them. Viewing them more closely, one sees distinctly that once they were gilt all over; and long streaks are still to be seen over them, as the barbarians did not attempt to file off the gold, but tried to cut it off. That, too, is well: thus the shape at least has been preserved.

A glorious team of horses: I should like to hear the opinion of a good judge of horse-flesh. What seemed strange to me was, that, closely viewed, they appear heavy, while from the piazza below they look as light as deer.

OCT. 8, 1786.

Yesterday I set out early, with my tutelary genius, for the Lido, — the tongue of land which shuts in the lagunes, and divides them from the sea. We landed, and walked straight across the isthmus. I heard a loud hollow murmur: it was the sea. I soon saw it: it crested high against the shore, as it retired. It was about noon, and time of ebb. I have then at last seen the sea with my own eyes, and followed it on its beautiful bed, just as it quitted it. I wished the children had been there to gather the shells: childlike, I myself picked up plenty of them. However, I attempted to make them useful: I tried to dry in them some of the fluid of the cuttle-fish, which here dart away from you in shoals.

On the Lido, not far from the sea, is the burial-place of Englishmen, and, a little farther on, of the Jews.



Both alike are refused the privilege of resting in consecrated ground. I found here the tomb of Smith, the noble English consul, and of his first wife. It is to him that I owe my first copy of Palladio. I thanked him for it, here in his unconsecrated grave. And not only unconsecrated, but half buried, is the tomb. The Lido is at best but a sand-bank (*daune*). The sand is carried from it backward and forward by the wind, and, thrown up in heaps, is encroaching on every side. In a short time the monument, which is tolerably high, will no longer be visible.

But the *sea* — it is a grand *sight!* I will try and get a sail upon it some day in a fishing-boat. The gondolas never venture out so far.

Oct. 8, 1786.

On the seacoast I found, also, several plants, whose characters, similar to others I already knew, enabled me to recognise pretty well their properties. They are all alike, fat and strong, full of sap, and clammy; and it is evident that the old salt of the sandy soil, but still more the saline atmosphere, gives them these properties. Like aquatic plants, they abound in sap, and are fleshy and tough, like mountainous ones. Those whose leaves show a tendency to put forth prickles, after the manner of thistles, have them extremely sharp and strong. I found a bush with leaves of this kind. It looked very much like our harmless colt's-foot, only here it is armed with sharp weapons, — the leaves like leather, as also are the seed-vessels, and the stalk very thick and succulent. I bring with me seeds and specimens of the leaves (*Eryngium maritimum*).

The fish-market, with its numberless marine productions, afforded me much amusement. I often go there to contemplate the poor captive inhabitants of the sea.

VENICE, Oct. 9, 1786.

A delicious day, from morning to night. I have been toward Chiozza, as far as Pelestrina, where are the great structures called "Murazzi," which the republic has caused to be raised against the sea. They are of hewn stone, and properly are intended to protect from the fury of the wild element the tongue of land, called the "Lido," which separates the lagunes from the sea.

The lagunes are the work of old nature. First of all, the land and tide, the ebb and flow, working against one another, and then the gradual sinking of the primal waters, were, together, the causes why, at the upper end of the Adriatic, we find a pretty extensive range of marshes, which, covered by the flood-tide, are partly left bare by the ebb. Art took possession of the highest spots; and thus arose Venice, formed out of a group of a hundred isles, and surrounded by hundreds more. Moreover, at an incredible expense of money and labour, deep canals have been dug through the marshes, in order, that, at the time of high water, ships-of-war might pass to the chief points. What human industry and wit contrived and executed of old, skill and industry must now keep up. The Lido, a long narrow strip of land, separates the lagunes from the sea, which can enter at only two points, — at the castle and at the opposite end, near Chiozza. The tide flows in usually twice a day, and with the ebb carries out the waters twice, and always by the same channel and in the same direction. The flood covers the lower parts of the morass, but leaves the higher, if not dry, yet visible.

The case would be quite altered, were the sea to make new ways for itself to attack the tongue of land, and flow in and out wherever it chose. Not to mention that the little villages on the Lido — viz., Pelestrina, St. Peter's, and others — would be over-

whelmed, the canals of communication would be choked up, and, while the water involved all in ruin, the Lido would be changed into an island, and the islands which now lie behind it be converted into necks and tongues of land. To guard against this, it was necessary to protect the Lido as far as possible, lest the furious element should capriciously attack and overthrow what man had already taken possession of, and, with a certain end and purpose, given shape and use to.

In extraordinary cases, when the sea rises above measure, it is especially necessary to prevent it entering at more than two points. Accordingly, the rest of the sluice-gates being shut, it is, with all its violence, unable to enter, and in a few hours submits to the law of the ebb, and its fury lessens.

But Venice has nothing to fear: the extreme slowness with which the sea-line retires assures to her thousands of years yet; and, by prudently deepening the canals from time to time, they will easily maintain their possessions against the inroads of the water.

I only wish they were keeping their streets a little cleaner, — a duty which is as necessary as it is easy of performance, and which, in fact, becomes of great consequence in the course of centuries. Even now, in the principal thoroughfares, it is forbidden to throw anything into the canals: the sweepings even of the streets may not be cast into them. No measures, however, are taken to prevent the rain, which here falls in sudden and violent torrents, from carrying off the dirt, which is collected in piles at the corner of every street, and washing it into the lagunes, nay, what is still worse, into the gutters for carrying off the water, which consequently are often so completely stopped up, that the principal squares are in danger of being under water. Even in the smaller piazza of St. Mark's I have seen the gullies, which are well laid

down there, as well as in the gréater square, choked up, and full of water.

When a rainy day comes, the filth is intolerable: every one is cursing and scolding. In ascending and descending the bridges, one soils one's mantle and greatcoat (*Tabarro*), which is here worn all the year round; and, as one goes along in shoes and silk stockings, he gets splashed, and then scolds; for it is not common mud, but such as adheres and stains, that one is here splashed with. The weather soon becomes fine again, and then no one thinks of cleaning the streets. How true is the saying, the public is ever complaining that it is ill served, and never knows how to set about getting better served. Here, if the sovereign people wished it, it might be done forthwith.

This evening I ascended the Tower of St. Mark's. As I had lately seen from its top the lagunes in their glory at flood-time, I wished also to see them at low water; for, in order to have a correct idea of the place, it is necessary to take in both views. It looks strange to see land all around where there had previously been a mirror of waters. The islands are no longer islands, merely higher and house-crowned spots in one large morass of a gray-greenish colour, and intersected by beautiful canals. The marshy parts are overgrown with aquatic plants,—a circumstance which must tend, in time, to raise their level, although the ebb and flow are continually shaking and tossing them, and leave no rest to the vegetation.

I now return with my narrative once more to the sea. I there saw yesterday the haunts of the sea-snails, the limpets, and the crab, and was highly delighted with the sight. What a precious glorious object is a living thing! how wonderfully adapted to its state of existence, how true, how *real* (*seyend*)! What great advantages I now derive from my former studies of

nature, and how delighted I am with the opportunity of continuing them! But, as this is a matter that admits of being communicated, I will not excite the sympathy of my friends by mere exclamations.

The stone-works which have been built against the inroads of the sea consist, first of all, of several steep steps; then comes a slightly inclined plane; then, again, they rise a step, which is once more succeeded by a gently ascending surface; and last of all comes a perpendicular wall with an overhanging coping over these steps: over these planes the raging sea rises, until, in extraordinary cases, it even dashes over the highest wall with its projecting head.

The sea is followed by its inhabitants, — little periwinkles good to eat, monovalve limpets, and whatever else has the power of motion, especially by the pungar-crabs. But scarcely have these little creatures taken possession of the smooth walls, when the sea retires again, swelling and cresting as it came. At first the crowd know not where they are, and keep hoping that the briny flood will soon return; but it still keeps away. The sun scorches, and quickly dries all up; and now begins the retreat. It is on these occasions that the pungars seek their prey. Nothing more wonderful or comical can be seen than the manœuvres of these little creatures, with their round bodies and two long claws (for the other spider-feet are scarcely worth noticing). On these stilted fore-legs, as it were, they stride along, watching the limpets; and, as soon as one moves under its shell on the rock, a pungar comes up, and, inserting the point of his claw in the tiny interstice between the shell and the rock, turns it over, and so manages to swallow the oyster. The limpets, on the other hand, proceed cautiously on their way, and by suction fasten themselves firmly to the rocky surface as soon as they are aware of the proximity of their foe. In such cases the pungar departs himself

amusingly enough : round and round the pulpy animal, who keeps himself safe beneath his roof, will he go with singular politeness ; but not succeeding with all his coaxing, and being unable to overcome its powerful muscle, he leaves in despair this intended victim, and hastens after another, who may be wandering less cautiously on his way.

I never saw a crab succeed in his designs, although I have watched for hours the retreat of the little troop as they crawled down the two planes and the intermediate steps.

VENICE, Oct. 10, 1786.

At last I am able to say that I have seen a comedy. Yesterday, at the theatre of St. Luke, was performed "Le Baruffe Chiozotte," which I should interpret the "Frays and Feuds of Chiozza." The *dramatis personæ* are principally seafaring people, inhabitants of Chiozza, with their wives, sisters, and daughters. The usual noisy demonstrations of such sort of people in their good or ill luck, their dealings one with another, their vehemence, but goodness of heart, commonplace remarks, and unaffected manners, their *naïve* wit and humour, — all this was excellently imitated. The play, moreover, is Goldoni's ; and as I had been only the day before in the place itself, and as the tones and manners of the sailors and people of the seaport still echoed in my ears and floated before my eyes, it delighted me very much ; and, although I did not understand a single allusion, I was, on the whole, able to follow the plot pretty well. I will now give you the plan of the piece. It opens with the females of Chiozza sitting, as usual, on the strand before their cabins, spinning, mending nets, sewing, or making lace. A youth passes by, and notices one of them with a more friendly greeting than he does the rest. Immediately the joking begins, and observes no bounds. Becoming tarter and tarter, and growing ill-tempered,

it soon bursts out into reproaches: abuse vies with abuse. In the midst of all, one dame, more vehement than the rest, bounces out with the truth; and now an endless din of scolding, railing, and screaming. There is no lack of more decided outrage, and at last the peace-officers are compelled to interfere.

The second act opens with the court of justice. In the absence of the *podesta* (who, being a noble, could not lawfully be brought upon the stage), the *actuarius* presides. He orders the women to be brought before him one by one. This gives rise to an interesting scene. It happens that this official personage is himself enamoured of the first of the combatants who is brought before him. Only too happy to have an opportunity of speaking with her alone, instead of hearing what she has to say on the matter in question, he makes her a declaration of love. In the midst of it a second woman, who is herself in love with the actuary, in a fit of jealousy rushes in, and with her the suspicious lover of the first damsel, who is followed by all the rest; and now the same demon of confusion riots in the court, as, a little before, had set at logger-heads the people of the harbour. In the third act the fun gets more and more boisterous, and the whole ends with a hasty and poor *dénouement*. The happiest thought, however, of the whole piece, is a character who is thus drawn: an old sailor, who, owing to the hardships to which he had been exposed from his childhood, trembles and falters in all his limbs, and especially in his organs of speech, is brought on the scene to serve as a foil to this restless, screaming, and jabbering crew. Before he can utter a word, he has to make a long preparation by a slow twitching of his lips and an assistant motion of his hands and arms: at last he blurts out what his thoughts are on the matter in dispute. But, as he can only manage to do this in very short sentences, he acquires thereby a sort of

laconic gravity, so that all he utters sounds like an adage or maxim; and in this way a happy contrast is afforded to the wild and passionate exclamations of the other personages.

But, even as it was, I never witnessed anything like the noisy delight the people evinced at seeing themselves and their mates represented with such truth of nature. It was one continued laugh, and tumultuous shout of exultation, from beginning to end. I must, however, confess that the piece was extremely well acted by the players. According to the cast of their several parts, they had adopted among them the different tones of voice which usually prevail among the inhabitants of the place. The first actress was the universal favourite, more so even than she had recently been in an heroic dress and a scene of passion. The female players generally, but especially this one, imitated in the most pleasing manner possible the twang, the manners, and other peculiarities, of the people they represented. Great praise is due to the author, who out of nothing has here created the most amusing *divertissement*. However, he never could have done it with any other people than his own merry and light-hearted countrymen. The farce is written throughout with a practised hand.

Of Sacchi's company, for which Gozzi wrote (but which by the by is now broken up), I saw Smeraldina, a short, plump figure, full of life, tact, and good humour. With her I saw Brighella, a slight, well-made man and an excellent actor, especially in pantomime. These masks, which we scarcely know, except in the form of mummings, and which to our minds possess neither life nor meaning, succeed here only too well as the creation of the national taste. Here the most distinguished characters, persons of every age and condition, think nothing of dressing themselves out in the strangest costumes; and as, for the greater



part of the year, they are accustomed to wander about in masks, they feel no surprise at seeing the black visors on the stage also.

VENICE, Oct. 11, 1786.

Since solitude in the midst of a great crowd of human beings is, after all, not possible, I have taken up with an old Frenchman, who knows nothing of Italian, and suspects that he is cheated on all hands, and taken advantage of, and who, notwithstanding plenty of letters of recommendation, does not make his way with the good people here. A man of rank, who is well bred, but whose mind cannot go beyond himself and his own immediate circle. He is, perhaps, full fifty, and has at home a boy seven years old, of whom he is always anxious to get news. He is travelling through Italy for pleasure, but rapidly, in order to be able to say that he has seen it, but is willing to learn whatever is possible as he hurries along. I have shown him some civilities, and given him information about many matters. While I was speaking to him about Venice, he asked me how long I had been here, and when he heard that this was my first visit, and that I had only been here fourteen days, he replied, "*Il paraît que vous n'avez pas perdu votre temps.*" This is the first testimonium of my good behaviour that I can furnish you. He has been here a week, and leaves to-morrow. It was highly delicious to me to meet in a strange land with such a regular Versailles man. He is now about to quit me. It caused me some surprise to think that any one could ever travel in this temper, without a thought for anything beyond himself; and yet he is, in his way, a polished, sensible, and well-conducted person.

VENICE, Oct. 12, 1786.

Yesterday, at St. Luke's, a new piece was acted, "L'Inglicismo in Italia" ("The English in Italy").

As there are many Englishmen living in Italy, it is not unnatural that their ways and habits should excite notice; and I expected to learn from this piece what the Italians thought of their rich and welcome visitors. But it was a total failure. There were, of course (as is always the case here), some clever scenes between buffoons; but the rest was cast altogether in too grave and heavy a mould, and yet not a trace of the English good sense; plenty of the ordinary Italian commonplaces of morality, and those, too, upon the most common topics.

And it did not take: indeed, it was on the very point of being hissed off the stage. The actors felt themselves out of their element, not on the strand of Chiozza. As this was the last piece that I saw here, my enthusiasm for these national representations did not seem likely to be increased by this piece of folly.

As I have at last gone through my journal, and entered some occasional remarks from my tablets, my proceedings are now enrolled, and left to the sentence of my friends. There is, I am conscious, very much in these leaves which I might qualify, enlarge upon, and improve. Let, however, what is written stand as the memorial of first impressions, which, if not always correct, will nevertheless be ever dear and precious to me. Oh, that I could but transmit to my friends a breath merely of this light existence! Verily, to the Italian, "ultramontane" is a very vague idea; and, before my mind even, "beyond the Alps" rises very obscurely, although from out of their mists friendly forms are beckoning to me. It is the climate only that seduces me to prefer awhile these lands to those; for birth and habit forge strong fetters. Here, however, I could not live, nor, indeed, in any place where I had nothing to occupy my mind; but at present novelty furnishes me here with endless occupation. Architecture rises, like an ancient spirit from the tombs,

and bids me study its laws, just as people study the rules of a dead language, not in order to practise or to take a living joy in them, but only in order to enable myself, in the quiet depths of my own mind, to do honour to her existence in bygone ages, and her for ever departed glory. As Palladio everywhere refers one to Vitruvius, I have bought Galiani's edition; but this folio suffers in my portmanteau as much as my brain does in the study of it. Palladio, by his words and works, by his method and way, both of thinking and of executing, has brought Vitruvius home to me, and interpreted him far better than the Italian translator ever can. Vitruvius himself is no easy reading: his book is obscurely written, and requires a critical study. Notwithstanding, I have read it through cursorily, and it has left on my mind many a glorious impression. To express my meaning better, I read it like a breviary, more out of devotion than for instruction. Already the days begin to draw in, and allow more time for reading and writing.

God be praised! Whatever from my youth up appeared to me of worth is beginning once more to be dear to me. How happy do I feel that I can again venture to approach the ancient authors! For now I may tell it, and confess at once my disease and my folly. For many a long year I could not bear to look at a Latin author, or to cast my eye upon anything that might serve to awaken in my mind the thoughts of Italy. If by accident I did so, I suffered the most horrible tortures of mind. It was a frequent joke of Herder's, at my expense, that I had learned all my Latin from Spinoza; for he had noticed that this was the only Latin work I ever read. But he was not aware how carefully I was obliged to keep myself from the ancients; how even these abstruse generalities were but cursorily read by me, and even then not without pain. At last matters came to that pitch that even the

perusal of Wieland's translation of the "Satires" made me utterly wretched. I had barely read two when I was already beside myself.

Had I not made the resolve which I am now carrying into effect, I should have been altogether lost, to such a degree of intensity had the desire grown to see these objects with my own eyes. Historical acquaintance with them did me no good. The things stood only a hand's-breadth away from me; but still they were separated from me by an impenetrable wall. And in fact, at the present moment I somehow feel as if this were not the first time that I had seen these things, but as if I were paying a second visit to them. Although I have been but a short time in Venice, I have adapted myself pretty well to the ways of the place, and feel confident that I shall carry away with me a clear and true, though incomplete idea of it.

VENICE, Oct. 14, 1786.

Two o'clock, morning.

In the last moments of my stay here; for I am to start almost immediately, with the packet-boat, for Ferrara. I quit Venice without reluctance; for, to stay here longer with any satisfaction and profit to myself, I must take other steps, which would carry me beyond my present plan. Besides, everybody is now leaving this city, and making for the beautiful gardens and seats on the Terra Firma. I, however, go away well loaded, and shall carry along with me its rich, rare, and unique image.

#### FROM FERRARA TO ROME.

OCT. 16, 1786, early in the morning.

And on board the packet.

MY travelling companions, male and female alike, are all still fast asleep in their berths. For my part, I

have passed the two nights on deck, wrapped up in my cloak. It was only toward morning that I felt it getting cold. I am now actually in latitude forty-five, and yet go on repeating my old song,—I would gladly leave all to the inhabitants of the land, if only, after the fashion of Dido, I could enclose enough of the heavens to surround our dwellings with. It would then be quite another state of existence. The voyage in this glorious weather has been most delightful, the views and prospects simple, but agreeable. The Po, with its fertilising stream, flows here through wide plains. Nothing, however, is to be seen but its banks covered with trees or bushes: you catch no distant view. On this river, as on the Adige, are silly water-works, which are as rude and ill-constructed as those on the Saal.

FERRARA, Oct. 16, 1786.

At night.

Although I only arrived here early this morning (by seven o'clock, German time), I am thinking of setting off again to-morrow morning. For the first time since I left home, a feeling of dissatisfaction has fallen upon me in this great and beautiful, but flat and depopulated city. These streets, now so desolate, were, however, once kept in animation by a brilliant court. Here dwelt Ariosto discontented, and Tasso unhappy; and so we fancy we gain edification by visiting such scenes. Ariosto's monument contains much marble, ill arranged: for Tasso's prison they show a wood-house or coal-house, where, most assuredly, he never was kept. Moreover, the people pretend to know scarcely anything you may ask about. But at last, for "something to drink" they manage to remember. All this brings to my mind Luther's ink-spots, which the housekeeper freshens up from time to time. Most travellers, however, are little better than our *Handwerksburschen*, or strolling journeymen, and content themselves with such

palpable signs. For my part, I grew quite sulky, and took little interest, even in a beautiful institute and academy which a cardinal, a native of Ferrara, founded and endowed. However, some ancient monuments in the Ducal Palace served to revive me a little; and I was put in perfect good humour by a beautiful conception of a painter, — John the Baptist before Herod and Herodias. The prophet, in his well-known dress of the wilderness, is pointing indignantly at Herodias. Quite unmoved, she looks at the prince, who is sitting by her side, while the latter regards the prophet with a calm but cunning look. A white, middle-sized greyhound stands before the king, while from beneath the robe of Herodias a small Italian one is peeping, both barking at the prophet. To my mind, this is a most happy thought.

CENTO, Oct. 17, 1786.

In a better temper than yesterday I write you today from Guercino's native city. It is, however, quite a different place, — a hospitable, well-built little town of nearly five thousand inhabitants, flourishing, full of life; cleanly, and situated in a well-cultivated plain, which stretches farther than the eye can reach. According to my usual custom, I ascended the tower. A sea of poplars, between which, and near at hand, one catches glimpses of little country-houses, each surrounded by its fields. A rich soil and a beautiful climate. It was an autumn evening, such as we seldom have to thank even summer for. The sky, which has been veiled all day, has cleared up, the clouds rolling off north and south toward the mountains, and I hope to-morrow will be a bright day.

Here I first saw the Apennines, which I am approaching. The winter in this region lasts only through December and January. April is rainy. The rest of the year the weather is beautiful, according to the nature of the season. Incessant rain is unknown.

September here, to tell you the truth, was finer and warmer than August with you. The Apennines in the south have received a warm greeting from me, for I have now had enough of the plain. To-morrow I shall be writing at the foot of them.

Guercino loved his native town: indeed, the Italians almost universally cherish and maintain this sort of local patriotism; and it is to this beautiful feeling that Italy owes so many of its valuable institutions and its multitude of local sanctuaries. Under the management of this master, an academy of painting was formed here. He left behind him many paintings, of which his townsmen are still very proud, and which, indeed, fully justify their pride.

Guercino is here a sacred name, and that, too, in the mouths of children as well as of the old.

Most charmed was I with his picture representing the risen Lord appearing to his mother. Kneeling before him, she looks upon him with indescribable affection. Her left hand is touching his body just under the confounded wound, which mars the whole picture. His hand lies upon her neck; and, in order the better to gaze upon her, his body is slightly bent back. This gives to his figure a somewhat strange, not to say forced, appearance. And yet, for all that, it is infinitely beautiful. The calm and sad look with which he contemplates her is unique, and seems to convey the impression that before his noble soul there still floats a remembrance of his own sufferings and of hers, which the resurrection had not at once dispelled.

Strange has engraved the picture. I wish that my friends could see even his copy of it.

After it a Madonna won my admiration. The child wants the breast: she modestly shrinks from exposing her bosom. Natural, noble, exquisite, and beautiful.

Further, a Mary, who is guiding the arm of the infant Christ, standing before her with his face toward

the people, in order that with uplifted fingers he may bestow his blessings upon them. Judged by the spirit of Roman Catholic mythology, this is a very happy idea, which has often been repeated.

Guercino is an intrinsically bold, masculine, sensible painter, without roughness. On the contrary, his pieces possess a certain tender<sup>e</sup> moral grace, a reposeful freedom and grandeur, but, with all that, a certain mannerism, so that, when the eye once has grown accustomed to it, it is impossible to mistake a piece of his hand. The lightness, cleanness, and finish of his touch are perfectly astonishing. For his draperies he is particularly fond of a beautiful brownish red blend of colours. These harmonise very well with the blue which he is fond of combining with them.

The subjects of the other paintings are more or less unhappily chosen. The good artist has strained all his powers, but his invention and execution alike are thrown away and wasted. However, I derived both entertainment and profit from the view of this cycle of art, although such a hasty and rapid glance as I could alone bestow upon them affords but little of either gratification or instruction.

BOLOGNA, Oct. 18, 1786.

Night.

Yesterday I started very early, before daybreak, from Cento, and arrived here in pretty good time. A brisk and well-educated cicerone, having learned that I did not intend to make a long stay here, hurried me through all the streets, and into so many palaces and churches, that I had scarcely time to set down in my note-book the names of them; and I hardly know if hereafter, when I shall look again at these scrawls, I shall be able to call to mind all the particulars. I will now, however, mention a couple or so of objects which stand out bright and clear enough, as they afforded me a real gratification at the time.



First of all, the Cecilia of Raphael. It was exactly what I had been told of it, but now I saw it with my own eyes. He has invariably accomplished that which others wished in vain to accomplish, and I would at present say no more of it than that it is by him. Five saints, side by side; not one of them has anything in common with *us*: however, their existence stands so perfectly real, that one would wish for the picture to last through eternity, even though for himself he could be content to be annihilated. But in order to understand Raphael aright, and to form a just appreciation of him, and not to praise him as a god, or as Melchisedec, "without descent" or pedigree, it is necessary to study his masters and his predecessors. These, too, had a standing on the firm soil of truth. Diligently, not to say anxiously, they had laid the foundation, and vied with each other in raising, step by step, the pyramid aloft, until at last, profiting by all their labours, and enlightened by a heavenly genius, Raphael set the last stone on the summit, above which, or even at which, no one else can ever stand.

Our interest in the history of art becomes peculiarly lively when we consider the works of the old masters. Francesco Francia is a very respectable artist; Pietro Perugino, so bold a man, that one might almost call him a noble German fellow. Oh, that fate had carried Albert Dürer farther into Italy! In Munich I saw a couple of pieces by him of incredible grandeur. Poor man! how he mistook his own worth in Venice, and made an agreement with the priests, on which he lost weeks and months! See him, in his journey through the Netherlands, exchanging his noble works of art for parrots, and, in order to save his *douceur*, drawing the portraits of the domestics, who bring him — a plate of fruit. To me the history of such a poor fool of an artist is infinitely touching.

Toward evening I got out of this ancient, venerable,

and learned city, and extricated myself from its crowds, who, protected from the sun and weather by the arched bowers which are to be seen in almost every street, walk about, gape about, or buy and sell, and transact whatever business they may have. I ascended the tower, and enjoyed the pure air. The view is glorious. To the north we see the hills of Padua; beyond them the Swiss, Tyrolese, and Friulian Alps, — in short, the whole northern chain, which at the time was enveloped in mist. Westward there stretched a boundless horizon, above which the towers of Modena alone stood out. Toward the east a similar plain, reaching to the shores of the Adriatic, whose waters might be discerned in the setting sun. Toward the south, the first hills of the Apennines, which, like the Vicentine Hills, are planted up to their summits, or covered with churches, palaces, and summer-houses. The sky was perfectly clear, not a cloud to be seen, only on the horizon a kind of haze. The keeper of the tower assured me, that, for six years, this mist had never left the distance. Otherwise, by the help of a telescope, you might easily discern the hills of Vicenza, with their houses and chapels, but now very rarely, even on the brightest days. And this mist lay chiefly on the northern chain, and makes our beloved fatherland a regular Cimmeria. In proof of the salubrity of the situation, and pure atmosphere of the city, he called my notice to the fact that the roofs of the houses looked quite fresh, and that not a single tile was attacked by damp or moss. It must be confessed that the tiles look quite clean, and beautiful enough: but the good quality of the brick-earth may have something to do with this; at least we know, that, in ancient times, excellent tiles were made in these parts.

The Leaning Tower has a frightful look, and yet it is most probable that it was built so by design. The following seems to me the explanation of this absurdity.

In the disturbed times of the city, every large edifice was a fortress, and every powerful family had its tower. By and by the possession of such a building became a mark of splendour and distinction; and as, at last, a perpendicular tower was a common and every-day thing, an oblique one was built. Both architect and owner have obtained their object: the multitude of slender, upright towers are just looked at, and all hurry to see the leaning one. Afterward I ascended it. The bricks are all arranged horizontally. With clamps and good cement one may build any mad whim.

BOLOGNA, Oct. 19, 1786.

Evening.

I have spent this day to the best advantage I could in visiting and revisiting. But it is with art as with the world: the more we study it, the larger we find it. In this heaven, new stars are constantly appearing which I cannot count, and which sadly puzzle me,—the Carracci, a Guido, a Domenichino, who shone forth in a later and happier period of art, but whom truly to enjoy requires both knowledge and judgment which I do not possess, and which cannot be acquired in a hurry. A great obstacle to our taking a pure delight in their pictures, and to an immediate understanding of their merits, are the absurd subjects of most of them. To admire or to be charmed with them one must be a madman.

It is as though the sons of God had wedded with the daughters of men, and out of such a union many a monster had sprung into existence. No sooner are you attracted by the *gusto* of a Guido and his pencil, by which nothing but the most excellent objects the eye sees are worthy to be painted, but you at once withdraw your eyes from a subject so abominably stupid that the world has no term of contempt sufficient to express its meanness; and so it is throughout.

It is ever anatomy, an execution, a flaying scene; always some suffering, never an action of the hero, never an interest in the scene before you; always something for the fancy, some excitement accruing from without. Nothing but deeds of horror or convulsive sufferings, malefactors or fanatics, alongside of whom the artist, in order to save his art, invariably slips in a naked boy or a pretty damsel, as a spectator, in every case treating his spiritual heroes as little better than lay figures (*Gliedermannen*) on which to hang some beautiful mantle with its folds. In all there is nothing that suggests a human notion. Scarcely one subject in ten that ever ought to have been painted, and that one the painter has chosen to view from any but the right point of view.

Guido's great picture in the Church of the Mendicants is all that painting can do, but, at the same time, all that absurdity could task an artist with. It is a votive piece. I can well believe that the whole consistory praised it, and also that they devised it. The two angels, who were fit to console a Psyche in her misery, must here . . .

The St. Proclus is a beautiful figure, but the others — bishops and popes! Below are heavenly children playing with attributes. The painter, who had no choice left him, laboured to help himself as best he could. He exerted himself merely to show that *he* was not the barbarian. Two naked figures by Guido, a St. John in the Wilderness, a Sebastian — how exquisitely painted, and what do they say? The one is gaping and the other wriggling.

Were I to contemplate history in my present ill humour, I should say, faith revived art, but superstition immediately made itself master of it, and ground it to the dust.

After dinner, seeming somewhat of a milder temper, and less arrogantly disposed than in the morning, I

entered the following remarks in my note-book. In the Palace of the Tanari there is a famous picture by Guido, — the Virgin suckling the infant Saviour, of a size rather larger than life, the head as if a god had painted it. Indescribable is the expression with which she gazes upon the suckling infant. To me it seems a calm, profound resignation, as if she were nourishing, not the child of her joy and love, but a supposititious, heavenly changeling, and goes on suckling it because now she cannot do otherwise, although in deep humility she wonders how she ever came to do it. The rest of the canvas is filled up with a mass of drapery which connoisseurs highly prize. For my part, I know not what to make of it. The colours, too, are somewhat dim. The room and the day were none of the brightest.

Notwithstanding the confusion in which I find myself, I yet feel that experience, knowledge, and taste already come to my aid in these mazes. Thus I was greatly won by a Circumcision by Guercino, for I have begun to know and to understand the man. I can now pardon the intolerable subject, and delight in the masterly execution. Let him paint whatever can be thought of: everything will be praiseworthy, and as highly finished as if it were enamel.

And thus it happened with me, as with Balaam, the overruled prophet, who blessed where he thought to curse. And I fear this would be the case still oftener, were I to stay here much longer.

And then, again, if one happens to meet with a picture after Raphael, or what may with at least some probability be ascribed to him, one is soon perfectly cured, and in good temper again. I fell in yesterday with a St. Agatha, a rare picture, though not throughout in good keeping. The artist has given to her the mien of a young maiden full of health and self-possession, but yet without rusticity or coldness.

I have stamped on my mind both her form and look, and shall mentally read before her my "Iphigenia," and shall not allow my heroine to express a sentiment which the saint herself might not give utterance to.

And now, when I think again of this sweet burden which I carry with me throughout my wanderings, I cannot conceal the fact, that, besides the great objects of nature and art which I have yet to work my way through, a wonderful train of poetical images keeps rising before me, and unsettling me. From Cento to this place I have been wishing to continue my labours on the "Iphigenia;" but what has happened? Inspiration has brought before my mind the plan of an "Iphigenia at Delphi," and I must work it out. I will here set down the argument as briefly as possible.

Electra, confidently hoping that Orestes will bring to Delphi the image of the Taurian Diana, makes her appearance in the Temple of Apollo, and, as a final sin-offering, dedicates to the god the axe which has perpetrated so many horrors in the house of Pelops. Unhappily, she is at this moment joined by a Greek, who recounts to her how, having accompanied Pylades and Orestes to Tauris, he there saw the two friends led to execution, but had himself luckily made his escape. At this news, the passionate Electra is unable to restrain herself, and knows not whether to vent her rage against the gods, or against men.

In the meantime, Iphigenia, Orestes, and Pylades have arrived at Delphi. The heavenly calmness of Iphigenia contrasts remarkably with the earthly vehemence of Electra, as the two sisters meet without knowing each other. The fugitive Greek gains sight of Iphigenia, and, recognising in her the priestess who was to have sacrificed the two friends, makes it known to Electra. The latter, snatching the axe from the altar, is on the point of killing Iphigenia, when a happy

incident averts this last fearful calamity from the two sisters. This situation, if only I can succeed in working it out well, will probably furnish a scene unequalled for grandeur or pathos by any that has yet been produced on the stage. But where is man to get time and hands for such a work, even if the spirit be willing?

As I feel myself at present somewhat oppressed with such a flood of thoughts of the good and desirable, I cannot help reminding my friends of a dream which I had about a year ago, and which appeared to me to be highly significant. I dreamed, forsooth, that I had been sailing about in a little boat, and had landed on a fertile and richly cultivated island of which I had a consciousness that it bred the most beautiful pheasants in the world. I bargained, I thought, with the people of the island for some of these birds; and they killed and brought them to me in great numbers. They were pheasants, indeed; but as, in dreams, all things are generally changed and modified, they seemed to have long, richly coloured tails, like the loveliest birds-of-paradise, and with eyes like those of the peacock. Bringing them to me by scores, they arranged them in the boat so skilfully, with the heads inwards, the long, variegated feathers of the tail hanging outward, as to form in the bright sunshine the most glorious pile conceivable, and so large as scarcely to leave room enough in the bow and the stern for the rower and the steersman. As with this load the boat made its way through the tranquil waters, I named to myself the friends among whom I should like to distribute those variegated treasures. At last, arriving in a spacious harbour, I was almost lost among great and many-masted vessels, as I mounted deck after deck in order to discover a place where I might safely run my little boat ashore.

Such dreamy visions have a charm; inasmuch as,

springing from our mental state, they possess more or less of analogy with the rest of our lives and fortunes.

But now I have also been to the famed scientific building called the Institution, or Gli Studj. The edifice is large ; and the inner court especially has a very imposing appearance, although not of the best style of architecture. In the staircases and corridors there was no want of stuccos and frescoes. They are all appropriate and suitable ; and the numerous objects of beauty, which, well worth seeing, are here collected together, justly command our admiration. For all that, however, a German accustomed to a more liberal course of study than is here pursued will not be altogether content with it.

Here, again, a former thought occurred to me ; and I could not but reflect on the pertinacity, which in spite of time, which changes all things, man shows in adhering to the old shapes of his public buildings, even long after they have been applied to new purposes. Our churches still retain the form of the basilica, although, probably, the plan of the temple would better suit our worship. In Italy the courts of justice are as spacious and lofty as the means of a community are able to make them. One can almost fancy himself to be in the open air, where justice used once to be administered. And do we not build our great theatres, with their offices under a roof, exactly similar to those of the first theatrical booths of a fair, which were hurriedly put together of planks ? The vast multitude of those in whom, about the time of the Reformation, a thirst for knowledge was awakened, obliged the scholars at our universities to take shelter as they could in the burghers' houses ; and it was very long before any colleges for pupils (*Waisenhäuser*) were built, thereby facilitating for poor youths the acquirement of the necessary education for the world.



BOLOGNA, Oct. 20, 1786.

Evening.

The whole of this bright and beautiful day I have spent in the open air. I scarcely ever come near a mountain, but my interest in rocks and stones again revives. I feel as did Antæus of old, who found himself endued with new strength as often as he was brought into fresh contact with his mother-earth. I rode toward Palermo, where is found the so-called Bolognese sulphate of barytes, out of which are made the little cakes, which, being calcined, shine in the dark, if previously they have been exposed to the light, and which the people here call, shortly and expressively, "phosphori."

On the road, after leaving behind me a hilly track of argillaceous sandstone, I came upon whole rocks of selenite, quite visible on the surface. Near a brick-kiln a cascade precipitates its waters, into which many smaller ones also empty themselves. At first sight the traveller might suppose he saw before him a loamy hill, which had been worn away by the rain: on closer examination, I discovered its true nature to be as follows: the solid rock of which this part of the line of hills consists is schistous, bituminous clay of very fine strata, and alternating with gypsum. The schistous stone is so intimately blended with pyrites, that, exposed to the air and moisture, it wholly changes its nature. It swells, the strata gradually disappear, and there is formed a kind of potter's clay, crumbling, shelly, and glittering on the surface like stone-coal. It is only by examining large pieces of both (I myself broke several, and observed the forms of both), that it is possible to convince one's self of the transition and change. At the same time we observed the shelly strata studded with white points, and occasionally, also, variegated with yellow particles. In this way, by degrees, the whole surface crumbles away; and the

hill looks like a mass of weatherworn pyrites on a large scale. Among the lamina some are harder, of a green and red colour. Pyrites I very often found disseminated in the rock.

I now passed along the channels which the last violent gullies of rain had worn in the crumbling rock, and, to my great delight, found many specimens of the desired barytes, mostly of an imperfect egg-shape, peeping out in several places of the friable stone, some tolerably pure, and some slightly mingled with the clay in which they were embedded. That they have not been carried hither by external agency, any one may convince himself at the first glance. Whether they were contemporaneous with the schistous clay, or whether they first arose from the swelling and dissolving of the latter, is matter calling for further inquiry. Of the specimens I found, the larger and smaller approximated to an imperfect egg-shape: the smallest might be said to verge upon irregular crystalline forms. The heaviest of the pieces I brought away weighed seventeen *loth* (eight ounces and a half). Loose in the same clay, I also found perfect crystals of gypsum. Mineralogists will be able to point out further peculiarities in the specimens I bring with me. And I was now again loaded with stones! I have packed up at least half a quarter of a hundred-weight.

Oct. 20, 1786. In the night.

How much I should have still to say, were I to attempt to confess to you all that has this beautiful day passed through my mind! But my wishes are more powerful than my thoughts. I feel myself hurried irresistibly forward. It is only with an effort that I can collect myself sufficiently to attend to what is before me. And it seems as if Heaven heard my secret prayer. Word has just been brought me, that there is a *vetturino* going straight to Rome; and

so, the day after to-morrow, I shall set out direct for that city. I must, therefore, to-day and to-morrow, look after my affairs, make all my little arrangements, and despatch my many commissions.

LUGANO ON THE APENNINES,  
Oct. 21, 1786. Evening.

Whether I to-day was driven from Bologna by myself, or whether I have been ejected from it, I cannot say. Suffice it, that I eagerly availed myself of an earlier opportunity of quitting it. And so here I am at a wretched inn, in company with an officer of the Pope's army, who is going to Perugia, where he was born. In order to say something, as I seated myself by his side in the two-wheeled carriage, I paid him the compliment of remarking, that, as a German accustomed to associate with soldiers, I found it very agreeable to have to travel with an officer of the Pope. "Pray do not," he replied, "be offended at what I am about to answer. It is all very well for you to be fond of the military profession; for in Germany, as I have heard, everything is military. But with regard to myself, although our service is light enough, — so that in Bologna, where I am in garrison, I can do just as I like, — still I heartily wish I were rid of this jacket, and had the disposal of my father's little property. But I am a younger son, and so must be content."

OCT. 22, 1786. Evening.

Here at Giredo, which also is a little paltry place on the Apennines, I feel quite happy, knowing that I am advancing toward the gratification of my dearest wishes. To-day we were joined by a riding party, — a gentleman and a lady, an Englishman and a *soi-disant*. Their horses are beautiful; but they ride unattended by any servants, and the gentleman, as it appears, acts the part both of groom and *valet de chambre*. Every-

where they find something to complain of. To listen to them is like reading a few pages out of Archenholz's book.

To me the Apennines are a most remarkable portion of the world. The great plains of the basin of the Po are followed by a hilly tract which rises out of the bottom, in order, after running between the two seas, to form the southern extremity of the continent. If the hills had been not quite so steep and high above the level of the sea, and had not their directions crossed and recrossed each other as they do, the ebb and flow of the tides in primeval times might have exercised a greater and wider influence on them, and might have washed over and formed extensive plains; in which case this would have been one of the most beautiful regions of this glorious clime, — somewhat higher than the rest of it. As it is, however, it is a strong net of mountain-ridges, interlacing each other in all directions. One often is puzzled to know whither the waters will find their vent. If the valleys were better filled up, and the bottoms flatter and more irrigated, the land might be compared to Bohemia, only that the mountains have in every respect a different character. However, it must not for one moment be thought of as a mountainous waste, but as a highly cultivated though hilly district. The chestnut grows very fine here; the wheat excellent, and that of this year's sowing is already of a beautiful green. Along the roads are planted evergreen oaks with their small leaves; but around the churches and chapels, the slim cypress.

PERUGIA, Oct. 25, 1786.

Evening.

For two evenings I have not been writing. The inns on the road were so wretchedly bad, that it was quite useless to think of bringing out a sheet of paper. Moreover, I begin to be a little puzzled to find any-

thing; for, since quitting Venice, the travelling-bag has got more and more into confusion.

Early in the morning (at twenty-three o'clock, or about ten of our reckoning) we left the region of the Apennines, and saw Florence in an extensive valley, which is highly cultivated, and sprinkled over with villas and houses without end.

I ran rapidly over the city, the cathedral, the baptistery. Here, again, a perfectly new and unknown world opened upon me, on which, however, I will not further dwell. The gardens of the Botoli are most delightfully situated. I hastened out of them as fast as I had entered them.

In the city we see the proof of the prosperity of the generations who built it. The conviction is at once forced upon us, that they must have enjoyed a long succession of wise rulers, but, above all, one is struck with the beauty and grandeur which distinguish all the public works and roads and bridges in Tuscany. Everything here is at once substantial and clean. Use and profit, not less than elegance, are alike kept in view: everywhere we discern traces of the care which is taken to preserve them. The cities of the Papal States, on the contrary, only seem to stand because the earth is unwilling to swallow them up.

The sort of country that I lately remarked the region of the Apennines might have been, is what Tuscany really is. As it lies so much lower, the ancient sea was able to do its duty properly, and has thrown up here deep beds of excellent marl. It is a light yellow hue, and easily worked. They plough deep, retaining, however, most exactly the ancient manner. Their ploughs have no wheels, and the share is not movable. Bowed down behind his oxen, the peasant pushes it down into the earth, and turns up the soil. They plough over a field as many as five times, and use but little dung, which they scatter with

the hands. After this, they sow the corn. Then they plough together two of the smaller ridges into one, and so form deep trenches, of such a nature that the rain-water easily runs off the lands into them. When the corn is grown up on the ridges, they can also pass along these trenches in order to weed it. This way of tilling is a very sensible one wherever there is a fear of overmoisture; but why it is practised on these rich open plains I cannot understand. This remark I just made at Arezzo, where a glorious plain expands itself. It is impossible to find cleaner fields anywhere. Not even a lump of earth is to be seen: all is as fine as if it had been sifted. Wheat thrives here most luxuriantly, and the soil seems to possess all the qualities required by its nature. Every second year, beans are planted for the horses, who in this country get no oats. Lupines are also much cultivated, which at this season are beautifully green, being ripe in March. The flax, too, is up. It stands the winter, and is rendered more durable by frost.

The olive-trees are strange plants. They look very much like willows: like them, also, they lose the heart of the wood, and the bark splits. But still they have a greater appearance of durability; and one sees from the wood, of which the grain is extremely fine, that it is a slow grower. The foliage, too, resembles that of the willow, only the leaves on the branches are thinner. All the hills around Florence are covered with olive-trees and vines, between which grain is sown; so that every spot of ground may be made profitable. Near Arezzo, and farther on, the fields are left more free. I observed that they take little care to eradicate the ivy, which is so injurious to the olive and the vine, although it would be so easy to destroy it. There is not a meadow to be seen. It is said that the Indian corn exhausts the soil. Since it has been introduced, agriculture has suffered in its other crops. I can well believe it with their scanty manuring.

Yesterday I took leave of my captain with a promise of visiting him at Bologna on my return. He is a true representative of the majority of his countrymen. Here, however, I would record a peculiarity which personally distinguished him. As I often sat quiet, and lost in thought, he once exclaimed, "*Che pensa? non deve mai pensar l'uomo, pensando s'invecchia;*" which, being interpreted, is as much as to say, "What are you thinking about? A man ought never to think. Thinking makes one old." And now for another apothegm of his: "*Non deve fermarsi l'uomo in una sola cosa, perche allora divien matto; bisogna aver mille cose, una confusione nella testa;*" in plain English, "A man ought not to rivet his thoughts exclusively on any one thing: otherwise he is sure to go mad. He ought to have in his head a thousand things, a regular medley."

Certainly the good man could not know that the very thing which made me so thoughtful was my having my head mazed by a regular confusion of things, old and new. The following anecdote will serve to elucidate still more clearly the mental character of an Italian of this class. Having soon discovered that I was a Protestant, he observed, after some circumlocution, that he hoped I would allow him to ask me a few questions; for he had heard such strange things about us Protestants, that he wished to know for a certainty what to think of us. "May you," he said, "live with a pretty girl without being married to her? do your priests allow you to do so?" To this I replied, that "our priests are prudent folk, who take no notice of such trifles. No doubt, if we were to consult them upon such a matter, they would not permit it." "Are you, then, not obliged to ask them?" he exclaimed. "Happy fellows! as they do not confess you, they of course do not find it out." Hereupon he gave vent, in many reproaches, to his discontent with his own priests, uttering at the same time loud praises

of our liberty. "But," he continued, "as regards confession: how stands it with you? We are told that all men, even if they are not Christians, must confess, but that inasmuch as many, from their obduracy, are debarred from the right way, they nevertheless make confession to an old tree; which, indeed, is impious and ridiculous enough, but yet serves to show, that at least they recognise the necessity of confession." Upon this I explained to him our Lutheran notions of confession, and our practice concerning it. All this appeared to him very easy, for he expressed an opinion that it was almost the same as confessing to a tree. After a brief hesitation, he begged of me very gravely to inform him correctly on another point. He had, forsooth, heard from the mouth of his own confessor (who, he said, was a truthful man), that we Protestants are at liberty to marry our own sisters; which assuredly is a *chose un peu forte*. As I denied this to be the case, and attempted to give him a more favourable opinion of our doctrine, he made no special remark on the latter, which evidently appeared to him a very ordinary and every-day sort of a thing, but turned aside my remarks by a new question. "We have been assured," he observed, "that Frederick the Great, who has won so many victories, even over the faithful, and filled the world with his glory, — that he whom every one takes to be a heretic is really a Catholic, and has received a dispensation from the Pope to keep the fact secret. For while, as is well known, he never enters any of your churches, he diligently attends the true worship in a subterranean chapel, though with a broken heart, because he dare not openly avow the holy religion, since, were he to do so, his Prussians, who are a brutish people and furious heretics, would no doubt murder him on the instant; and to risk that would do no good to the cause. On these grounds the Holy Father has given him permission to worship in secret,



in return for which he quietly does as much as possible to propagate and to favour the true and only saving faith." I allowed all this to pass, merely observing, as it was so great a secret, no one could be a witness to its truth. The rest of our conversation was nearly of the same cast; so that I could not but admire the shrewd priests, who sought to parry and to distort whatever was likely to enlighten or vary the dark outline of their traditional dogmas.

I left Perugia on a glorious morning, and felt the happiness of being once more alone. The site of the city is beautiful, and the view of the lake in the highest degree refreshing. These scenes are deeply impressed on my memory. At first the road went downwards, then it entered a cheerful valley enclosed on both sides by distant hills, till at last Assisi lay before us.

Here, as I had learned from Palladio and Volckmann, a noble Temple of Minerva, built in the time of Augustus, was still standing, in perfect repair. At Madonna del Angelo, therefore, I quitted my *vetturino*, leaving him to proceed by himself to Foligno, and set off, in the face of a strong wind, for Assisi; for I longed for a foot-journey through a country so solitary for me. I left on my left the vast mass of churches, piled Babel-wise one over another (in one of which rest the remains of the holy St. Francis of Assisi), with aversion; for I thought to myself, that the people who assembled in them were mostly of the same stamp as my captain and travelling-companion. Having asked of a good-looking youth the way to the Della Minerva, he accompanied me to the top of the town, for it lies on the side of a hill. At last we reached what is properly the old town; and, behold! before my eyes stood the noble edifice, — the first complete memorial of antiquity that I had ever seen. A modest temple, as befitting so small a town, and yet so perfect, so well

conceived, that anywhere it would be an ornament. Moreover, in these matters, how grand were the ancients in the choice of their sites! The temple stands about half-way up the mountain, where two hills meet on the level place which is to this day called the Piazza. This itself slightly rises, and is intersected by the meeting of four roads, which make a somewhat dilated St. Andrew's cross. Probably the houses which are now opposite the temple, and block up the view from it, were not standing there in ancient times. If they were removed, we should have a south prospect over a rich and fertile country, and at the same time the Temple of Minerva would be visible from all sides. The line of the roads is, in all probability, very ancient, since they follow the shape and inclination of the hill. The temple does not stand in the centre of the flat; but its site is so arranged, that the traveller approaching from Rome catches a fine foreshortened view of it. To give an idea of it, it is necessary to draw, not only the building itself, but also its happily chosen site.

Looking at the façade, I could not sufficiently admire the genius-like identity of design which the architects have here as elsewhere maintained. The order is Corinthian, the inter-columnar spaces being somewhat above two modules. The bases of the columns and the plinths seem to rest on pedestals, but it is only an appearance. The socle is cut through in five places; and, at each of these, five steps ascend between the columns, and bring you to a level, on which properly the columns rest, and from which, also, you enter the temple. The bold idea of cutting through the socle was happily hazarded; for, as the temple is situated on a hill, the flight of steps must otherwise have been carried up to such a height as would have inconveniently narrowed the area of the temple. As it is, however, it is impossible to determine how many steps there originally were; for, with the

exception of a very few, they are all choked up with dirt, or paved over. Most reluctantly did I tear myself from the sight, and determined to call the attention of architects to this noble edifice, in order that an accurate draught of it may be furnished. For what a sorry thing tradition is, I here again find occasion to remark. Palladio, whom I trust in every matter, gives, indeed, a sketch of this temple. But certainly he never can have seen it himself: for he gives it real pedestals above the area, by which means the columns appear disproportionately high, and the result is a sort of unsightly Palmyrene monstrosity; whereas, in fact, its look is so full of repose and beauty as to satisfy both the eye and the mind. The impression which the sight of this edifice left upon me is not to be expressed, and will bring forth imperishable fruits. It was a beautiful evening, and I now turned to descend the mountain. As I was proceeding along the Roman road, calm and composed, suddenly I heard behind me some rough voices in dispute. I fancied that it was only the Sbirri, whom I had previously noticed in the town. I therefore went on without care, but still with my ears listening to what they might be saying behind me. I soon became aware that I was the object of their remarks. Four men of this body (two of whom were armed with guns) passed me in the rudest way possible, muttering to each other, and, turning back after a few steps, suddenly surrounded me. They demanded my name, and what I was doing there. I said that I was a stranger, and had travelled on foot to Assisi while my *vetturino* had gone on to Foligno. It appeared to them very improbable that any one should pay for a carriage, and yet travel on foot. They asked me if I had been visiting the Gran Convento. I answered "No," but assured them that I knew the building of old; but, being an architect, my chief object this time was simply to obtain a sight of the

Maria della Minerva, which, they must be aware, was an architectural model. This they could not contradict, but seemed to take it very ill that I had not paid a visit to the saint, and avowed their suspicion that probably my business was to smuggle contraband goods. I pointed out to them how ridiculous it was that a man who walked openly through the streets, alone, and without packs, and with empty pockets, should be taken for a contrabandist.

However, upon this I offered to return to the town with them, and to go before the *podestà*, and, by showing my papers, prove to him that I was an honest traveller. Upon this they muttered together for a while, and then expressed their opinion that it was unnecessary; and as I behaved throughout with coolness and gravity, they at last left me, and turned toward the town. I looked after them. As these rude churls moved on in the foreground, behind them the beautiful Temple of Minerva once more caught my eye to soothe and console me with its sight. I turned then to the left, to look at the heavy Cathedral of St. Francisco, and was about to continue my way, when one of the unarmed Sbirri separating himself from the rest, came up to me in a quiet and friendly manner. Saluting me, he said, "Signior stranger, you ought at least to give me something to drink your health; for I assure you, that, from the very first, I took you to be an honourable man, and loudly maintained this opinion in opposition to my comrades. They, however, are hot-headed and over-hasty fellows, and have no knowledge of the world. You yourself must have observed that I was the first to allow the force of, and to assent to, your remarks." I praised him on this score, and urged him to protect all honourable strangers who might henceforward come to Assisi for the sake either of religion or of art, and especially all architects who might wish to do honour to the town by measuring and

sketching the temple of Minerva, since a correct drawing or engraving of it had never yet been taken. If he were to accompany them, they would, I assured them, give him substantial proofs of their gratitude; and with these words I put into his hand some silver, which, as exceeding his expectation, delighted him above measure. He begged me to pay a second visit to the town; remarking that I ought not on any account to miss the festival of the saint, on which I might with the greatest safety, delight and amuse myself. Indeed, if, being a good-looking fellow, I should wish to be introduced to the fair sex, he assured me that the prettiest and most respectable ladies would willingly receive me, or any stranger, upon his recommendation. He took his leave, promising to remember me at vespers before the tomb of the saint, and to offer up a prayer for my safety throughout my travels. Upon this we parted, and most delighted was I to be again alone with nature and myself. The road to Foligno was one of the most beautiful and agreeable walks that I ever took. For four full hours I walked along the side of a mountain, having on my left a richly cultivated valley.

It is but sorry travelling with a *vetturino*: it is always best to follow at one's ease on foot. In this way had I travelled from Ferrara to this place. As regards the arts and mechanical invention, on which, however, the ease and comforts of life mainly depend, Italy, so highly favoured by nature, is very far behind all other countries. The carriage of the *vetturino*, which is still called "sedia," or "seat," certainly took its origin from the ancient litters drawn by mules, in which females and aged persons, or the highest dignitaries, used to be carried about. Instead of the hinder mule, on whose yoke the shafts used to rest, two wheels have been placed beneath the carriage, and no further improvement has been thought of. In this

way one is still jolted along, just as they were centuries ago. It is the same with their houses and everything else.

If one wishes to see realised the poetic idea of men in primeval times, spending most of their lives beneath the open heaven, and only occasionally, when compelled by necessity, retiring for shelter into the caves, he must visit the houses hereabouts, especially those in the rural districts, which are quite in the style and fashion of caves. Such an incredible absence of care do the Italians evince in order not to grow old by thinking. With unheard-of frivolity, they neglect to make any preparation for the long nights of winter, and in consequence, for a considerable portion of the year, suffer like dogs. Here in Foligno, in the midst of a perfectly Homeric household, — the whole family being gathered together in a large hall, round a fire on the hearth, with plenty of running backward and forward, and of scolding and shouting, while supper is going on at a long table like that in the picture of the Wedding-Feast at Cana, — I seize an opportunity of writing this, as one of the family has ordered an inkstand to be brought me, — a luxury, which, judging from other circumstances, I did not look for. These pages, however, tell too plainly of the cold, and of the inconvenience of my writing-table.

I am now made only too sensible of the rashness of travelling in this country without a servant, and without providing oneself well with every necessary. What with the ever-changing currency, the *vetturini*, the extortion, the wretched inns, one who, like myself, is travelling alone for the first time in this country, hoping to find uninterrupted pleasure, will be sure to find himself miserably disappointed every day. However, I wished to see the country at any cost; and, even if I must be dragged to Rome on Ixion's wheel, I shall not complain.

TERNI, Oct. 27, 1786.

Evening.

Again sitting in a "cave," which, only a year before, suffered from an earthquake. The little town lies in the midst of a rich country (for taking a circuit round the city I explored it with pleasure), at the beginning of a beautiful plain which lies between two ridges of limestone hills. Terni, like Bologna, is situated at the foot of the mountain range.

Almost ever since the papal officer left me, I have had a priest for my companion. The latter appears better contented with his profession than the soldier, and is ready to enlighten me, whom he very soon saw to be a heretic, by answering any question I might put to him concerning the ritual and other matters of his church. By thus mixing continually with new characters, I thoroughly obtain my object. It is absolutely necessary to hear the people talking together, if you would form a true and lively image of the whole country. The Italians are in the strangest manner possible rivals and adversaries of each other. Every one is strongly enthusiastic in the praise of his own town and state. They cannot bear with one another: and, even in the same city, the different ranks nourish perpetual feuds, and all this with a profoundly vivacious and most obvious passionateness; so that, while they expose one another's pretensions, they keep up an amusing comedy all day long. And yet they are quick at understanding others, and seem quite aware how impossible it is for a stranger to enter into their ways and thoughts.

I ascended to Spoleto, and went along the aqueduct which serves also for a bridge from one mountain to another. The ten brick arches which span the valley have quietly stood there through centuries; and the water still flows into Spoleto, and reaches its remotest quarters. This is the third great work of the ancients

that I have seen, and still the same grandeur of conception. A second nature made to work for social objects, — such was their architecture. And so arose the amphitheatre, the temple, and the aqueduct. Now at last I can understand the justice of my hatred for all arbitrary caprices, as for instance, the winter casts on white stone — a nothing about nothing — a monstrous piece of confectionery ornament; and so also with a thousand other things. But all that is now dead; for whatever does not possess a true intrinsic vitality cannot live long, and can neither be nor ever become great.

What entertainment and instruction have I not had cause to be thankful for during these eight last weeks! but in fact it has also cost me some trouble. I kept my eyes continually open, and strove to stamp deep on my mind the images of all I saw. That was all: judge of them I could not, even if it been in my power.

San Crocefisso, a singular chapel on the roadside, did not look, to my mind, like the remains of a temple which had once stood on the same site. It was evident that columns, pillars, and pediments had been found, and incongruously put together, not stupidly, but madly. It does not admit of description: however, there is somewhere or other an engraving of it.

And so it may seem strange to some that we should go on troubling ourselves to acquire an idea of antiquity, although we have nothing before us but ruins, out of which we must first painfully reconstruct the very thing we wish to form an idea of.

With what is called "classical ground" the case stands rather different. Here, if only we do not go to work fancifully, but take the ground really as it is, then we shall have the decisive arena which moulded more or less the greatest of events. Accordingly I have hitherto actively employed my geological and agri-



cultural eye to the suppressing of fancy and sensibility, in order to gain for myself an unbiassed and distinct notion of the locality. By such means history fixes itself on our minds with a marvellous vividness, and the effect is utterly inconceivable to another. It is something of this sort that makes me feel so very great a desire to read Tacitus in Rome.

I must not, however, forget the weather. As I descended the Appennines from Bologna, the clouds gradually retired toward the north; afterward they changed their course, and moved toward Lake Trasimene. Here they continued to hang, though perhaps they may have moved a little farther southward. Instead, therefore, of the great plain of the Po, sending, as it does during the summer, all its clouds to the Tyrolese mountains, it now sends a part of them toward the Apennines: from thence, perhaps, comes the rainy season.

They are now beginning to gather the olives. It is done here with the hand: in other places they are beat down with sticks. If winter comes on before all are gathered, the rest are allowed to remain on the trees till spring. Yesterday I noticed in a very strong soil the largest and oldest trees I have ever yet seen.

The favour of the Muses, like that of the demons, is not always shown us in a suitable moment. Yesterday I felt inspired to undertake a work which at present would be ill-timed. Approaching nearer and nearer to the centre of Romanism, surrounded by Roman Catholics, boxed up with a priest in a sedan, and striving anxiously to observe and to study without prejudice true nature and noble art, I have arrived at a vivid conviction that all traces of original Christianity are extinct here. Indeed, while I tried to bring it before my mind in its purity, as we see it recorded in the Acts of the Apostles, I could not help shuddering to think of the shapeless, not to say gro-

tesque, mass of heathenism which heavily overlies its benign beginnings. Accordingly, the Wandering Jew again occurred to me as having been a witness of all this wonderful development and envelopment, and as having lived to experience so strange a state of things, that Christ himself, when he shall come a second time to gather in his harvest, will be in danger of being crucified a second time. The legend "Venio iterum crucifigi" was to serve me as the material of this catastrophe.

Dreams of this kind floated before me; for, out of impatience to get onward, I used to sleep in my clothes. And I know of nothing more beautiful than to wake before dawn, and, between sleeping and waking, to seat one's self in one's car, and travel on to meet the day.

CITTA CASTELLANA, Oct. 28, 1786.

I will not fail you this last evening. It is not yet eight o'clock, and all are already in bed: so I can for a good "last time" think over what is gone by, and revel in the anticipation of what is so shortly to come. This has been throughout a bright and glorious day,—the morning very cold, the day clear and warm, the evening somewhat windy, but very beautiful.

It was very late when we set off from Terni; and we reached Narni before day, and so I did not see the bridge. Valleys and lowlands; now near, now distant prospects; a rich country, but all of limestone, and not a trace of any other formation.

Otricoli is built on an alluvial gravel-hill thrown up by one of the ancient inundations. It is built of lava brought from the other side of the river.

As soon as one is over the bridge, one finds one's self in a volcanic region, either of real lava, or of the native rock changed by the heat and by fusion. You ascend a mountain, which you might set down at once

for gray lava. It contains many white crystals of the shape of garnets. The causeway from the heights to the Citta Castellana is likewise composed of this stone, now worn extremely smooth. The city is built on a bed of volcanic tufa, in which I thought I could discover ashes, pumice-stone, and pieces of lava. The view from the castle is extremely beautiful. Soracte stands out and alone in the prospect most picturesquely. It is probably a limestone mountain of the same formation as the Apennines. The volcanic region is far lower than the Apennines; and it is only the streams tearing through it that have formed out of it hills and rocks, which, with their overhanging ledges and other marked features of the landscape, furnish most glorious objects for the painter.

To-morrow evening and I shall be in Rome. Even yet I can scarcely believe it possible. And, if this wish is fulfilled, what shall I wish for afterward? I know not, except it be that I may safely stand in my little pheasant-loaded canoe, and may find all my friends well, happy, and unchanged.

## ROME.

ROME, Nov. 1, 1786.

AT last I can speak out, and greet my friends with good humour. May they pardon my secrecy, and what has been, as it were, a subterranean journey hither. For scarcely to myself did I venture to say whither I was hurrying. Even on the road I often had my fears; and it was only as I passed under the Porta del Popolo that I felt certain of reaching Rome.

And now let me also say that a thousand times, ay, at all times, do I think of you in the neighbourhood of these objects which I never believed I should visit alone. It was only when I saw every one bound, body

and soul, to the north, and all longing for those countries utterly extinct among them, that I resolved to undertake the long, solitary journey, and to seek that centre toward which I was attracted by an irresistible impulse. Indeed, for the few last years it had become with me a kind of disease, which could only be cured by the sight and presence of the absent object. Now, at length, I may venture to confess the truth. It reached at last such a height that I durst not look at a Latin book, or even an engraving of Italian scenery. The craving to see this country was over-ripe. Now it is satisfied. Friends and country have once more become right dear to me, and the return to them is a wished-for object; nay, the more ardently desired, the more firmly I feel convinced that I bring with me too many treasures for personal enjoyment or private use, but such as through life may serve others, as well as myself, for edification and guidance.

ROME, Nov. 1, 1786.

Well, at last I am arrived in this great capital of the world. If, fifteen years ago, I could have seen it in good company, with a well-informed guide, I should have thought myself very fortunate. But as it was to be that I should thus see it alone, and with my own eyes, it is well that this joy has fallen to my lot so late in life.

Over the mountains of the Tyrol I have as good as flown. Verona, Vicenza, Padua, and Venice I have carefully looked at; hastily glanced at Ferrara, Cento, Bologna; and scarcely seen Florence at all. My anxiety to reach Rome was so great, and it so grew with me every moment, that to think of stopping anywhere was quite out of the question. Even in Florence, I only stayed three hours. Now I am here at my ease, and, as it would seem, shall be tranquillised for my whole life; for we may almost say that a new life

begins when a man once sees with his own eyes all that before he has but partially heard or read of. All the dreams of my youth I now behold realised before me. The subjects of the first engravings I ever remember seeing (several views of Rome were hung up in an anteroom of my father's house) stand bodily before my sight, and all that I had long been acquainted with through paintings or drawings, engravings or woodcuts, plaster casts and cork models, are here collectively presented to my eye. Wherever I go I find some old acquaintance in this new world. It is all just as I had thought it, and yet all is new. And just the same might I remark of my own observations and my own ideas. I have not gained any new thoughts; but the older ones have become so defined, so vivid, and so coherent, that they may almost pass for new ones.

When Pygmalion's Elisa, which he had shaped entirely in accordance with his wishes, and to which he had given as much of truth and nature as an artist can, moved at last toward him, and said, "It is I!" — how different was the living form from the chiselled stone!

In a moral sense, too, how salutary it is for me to live awhile among a wholly sensual people, of whom so much has been said and written, and of whom every stranger judges according to the standard he brings with him. I can excuse every one who blames and reproaches them. They stand too far apart from us, and for a stranger to associate with them is difficult and expensive.

ROME, Nov. 3, 1786.

One of the chief motives with which I had deluded myself for hurrying to Rome was the Festival of All Saints; for I thought within myself, if Rome pays so much honour to a single saint, what will she not show to them all! But I was under a mistake. The

Roman Church has never been very fond of celebrating with remarkable pomp any common festival: and so she leaves every order to celebrate in silence the especial memory of its own patron; for the name "festival," and the day especially set apart to each saint, is properly the occasion when each receives his highest commemoration.

Yesterday, however, which was the Festival of All Souls, things went better with me. This commemoration is kept by the Pope in his private chapel on the Quirinal. I hastened with Tischbein to the Monte Cavallo. The piazza before the palace has something altogether singular, so irregular is it, and yet so grand and so beautiful! I now cast eyes upon the Colossuses! Neither eye nor mind was large enough to take them in. Ascending a broad flight of steps, we followed the crowd through a splendid and spacious hall. In this antechamber, directly opposite to the chapel, and in sight of the numerous apartments, one feels somewhat strange to find one's self beneath the same roof with the vicar of Christ.

The office had begun. Pope and cardinals were already in the church,—the Holy Father, of a highly handsome and dignified form; the cardinals, of different ages and figures. I was seized with a strange, longing desire that the head of the Church might open his golden mouth, and, speaking with rapture of the ineffable bliss of the happy soul, set us all, too, in a rapture. But as I only saw him moving backward and forward before the altar, and turning, now to this side, and now to that, and only muttering to himself, and conducting himself just like a common parish priest, the original sin of Protestantism revived within me, and the well-known and ordinary mass for the dead had no charms for me. For most assuredly Christ himself—he who, in his youthful days and even as a child, excited men's wonder by his oral

exposition of Scripture — did never thus teach and work in silence; but, as we learn from the Gospels, he was ever ready to utter his wise and spiritual words. What, I asked myself, would he say, were he to come in among us, and see his image on earth thus mumbling, and sailing backward and forward? The “*Venio iterum crucifigi*” again crossed my mind, and I nudged my companion to come out into the freer air of the vaulted and painted hall.

Here we found a crowd of persons attentively observing the rich paintings; for the Festival of All Souls is also the holiday of all the artists in Rome. Not only the chapel, but the whole palace also, with all its rooms, is for many hours on this day open and free to every one; no fees being required, and the visitors not being liable to be hurried on by the chamberlain.

The paintings on the walls engaged my attention, and I now formed a new acquaintance with some excellent artists whose very names had hitherto been almost unknown to me. For instance, I now, for the first time, learned to appreciate and to love the cheerful Carlo Maratti.

But chiefly welcome to me were the masterpieces of the artists of whose style and manner I already had some impression. I saw with amazement the wonderful Petronilla of Guercino, which was formerly in St. Peter's, where a mosaic copy now stands in the place of the original. The body of the saint is lifted out of the grave; and the same person, just reanimated, is being received into the heights of heaven by a celestial youth. Whatever may be alleged against this double action, the picture is invaluable.

Still more struck was I with a picture of Titian's. It throws into the shade all I have hitherto seen. Whether my eye is more practised, or whether it is really the most excellent, I cannot determine. An immense mass-robe, stiff with embroidery and gold-embossed figures,

envelopes the dignified frame of a bishop. With a massive pastoral staff in his left hand, he is gazing with a look of rapture toward heaven, while he holds in his right a book, out of which he seems to have imbibed the divine enthusiasm with which he is inspired. Behind him a beautiful maiden, holding a palm-branch in her hand, and full of affectionate sympathy, is looking over his shoulder into the open book. A grave old man on the right stands quite close to the book, but appears to pay no attention to it. The key in his hand suggests the possibility of his familiar acquaintance with its contents. Over against this group, a naked, well-made youth, wounded with an arrow, and in chains, is looking straight before him, with a slight expression of resignation in his countenance. In the intermediate space stand two monks, bearing a cross and lilies, and devoutly looking up to heaven. Then in the clear upper space is a semicircular wall, which encloses them all. Above moves a Madonna in highest glory, sympathising with all that passes below. The young, sprightly child on her bosom, with a radiant countenance, is holding out a crown, and seems, indeed, on the point of casting it down. On both sides, angels are floating by, who hold in their hands crowns in abundance. High above all the figures, and even the triple-rayed aureola, soars the celestial dove, as at once the centre and finish of the whole group.

We said to ourselves, "Some ancient holy legend must have furnished the subject of this picture in order that these various and ill-assorted personages should have been brought together so artistically and so significantly." We ask not, however, why and wherefore: we take it all for granted, and only wonder at the inestimable piece of art. Less unintelligible, but still mysterious, is a fresco of Guido's in this chapel. A virgin, in childish beauty, loveliness, and innocence, is seated, and quietly sewing. Two angels stand by her



side, waiting to do her service at the slightest bidding. Youthful innocence and industry, the beautiful picture seems to tell us, are guarded and honoured by the heavenly beings. No legend is wanting here, — no story needed to furnish an explanation.

Now, however, to cool a little my artistic enthusiasm, a merry incident occurred. I observed that several of the German artists, who came up to Tischbein as an old acquaintance, after staring at me, went their ways again. Having left me for a few moments, one returned, and said, "We have had a good joke. The report that you were in Rome had spread among us, and the attention of us artists was called to the one unknown stranger. Now, there was one of our body who used for a long time to assert that he had met you, nay, he asseverated he had lived on very friendly terms with you, — a fact which we were not so ready to believe. However, we have just called upon him to look at you, and solve our doubts. He at once stoutly denied that it was you, and said that in the stranger there was not a trace of your person or mien." So, then, at least, our incognito is for the moment secure, and will afford us something hereafter to laugh at.

I now mixed at my ease with the troop of artists, and asked them who were the painters of several pictures whose style of art was unknown to me. At last I was particularly struck by a picture representing St. George killing the dragon and setting free the virgin. No one could tell me whose it was. Upon this, a little, modest man, who up to this time had not opened his mouth, came forward, and told me it was by Pordenone, the Venetian painter; and that it was one of the best of his paintings, and displayed all his merits. I was now well able to explain why I liked it. The picture pleased me because I possessed some knowledge of the Venetian school, and was better able to appreciate the excellences of its best masters.

The artist, my informant, was Heinrich Meyer, a Swiss, who for some years had been studying at Rome with a friend of the name of Rolla, and who had taken excellent drawings in Spain of antique busts, and was well read in the history of art.

ROME, Nov. 5, 1786.

I have now been here seven days, and have, by degrees, formed in my mind a general idea of the city. We go diligently backward and forward. While I am thus making myself acquainted with the plan of old and new Rome, viewing the ruins and the buildings, visiting this and that villa, the grandest and most remarkable objects are slowly and leisurely contemplated. I do but keep my eyes open, and see, and then go and come again; for it is only in Rome one can duly prepare himself for Rome.

It must, however, be confessed that it is a sad and melancholy business to prick and track out ancient Rome in new Rome: however, it must be done, and we may hope at least for an incalculable gratification. We meet with traces both of majesty and of ruin, which alike surpass all conception. What the barbarians spared, the builders of new Rome made havoc of.

When one thus beholds an object two thousand years old and more, but so manifoldly and thoroughly altered by the changes of time, but sees, nevertheless, the same soil, the same mountains, and often, indeed, the same walls and columns, one becomes, as it were, a contemporary of the great counsels of fortune; and thus it becomes difficult for the observer to trace from the beginning Rome following Rome, and not only new Rome succeeding the old, but also the several epochs of both old and new in succession. I endeavour, first of all, to grope my way alone through the obscurer parts; for this is the only plan by which one can hope fully and completely to turn to use the excellent introduc-

tory works which have been written from the fifteenth century to the present day. The first artists and scholars have occupied their whole lives with these objects.

And this vastness has a strangely tranquillising effect upon you in Rome, while you pass from place to place in order to visit the most remarkable objects. In other places one has to search for what is important: here one is oppressed and borne down with numberless phenomena. Wherever one goes and casts a look around, the eye is at once struck with some landscape, forms of every kind and style; palaces and ruins, gardens and statuary, distant views of villas, cottages and stables, triumphal arches and columns, often crowding so close together, that they might all be sketched on a single sheet of paper. He ought to have a hundred hands to write, for what can a single pen do here? And besides, by the evening one is quite weary and exhausted with the day's seeing and admiring.

ROME, Nov. 7, 1786.

But my friends must pardon me, if in future I am found chary of words. During travel one usually rakes together all that he meets on his way: every day brings something new, and he then hastens to reflect upon and judge of it. Here, however, we come into a very great school indeed, where every day says so much, that we cannot venture to say anything of the day itself. Indeed, people would do well, if, tarrying here for years together, they observed awhile a Pythagorean silence.

I am very well. The weather, as the Romans say, is *brutto*. The south wind, the sirocco, is blowing, and brings with it every day more or less of rain. For my part, I do not find the weather disagreeable: such as it is, it is warmer than the rainy days of summer are with us.

The more I become acquainted with Tischbein's talents, as well as his principles and views of art, the higher I appreciate and value them. He has laid before me his drawings and sketches. They have great merit, and are full of high promise. His visit to Bodmer led him to fix his thoughts on the infancy of the human race, when man found himself standing on the earth, and had to solve the problem how he must best fulfil his destiny of being the lord of creation.

As a suggestive introduction to a series of illustrations of this subject, he has attempted symbolically to vindicate the high antiquity of the world. Mountains overgrown with noble forests, ravines worn out by watercourses, burnt-out volcanoes still faintly smoking. In the foreground the mighty stock of a patriarchal oak still remains in the ground, on whose half-bared roots a deer is trying the strength of his horns, — a conception as fine as it is beautifully executed.

In another most remarkable piece he has painted man yoking the horse, and by his superior skill, if not strength, bringing all the other creatures of the earth, the air, and the water, under his dominion. The composition is of extraordinary beauty: when finished in oils, it cannot fail of producing a great effect. A drawing of it must, at any cost, be secured for Weimar. When this is finished, he purposes to paint an assembly of old men, aged, and experienced in council, in which he intends to introduce the portraits of living personages. At present, however, he is sketching away with the greatest enthusiasm at a battle-piece. Two bodies of cavalry are fighting with equal courage and resolution: between them yawns an awful chasm, which but few horses would attempt to clear. The arts of defensive warfare are useless here. A wild resolve, a bold attack, a successful leap, or else to be hurled in the abyss below! This picture will afford him an

opportunity to display in a very striking manner his knowledge of horses and of their make and movements.

Now, it is Tischbein's wish to have these sketches (and a series of others to follow, or to be intercalated between them) connected together by a poem, which may serve to explain the drawings, and, by giving them a definite context, may lend to them both a body and a charm.

The idea is beautiful; only the artist and the poet must be many years together in order to carry out and to execute such a work.

The Loggie of Raphael, and the great pictures of the School of Athens, etc., I have now seen for the first and only time; so that for me to judge of them at present is like having to make out and to judge of Homer from some half-obliterated and much-injured manuscript. The gratification of the first impression is incomplete: it is only when they have been carefully studied and examined, one by one, that the enjoyment becomes perfect. The best preserved are the paintings on the ceilings of the Loggie. They are as fresh as if painted yesterday. The subjects are symbolical. Very few, however, are by Raphael's own hand; but they are excellently executed, after his designs and under his eye.

Many a time, in years past, did I entertain the strange whim, ardently to wish that I might one day be taken to Italy by some well-educated man,—by some Englishman well learned in art and in history. And now it all has been brought about much better than I could have anticipated. Tischbein has been living here long as a sincere friend to me, and during his stay has always cherished the wish of being able to show me Rome one day. Our intimacy is old by letter, though new by presence. Where could I have met with a worthier guide? And, if my time is limited, I will at least learn and enjoy as much as

possible. And yet, all this notwithstanding, I clearly foresee, that, when I leave Rome, I shall wish that I were coming to it.

ROME, Nov. 8, 1786.

My strange and perhaps whimsical incognito proves useful to me in many ways that I never should have thought of. As every one thinks himself in duty bound to ignore who I am, and consequently never ventures to speak to me of myself and my works, they have no alternative left them but to speak of themselves, or of the matters in which they are most interested; and in this way I become circumstantially informed of the occupations of each, and of everything remarkable that is either taken in hand or produced. Hofrath Reiffenstein good-naturedly humours this whim of mine. As, however, for special reasons, he could not bear the name I had assumed, he immediately made a baron of me; and I am now called the *Baron gegen Rondanini über* ("the baron who lives opposite to the palace Rondanini"). This designation is sufficiently precise, especially as the Italians are accustomed to speak of people either by their Christian names, or else by some nickname: in short, I have gained my object; and I escape the dreadful annoyance of having to give to everybody an account of myself and my works.

ROME, Nov. 9, 1786.

I frequently stand still a moment to survey, as it were, the heights I have already won. With much delight I look back to Venice, that grand creation that sprang out of the bosom of the sea, like Minerva out of the head of Jupiter. In Rome the Rotunda, both by its exterior and interior, has moved me to offer a willing homage to its magnificence. In St. Peter's I learned to understand how art, no less than nature, annihilates the artificial measures and dimensions of man. And in the same way the Apollo Belvedere also

has again drawn me out of reality. For, as even the most correct engravings furnish no adequate idea of these buildings, so the case is the same with respect to the marble original of this statue as compared with the plaster models of it, which, however, I formerly used to look upon as beautiful.

ROME, Nov. 10, 1786.

Here I am now living with a calmness and tranquillity to which I have for a long while been a stranger. My practice to see and take all things as they are, my fidelity in letting the eye be my light, my perfect renunciation of all pretension, have again come to my aid, and make me calmly but most intensely happy. Every day has its fresh, remarkable object; every day its new, grand, unequalled paintings, and a whole which a man may long think of and dream of, but which, with all his power of imagination, he can never reach.

Yesterday I was at the Pyramid of Cestius, and in the evening on the Palatina, on the top of which are the ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars, which stand there like walls of rock. Of all this, however, no idea can be conveyed. In truth, there is nothing little here, although, indeed, occasionally something to find fault with, — something more or less absurd in taste; and yet even this partakes of the universal grandeur of all around.

When, however, I return to myself, as every one so readily does on all occasions, I discover within me a feeling which affords me infinite delight, which, indeed, I even venture to express. Whoever here looks around with earnestness, and has eyes to see, must become in a measure solid: he cannot but apprehend an idea of solidity with a vividness which is nowhere else possible.

The mind becomes, as it were, primed with capacity, with an earnestness without severity, and with a defi-

nitiness of character with joy. With me, at least, it seems as if I had never before so rightly estimated the things of the world as I do here. I rejoice when I think of the blessed effects of all this on the whole of my future being. And, let me jumble together the things as I may, order will somehow come into them. I am not here to enjoy myself after my own fashion, but to busy myself with the great objects around, to learn, and to improve myself ere I am forty years old.

ROME, Nov. 11, 1786.

Yesterday I visited the nymph Ægeria, and then the Hippodrome of Caracalla, the ruined tombs along the Via Appia, and the tomb of Metella, which is the first to give one a true idea of what solid masonry really is. These men worked for eternity. All causes of decay were calculated, except the rage of the spoiler, which nothing can resist. Right heartily did I wish you had been there. The remains of the principal aqueduct are highly venerable. How beautiful and grand a design, — to supply a whole people with water by so vast a structure! In the evening we came upon the Coliseum, when it was already twilight. When one looks at it, all else seems little. The edifice is so vast, that one cannot hold the image of it in one's soul: in memory we think it smaller, and then return to it again to find it every time greater than before.

FRASCATI, Nov. 15.

The company are all in bed, and I am writing with Indian ink, which they use for drawing. We have had two beautiful days, without rain, warm and genial sunshine; so that summer is scarcely missed. The country around is very pleasant. The village lies on the side of a hill, or rather of a mountain; and at every step the draughtsman comes upon the most glorious objects. The prospect is unbounded. Rome lies before you;



and beyond it, on the right, is the sea, the mountains of Tivoli, and so on. In this delightful region, country-houses are built expressly for pleasure; and, as the ancient Romans had here their villas, so, for centuries past, their rich and haughty successors have planted country residences on all the loveliest spots. For two days we have been wandering about here, and almost every step has brought us upon something new and attractive.

And yet it is hard to say whether the evenings have not passed still more agreeably than the days. As soon as our stately hostess has placed on the round table the bronzed lamp with its three wicks, and wished us *felicissima notte*, we all form a circle round it; and the views are produced which have been drawn and sketched during the day. Their merits are discussed, opinions are taken whether the objects might or not have been taken more favourably, whether their true characters have been caught, and whether all requisitions of a like general nature, which may justly be looked for in a first sketch, have been fulfilled.

Hofrath Reiffenstein, by his judgment and authority, contrives to give order to, and to conduct, these sittings. But the merit of this delightful arrangement is due to Philipp Hackert, who has a most excellent taste, both in drawing and finishing views, from nature. Artists and *dilettanti*, men and women, old and young, — he would let no one rest, but stimulated every one to make the attempt, at any rate, according to their gifts and powers, and led the way with his own good example. The little society thus collected and held together, Hofrath Reiffenstein has, after the departure of his friend, faithfully kept up; and we all feel a laudable desire to awake in every one an active participation. The peculiar turn and character of each member of the society are thus shown in a most agreeable way. For instance, Tischbein, being an historical painter, views

scenery quite otherwise than the landscape-painter. He sees significant groups, and other graceful speaking objects, where another can see nothing; and so he happily contrives to catch up many a *naïve* trait of humanity, — it may be in children, peasants, mendicants, or other such beings of nature, or even in animals, which, with a few characteristic touches, he skilfully manages to portray, and thereby contributes much new and agreeable matter for our discussions.

When conversation is exhausted, some one also, by Hackert's direction, reads aloud Sulzer's Theory; for although, from a high point of view, it is impossible to rest contented with this work, nevertheless, as some one observed, it is so far satisfactory as it is calculated to exercise a favourable influence on minds less highly cultivated.

ROME, Nov. 17, 1786.

We are back again. During the night it rained in torrents amidst thunder and lightning: it still goes on raining, but is very warm withal.

As regards myself, however, it is only with few words that I can indicate the happiness of this day. I have seen the frescoes of Domenichino, in Andrea della Valle, and also the Farnese Gallery of Caraccios. Too much, forsooth, for months! — what, then, for a single day?

ROME, Nov. 18, 1786.

It is, again beautiful weather, — a bright, genial, warm day. I saw in the Farnesine Palace the story of Psyche, coloured copies of which have so long adorned my room, and then at St. Peter's, in Montorio, the Transfiguration by Raphael, — all well-known paintings, like friends one has made at a distance by means of letters, and sees for the first time face to face. To live with them, is, however, something quite different. Every genuine friendship and its opposite becomes immediately evident.

Moreover, there are to be met with in every spot and corner glorious things of which less has been said, and which have not been scattered over the world by engravings and copies. Of these I shall bring away with me many a drawing from the hands of young but excellent artists.

The fact that I have long maintained a correspondence with Tischbein, and consequently been on the best possible terms with him, and that, even when I had no hope of ever visiting Italy, I had communicated to him my wishes, has made our meeting most profitable and delightful. He has always been thinking of me, even providing for my wants. With the varieties of stone of which all the great edifices, whether old or new, are built, he has made himself perfectly acquainted. He has thoroughly studied them, and these studies have been greatly helped by his artistic eye and the artist's pleasure in sensible things. Just before my arrival, he sent off to Weimar a collection of specimens which he had selected for me, and which I expect will give me a friendly welcome on my return.

An ecclesiastic who is now residing in France, and had in contemplation to write a work on the ancient marbles, received through the influence of the Propaganda some large pieces of marble from the Island of Paros. When they arrived here, they were cut up for specimens; and twelve different pieces, from the finest to the coarsest grain, were reserved for me. Some were of the greatest purity, while others are more or less mingled with mica; the former being used for statuary, the latter for architecture. How much an accurate knowledge of the material employed in the arts must contribute to a right estimate of them, must be obvious to every one.

There are opportunities enough here for my collecting many more specimens. In our way to the ruins of Nero's Palace, we passed through some artichoke

grounds newly turned up, and could not resist the temptation to cram our pockets full of the granite, porphyry, and marble slabs which lie here by thousands, and serve as unfailing witnesses to the ancient splendour of the walls which were once covered with them.

ROME, Nov. 18, 1786.

I must now speak of a wonderful problematical picture, which, even in the midst of the many gems here, still makes a good show of its own.

For many years there had been residing here a Frenchman, well known as an admirer of the arts, and a collector. He had got hold of an antique drawing in chalk, no one knows how or whence. He had it retouched by Mengs, and kept it in his collection as a work of very great value. Winckelmann somewhere speaks of it with enthusiasm. The Frenchman died, and left the picture to his hostess as an antique. Mengs, too, died, and declared on his death-bed that it was not an antique, but had been painted by himself. And now the whole world is divided in opinion; some maintaining that Mengs had one day, in joke, dashed it off with much facility; others asserting that Mengs could never do anything like it, indeed that it is almost too beautiful for Raphael. I saw it yesterday, and must confess that I do not know anything more beautiful than the figure of Ganymede, especially the head and shoulders: the rest has been much renovated. However, the painting is in ill repute, and no one will relieve the poor landlady of her treasure.

ROME, Nov. 20, 1786.

As experience fully teaches us that there is a general pleasure in having poems, whatever may be their subject, illustrated with drawings and engravings, nay, that the painter himself usually selects a passage of some poet or other for the subject of his most elaborate

paintings, Tischbein's idea is deserving of approbation, that poets and painters should work together from the very first in order to secure a perfect unity. The difficulty would assuredly be greatly lessened, if it were applied to little pieces, such as that the whole design would easily admit of being taken in at once by the mind, and worked out consistently with the original plan.

Tischbein has suggested for such common labours some very delightful idyllic thoughts; and it is really singular, that those he wishes to see executed in this way are really such as neither poetry nor painting alone could ever adequately describe. During our walks together he has talked to me about them, in the hopes of gaining me over to his views, and getting me to enter upon the plan. The frontispiece for such a joint work is already designed; and, did I not fear to enter upon any new tasks at present, I might perhaps be tempted.

ROME, Nov. 22, 1786.

The Feast of St. Cecilia.

The morning of this happy day I must endeavour to perpetuate by a few lines, and, at least by description, to impart to others what I have myself enjoyed. The weather has been beautiful and calm, quite a bright sky, and a warm sun. Accompanied by Tischbein, I set off for the Piazza of St. Peter's, where we went about, first of all, from one part to another; when it became too hot for that, walked up and down in the shade of the great obelisk (which is full wide enough for two abreast), and eating grapes which we purchased in the neighbourhood. Then we entered the Sistine Chapel, which we found bright and cheerful, and with a good light for the pictures. The Last Judgment divided our admiration with the paintings on the roof by Michael Angelo. I could only see and wonder. The mental confidence and boldness of the master, and his gran-

deur of conception, are beyond all expression. After we had looked at all of them over and over again, we left this sacred building, and went to St. Peter's, which received from the bright heavens the loveliest light possible, and every part of it was clearly lighted up. As men willing to be pleased, we were delighted with its vastness and splendour, and did not allow an over-nice or hypocritical taste to mar our pleasure. We suppressed every harsher judgment: we enjoyed the enjoyable.

Lastly we ascended the roof of the church, where one finds, in little, the plan of a well-built city, — houses and magazines, springs (in appearance, at least), churches, and a great temple, all in the air, and beautiful walks between. We mounted the dome, and saw glistening before us the regions of the Apennines, Soracte, and toward Tivoli, the volcanic hills, — Frascati, Castel-gandolfo, and the plains, and, beyond all, the sea. Close at our feet lay the whole city of Rome in its length and breadth, with its mountain palaces, domes, etc. Not a breath of air was moving, and in the upper dome it was (as they say) like being in a hothouse. When we had looked enough at these things, we went down, and they opened for us the doors in the cornices of the dome, the tympanum, and the nave. There is a passage all round, and from above you can take a view of the whole church and of its several parts. As we stood on the cornices of the tympanum, we saw beneath us the Pope, passing to his midday devotions. Nothing, therefore, was wanting to make our view of St. Peter's perfect. We at last descended to the area, and took, in a neighbouring hotel, a cheerful but frugal meal, and then set off for St. Cecilia's.

It would take many words to describe the decorations of this church, which was crammed full of people. Not a stone of the edifice was to be seen. The pillars were covered with red velvet wound round with

gold lace: the capitals were overlaid with embroidered velvet, so as to retain somewhat of the appearance of capitals; and all the cornices and pillars were in like manner covered with hangings. All the entablatures of the walls were also covered with life-like paintings, so that the whole church seemed to be laid out in mosaic. Around in the church, and on the high altar, more than two hundred wax tapers were burning. It looked like a wall of lights, and the whole nave was perfectly lit up. The aisles and side-altars were equally adorned and illuminated. Right opposite the high altar, and under the organ, two scaffolds were erected, which also were covered with velvet, on one of which were placed the singers, and on the other the instruments, which kept up one unbroken strain of music. The church was crammed full.

I have heard an excellent kind of musical accompaniment. Just as there are concerts of violins, or of other instruments, so here they had concerts of voices; so that one voice — the soprano, for instance — predominates, and sings solo, while from time to time the chorus of other voices falls in, and accompanies it, always, of course, with the whole orchestra. It has a good effect. I must end, as we, in fact, ended the day. In the evening we came upon the opera, where no less a piece than "I Litiganti" was then performed; but we had all the day enjoyed so much of excellence, that we passed by the door.

ROME, Nov. 23, 1786.

In order that it may not be the same with my dear *incognito* as with the ostrich, which thinks itself to be concealed when it has hid its head, so, in certain cases, I give it up, still maintaining, however, my old thesis. I had, without hesitation, paid a visit of compliment to the Prince von Lichtenstein, the brother of my much esteemed friend the Countess Harrach, and occasionally

dined with him; and I soon perceived that my good nature in this instance was likely to lead me much farther. They began to feel their way, and to talk to me of the Abbé Monti, and of his tragedy of "Aristodemus," which is shortly to be brought out on the stage. The author, it was said, wished, above all things, to read it to me, and to hear my opinion of it. I contrived, however, to let the matter drop without positively refusing: at last, however, I met the poet and some of his friends at the prince's house, and the play was read aloud.

The hero is, as is well known, the King of Sparta, who, by various scruples of conscience, was driven to commit suicide. Prettily enough, they contrived to intimate to me their hope that the author of "Werther" would not take it ill if he found some of the rare passages of his own work made use of in this drama. And so, even before the walls of Sparta, I cannot escape from this unhappy youth.

The piece has a very simple and calm movement. The sentiments, as well as the language, are well suited to the subject, — full of energy, and yet of tenderness. The work is a proof of very fair talents.

I failed not, according to my fashion (not, indeed, after the Italian fashion), to point out, and to dwell upon, all the excellencies and merits of the play, with which, indeed, all present were tolerably satisfied, though still with Southern impatience they seemed to require something more. I even ventured to predict what effect it was to be hoped the play would have from the public. In excuse I pleaded my ignorance of the country, its way of thinking and tastes; but was candid enough to add, that I did not clearly see how, with their vitiated taste, the Romans, who were accustomed to see as an interlude either a complete comedy of three acts or an opera of two, or could not sit out a grand opera without the intermezzo of wholly foreign ballets, could



ever take delight in the calm, noble movement of a regular tragedy. Then, again, the subject of a suicide seemed to me to be altogether out of the pale of an Italian's ideas. That they stabbed men to death, I knew by daily report of such events; but that any one should deprive himself of his own precious existence, or even hold it possible for another to do so, — of that no trace or symptom had ever been brought under my notice.

I then allowed myself to be circumstantially enlightened as to all that might be urged in answer to my objections, and readily yielded to their plausible arguments. I also assured them I wished for nothing so much as to see the play acted, and with a band of friends to welcome it with the most downright and loudest applause. This assurance was received in the most friendly manner, and I had this time at least no cause to be dissatisfied with my compliance; for indeed Prince Lichtenstein is politeness itself, and found opportunity for my seeing in his company many precious works of art, a sight of which is not easily obtained without special permission, and for which, consequently, high influence is indispensable. On the other hand, my good humour failed me when the daughter of the Pretender expressed a wish to see the foreign marmoset. I declined the honour, and once more completely shrouded myself beneath my disguise.

But still that is not altogether the right way; and I here feel most vividly what I have often before observed in life, that the man who strives after that which is good must be as much on the alert and as active with regard to others as the selfish, the mean, and the wicked. It is easy to see this, but it is extremely difficult to act in the spirit of it.

Nov. 24, 1786.

Of the people I can say nothing more than that they are fine children of nature, who, amidst pomp and hon-

ours of all kinds, religion, and the arts, are not one jot different from what they would be in caves and forests. What strikes the stranger most, and what to-day is making the whole city talk, but only *talk*, is the common occurrence of assassination. To-day the victim has been an excellent artist — Schwendemann, a Swiss, a medallionist. The particulars of his death greatly resemble those of Windischmann's. The assassin with whom he was struggling gave him twenty stabs; and, as the watch came up, the villain stabbed himself. This is not generally the fashion here: the murderer usually makes for the nearest church; and once there, he is quite safe.

And now, in order to shade my picture a little, I might bring into it crimes and disorders, earthquakes and inundations of all kinds, but for an eruption of Vesuvius which has just broken out, and has set almost all the visitors here in motion; and one must, indeed, possess a rare amount of self-control, not to be carried away by the crowd. Really this phenomenon of nature has in it something of a resemblance to the rattlesnake, for its attraction is irresistible. At this moment it almost seems as if all the treasures of art in Rome were annihilated: every stranger, without exception, has broken off the current of his contemplations, and is hurrying to Naples. I, however, shall stay, in the hope that the mountain will have a little eruption expressly for my amusement.

ROME, Dec. 1, 1786.

Moritz is here, who has made himself famous by his "Anthony, the Traveller" (*Anton Reiser*), and his "Wanderings in England" (*Wanderungen nach England*). He is a right-down excellent man, and we have been greatly pleased with him.

ROME, Dec. 1, 1786.

Here in Rome, where one sees so many strangers, all of whom do not visit this capital of the world merely for the sake of the fine arts, but also for amusements of every kind, the people are prepared for everything. Accordingly, they have invented and attained great excellence in certain half arts which require for their pursuit little more than manual skill and pleasure in such handiwork, and which consequently attract the interest of ordinary visitors.

Among these is the art of painting in wax. Requiring little more than tolerable skill in water-colouring, it serves as an amusement to employ one's time in preparing and adapting the wax, and then in burning it, and in such like mechanical labours. Skilful artists give lessons in the art, and, under the pretext of showing their pupils how to perform their tasks, do the chief part of the work themselves; so that when at last the figure stands out in bright relief in the gilded frame, the fair disciple is ravished with the proof of her unconscious talent.

Another pretty occupation is, with a very fine clay to take impressions of cameos cut in deep relief. This is also done in the case of medallions, both sides of which are thus copied at once. More tact, attention, and diligence is required, lastly, for preparation of the glass-paste for mock jewels. For all these things Hofrath Reiffenstein has the necessary workshops and laboratories, either in his house or close at hand.

DEC. 2, 1786.

I have accidentally found here Anbenholtz's "Italy." A work written on the spot, in so contracted and narrow-minded a spirit as this, is just as if one were to lay a book purposely on the coals in order that it might be browned and blackened, and its leaves curled up

and disfigured with smoke. No doubt he has seen all that he writes about, but he possesses far too little of real knowledge to support his high pretensions and sneering tone; and whether he praises or blames, he is always in the wrong.

DEC. 2, 1786.

Such beautiful warm and quiet weather at the end of November (which, however, is often broken by a day's rain) is quite new to me. We spend the fine days in the open air, the bad in our room: everywhere there is something to learn and to do, something to be delighted with.

On the 28th we paid a second visit to the Sistine Chapel, and had the galleries opened, in order that we might obtain a nearer view of the ceiling. As the galleries are very narrow, it is only with great difficulty that one forces his way up them, by means of the iron balustrades. There is an appearance of danger about it, on which account those who are liable to get dizzy had better not make the attempt: all the discomfort, however, is fully compensated by the sight of the great masterpiece of art. And at this moment I am so taken with Michael Angelo, that after him I have no taste even for nature herself; especially as I am unable to contemplate her with the same eye of genius that he did. Oh, that there were only some means of fixing such paintings in my soul! At any rate, I shall bring with me every engraving and drawing of his pictures, or drawings after him, that I can lay hold of.

Then we went to the Loggie, painted by Raphael, and scarcely dare I say that we could not endure to look at them. The eye had been so dilated and spoiled by those great forms, and the glorious finish of every part, that it was not able to follow the ingenious windings of the Arabesques; and the Scripture histories, however beautiful they were, did not stand

examination after the former. And yet to see these works frequently one after another, and to compare them together at leisure, and without prejudice, must be a source of great pleasure; for at first all sympathy is more or less exclusive.

Under a sunshine, if anything rather too warm, we thence proceeded to the Villa Pamphili, whose beautiful gardens are much resorted to for amusement; and there we remained till evening. A large, flat meadow, enclosed by long, evergreen oaks and lofty pines, were sown all over with daisies, which turned their heads to the sun. I now revived my botanical speculations which I had indulged in the other day during a walk toward Monte Mario, to the Villa Melini, and the Villa Madama. It is very interesting to observe the working of a vigorous, unceasing vegetation, which is here unbroken by any severe cold. Here there are no buds: one has actually to learn what a bud is. The strawberry-tree (*arbutus unedo*) is at this season, for the second time, in blossom, while its last fruits are just ripening. So also the orange-tree may be seen in flower, and at the same time bearing partially and fully ripened fruit. (The latter trees, however, if they are not sheltered by standing between buildings, are at this season generally covered.) As to the cypress, that most "venerable" of trees when it is old and well grown, it affords matter enough for thought. As soon as possible I shall pay a visit to the Botanical Gardens, and hope to add there much to my experience. Generally, there is nothing to be compared with the new life which the sight of a new country affords to a thoughtful person. Although I am still the same being, I yet think I am changed to the very marrow.

For the present I conclude, and shall perhaps fill the next sheet with murders, disorders, earthquakes, and troubles, in order that at any rate my pictures may not be without shades.

ROME, Dec. 3, 1786.

The weather lately has changed almost every six days. Two days quite glorious, then a doubtful one, and after it two or three rainy ones, and then again fine weather. I endeavour to put each day, according to its nature, to the best use.

And yet these glorious objects are even still like new acquaintances to me. One has not yet lived with them, nor got familiar with their peculiarities. Some of them attract us with irresistible power, so that for a time we feel indifferent, if not unjust, to all others. Thus, for instance, the Pantheon, the Apollo Belvedere, some colossal heads, and very recently the Sistine Chapel, have by terms so won my whole heart, that I scarcely saw anything besides them. But, in truth, can man, little as man always is, and accustomed to littleness, ever make himself equal to all that here surrounds him of what is noble, vast, and refined? Even though he should in any degree adapt himself to it, then how vast is the multitude of objects that immediately press upon him from all sides, and meet him at every turn, of which each demands for itself the tribute of his whole attention. How is one to get out of the difficulty? No other way assuredly than by patiently allowing it to work, becoming industrious, and attending the while to all that others have accomplished for our benefit.

Winckelmann's "History of Art," translated by Rea (the new edition), is a very useful book, which I have just procured, and here on the spot find it to be highly profitable, as I have around me many kind friends, willing to explain and to comment upon it.

Roman antiquities also begin to have a charm for me. History, inscriptions, coins (of which formerly I knew nothing), all are pressing upon me. As I fared with natural history, so I do here also; for the history of the whole world attaches itself to this spot,

and I reckon a new birthday, — a true new birth from the day I entered Rome.

DEC. 5, 1786.

During the few weeks that I have been here, I have already seen many strangers come and go, so that I have often wondered at the levity with which so many treat these precious moments. God be thanked that hereafter none of those birds of passage will be able to impose upon me. When, in the North, they shall speak to me of Rome, none of them now will be able to excite my spleen; for I also have seen it, and know too, in some degree, where I have been.

DEC. 8, 1786.

We have, every now and then, the most beautiful days. The rain which falls from time to time has made the grass and garden-stuffs quite verdant. Evergreens, too, are to be seen here at different spots, so that one scarcely misses the fallen leaves of the forest trees. In the gardens you may see orange-trees full of fruit, left in the open ground and not under cover.

I had intended to give you a particular account of a very pleasant trip which we took to the sea, and of our fishing exploits; but in the evening poor Moritz, as he was riding home, broke his arm, his horse having slipped on the smooth Roman pavement. This marred all our pleasure, and has plunged our little domestic circle in sad affliction.

DEC. 13, 1786.

I am heartily delighted that you have taken my sudden disappearance just as I wished you should. Pray appease for me every one that may have taken offence at it. I never wished to give any one pain, and even now I cannot say anything to excuse myself. God keep me from ever afflicting my friends with the premises which led me to this resolution.

Here I am gradually recovering from my "salto mortale," and studying rather than enjoying. Rome is a world, and one must spend years before one can become at all acquainted with it. How happy do I consider those travellers who can take a look at it and go their way.

Yesterday many of Winckelmann's letters which he wrote from Italy fell into my hands. With what emotions I began to read them! About this same season, some one and thirty years ago, he came hither a still poorer simpleton than I; but then he had such thorough German enthusiasm for all that is sterling and genuine, either in antiquity or art. How bravely and diligently he worked his way through all difficulties; and what good it does me,—the remembrance of such a man in such a place!

After the objects of nature, who in all her parts is true to herself, and consistent, nothing speaks so loudly as the remembrance of a good, intelligent man,—that genuine art which is no less consistent and harmonious than herself. Here in Rome we feel this right well, where so many an arbitrary caprice has had its day, where so many a folly has immortalised itself by its power and its gold.

The following passage in Winckelmann's letters to Franconia particularly pleased me: "We must look at all the objects in Rome with a certain degree of phlegm, or else one will be taken for a Frenchman. In Rome, I believe, is the high school for all the world; and I also have been purified and tried in it."

This remark applies directly to my mode of visiting the different objects here; and most certain it is, that out of Rome no one can have an idea how one is schooled in Rome. One must, so to speak, be new born; and one looks back on his earlier notions as a man does on the little shoes which fitted him when a child. The most ordinary man learns something



here : at least he gains one uncommon idea, even though it should never pass into his whole being.

This letter will reach you in the new year. All good wishes for the beginning: before the end of it we shall meet again, and that will be no little gratification. The one that is passing away has been the most important of my life. I may now die, or I may tarry a little longer yet: in either case it was well. And now a word or two more for the little ones.

To the children you may either read or tell what follows. Here there are no signs of winter: the gardens are planted with evergreens; the sun shines bright and warm; snow is nowhere to be seen except on the most distant hills toward the north. The citron-trees, which are planted against the garden walls, are now, one after another, covered with reeds; but the oranges are allowed to stand quite open. Many hundreds of the finest fruits may be seen hanging on a single tree; which is not, as with us, dwarfed, and planted in a bucket, but stands in the earth, free and joyous, amidst a long line of brothers. The oranges are even now very good, but it is thought they will be still finer.

We were lately at the sea, and had a haul of fish and drew to the light, fishes, crabs, and rare univalves of the most wonderful shapes conceivable; also the fish which gives an electric shock to all who touch it.

ROME, Dec. 20, 1786.

And yet, after all, it is more trouble and care than enjoyment. The Regenerator, which is changing me within and without, continues to work. I certainly thought that I had something really to learn here; but that I should have to take so low a place in the school, that I must forget so much that I had learned, or rather absolutely unlearn so' much, — of that I had never the least idea. Now, however, that I am once

convinced of its necessity, I have devoted myself to the task; and the more I am obliged to renounce my former self, the more delighted I am. I am like an architect who has begun to build a tower, but finds he has laid a bad foundation: he becomes aware of the fact betimes, and willingly goes to work to pull down all that he has raised above the earth; having done so, he proceeds to enlarge his ground plan, and now rejoices to anticipate the undoubted stability of his future building. Heaven grant that, on my return, the moral consequences may be discernible of all that this living in a wider world has effected within me! For, in sooth, the moral sense as well as the artistic is undergoing a great change.

Doctor Münter is here on his return from his tour in Sicily, — an energetic, vehement man. What objects he may have, I cannot tell. He will reach you in May, and has much to tell you. He has been travelling in Italy two years. He is disgusted with the Italians, who have not paid due respect to the weighty letters of recommendation which were to have opened him many an archive, many a private library; so that he is far from having accomplished his object.

He has collected some beautiful coins, and possesses, he tells me, a manuscript which reduces numismatics to as precise a system of characteristics as the Linnean system of botany. Herder, he says, knows still more about it: probably a transcript of it will be permitted. To do something of the kind is certainly possible; and, if well done, it will be truly valuable: and we must, sooner or later, enter seriously into this branch of learning.

ROME, Dec. 25, 1786.

I am now beginning to revisit the principal sights of Rome: in such second views, our first amazement generally dies away into more of sympathy and a purer perception of the true value of the objects. In order

to form an idea of the highest achievements of the human mind, the soul must first attain to perfect freedom from prejudice and prepossession.

Marble is a rare material. It is on this account that the Apollo Belvedere in the original is so infinitely ravishing; for that sublime air of youthful freedom and vigour, of never-changing juvenescence, which breathes around the marble, at once vanishes in the best even of plasters casts.

In the Palace Rondanini, which is right opposite our lodgings, there is a Medusa-mask, above the size of life, in which the attempt to portray a lofty and beautiful countenance in the numbing agony of death has been indescribably successful. I possess an excellent cast of it, but the charm of the marble remains not. The noble semi-transparency of the yellow stone — approaching almost to the hue of flesh — is vanished. Compared with it, plaster of Paris has a chalky and dead look.

And yet how delightful it is to go to a modeller in gypsum, and to see the noble limbs of a statue come out one by one from the mould, and thereby to acquire wholly new ideas of their shapes. And then, again, by such means all that in Rome is scattered, is brought together, for the purpose of comparison; and this alone is of inestimable service. Accordingly, I could not resist the temptation to procure a cast of the colossal head of Jupiter. It stands right opposite my bed, in a good light, in order that I may address my morning devotions to it. With all its grandeur and dignity, it has, however, given rise to one of the funniest interludes possible.

Our old hostess, when she comes to make my bed, is generally followed by her pet cat. Yesterday I was sitting in the great hall, and could hear the old woman pursue her avocation within. On a sudden, in great haste, and with an excitement quite unusual to her,

she opened the door, and called to me to come quickly and see a wonder. To my question, what was the matter, she replied the cat was saying its prayers. Of the animal she had long observed, she told me, that it had as much sense as a Christian; but this was really a great wonder. I hastened to see it with my own eyes; and it was, indeed, strange enough. The bust stood on a high pedestal, and, as there was a good length of the shoulders, the head stood high. Now, the cat had sprung upon the table, and had placed her fore feet on the breast of the god, and, stretching her body to its utmost length, just reached with her muzzle his sacred beard, which she was licking most ceremoniously; and neither by the exclamation of the hostess, nor my entrance into the room, was she at all disturbed. I left the good dame to her astonishment; and she afterward accounted for puss's strange act of devotion by supposing that this sharp-nosed cat had caught scent of the grease which had probably been transferred from the mould to the deep lines of the beard, and had remained there.

DEC. 29, 1786.

Of Tischbein I have much to say and to boast. In the first place, a thorough and original German, he has made himself entirely what he is. In the next place I must make grateful mention of the friendly attentions he has shown me throughout the time of his second stay in Rome. For he has had prepared for me a series of copies after the best masters, — some in black chalk, others in sepia and water-colours, — which in Germany, when I shall be at a distance from the originals, will grow in value, and will serve to remind me of all that is rarest and best.

At the commencement of his career as an artist, when he set up as a portrait-painter, Tischbein came in contact, especially in Munich, with distinguished per-

sonages, and in his intercourse with them strengthened his artistic feeling and enlarged his views.

The second part of the "Zerstreute Blatter" (stray leaves) I have brought with me hither, and they are doubly welcome. What good influence this little book has had on me, even on the second perusal, Herder, for his reward, shall be circumstantially informed. Tischbein cannot conceive how anything so excellent could ever have been written by one who has never been in Italy.

DEC. 29, 1786.

In this world of artists one lives, as it were, in a mirrored chamber, where, without wishing it, one sees his own image and those of others continually multiplied. Latterly I have often observed Tischbein attentively regarding me; and now it appears that he has long cherished the idea of painting my portrait. His design is already settled, and the canvas stretched. I am to be drawn of the size of life, enveloped in a white mantle, and sitting on a fallen obelisk, viewing the ruins of the Campagna di Roma, which are to fill up the background of the picture. It will form a beautiful piece, only it will be rather too large for our northern habitations. I, indeed, may again crawl into them, but the portrait will never be able to enter their doors.

I cannot help observing the great efforts that are constantly being made to draw me from my retirement, — how the poets either read or get their pieces read to me; and I should be blind did I not see that it depends only on myself whether I shall play a part or not. All this is amusing enough; for I have long since measured the lengths to which one may go in Rome. The many little coteries here at the feet of the mistress of the world strongly remind one occasionally of an ordinary country town.

In sooth, things here are much like what they are everywhere else; and what *could be done with me and*

*through me* causes me *ennui* long before it is accomplished. Here you must take up with one party or another, and help them to carry on their feuds and cabals; and you must praise these artists and those dilettanti, disparage their rivals, and, above all, be pleased with everything that the rich and great do. All these little meannesses, then, for the sake of which one is almost ready to leave the world itself, — must I here mix myself up with them, and that, too, when I have neither interest nor stake in them? No: I shall go no farther than is merely necessary to know what is going on, and thus to learn in private to be more contented with my lot, and to stifle the desire, in myself and others, of going out into the dear wide world. I wish to see Rome in its abiding and permanent features, and not as it passes and changes with every ten years. Had I time, I might wish to employ it better. Above all, one may study history here quite differently from what one can on any other spot. In other places one has, as it were, to read one's self into it from without; here one fancies that he reads from within outwards: all arranges itself around you, and seems to proceed from you. And this holds good, not only of Roman history, but also of that of the whole world. From Rome I can accompany the conquerors on their march to the Weser or to the Euphrates; or, if I wish to be a sightseer, I can wait in the Via Sacra for the triumphant generals, and in the meantime receive for my support the largesses of corn and money, and so take a very comfortable share in all the splendour.

ROME, Jan. 2, 1787.

Men may say what they will in favour of a written and oral communication: it is only in a very few cases indeed that it is at all adequate; for it never can convey the true character of any object soever, — no, not even of a purely intellectual one. But if one has

already enjoyed a sure and steady view of the object, then one may profitably hear or read about it; for then there exists a living impression around which all else may arrange itself in the mind, and then one can think and judge.

You have often laughed at me, and wished to drive me away from the peculiar taste I had for examining stones, plants, or animals, from certain theoretical points of view: now, however, I am directing my attention to architects, statuaries, and painters, and hope to find myself learning something even from them.

ROME, Jan. 4, 1797.

After all this, I must further speak to you of the state of indecision in which I am with regard to my stay in Italy. In my last letter I wrote to you that it was my purpose to leave Rome immediately after Easter, and gradually return home. Until then I shall yet gather a few more shells from the shore of the great ocean, and so my most urgent needs will have been appeased. I am now cured of a violent passion and disease, and restored to the enjoyment of life, to the enjoyment of history, poetry, and of antiquities, and have treasures which it will take me many a long year to polish and to finish.

Recently, however, friendly voices have reached me to the effect that I ought not to be in a hurry, but to wait till I can return home with still richer gains. From the duke, too, I have received a very kind and considerate letter, in which he excuses me from my duties for an indefinite period, and sets me quite at ease with respect to my absence. My mind, therefore, turns to the vast field which I must otherwise have left untrodden. For instance, in the case of coins and cameos, I have as yet been able to do nothing. I have, indeed, begun to read Winckelmann's "History of Art," but have passed over Egypt: for I feel, once

again, that I must look out before me; and I have done so with regard to Egyptian matters. The more we look, the more distant becomes the horizon of art; and he who would step surely must step slowly.

I intend to stay here till the Carnival; and, in the first week of Lent, shall set off for Naples, taking Tischbein with me, both because it will be a treat to him, and because, in his society, all my enjoyments are more than doubled. I purpose to return hither before Easter, for the sake of the solemnities of Passion Week. But there Sicily lies — there below. A journey thither requires more preparation, and ought to be taken, too, in the autumn. It must not be merely a ride round it and across it, which is soon done, but from which we bring away with us, in return for our fatigue and money, nothing but a simple, *I have seen it*: the best way is to take up one's quarters, first of all, in Palermo, and afterward in Catania; and then, from those points, to make fixed and profitable excursions, having previously, however, well studied *Riedesel* and others on the locality.

If, then, I spend the summer in Rome, I shall set to work to study, and to prepare myself for visiting Sicily. As I cannot very well go there before November, and must stay there till over December, it will be the spring of 1788 before I can hope to get home again. Then, again, I have had before my mind a *medius terminus*. Giving up the idea of visiting Sicily, I have thought of spending a part of the summer at Rome, and then, after paying a second visit to Florence, getting home by the autumn.

But all these plans have been much perplexed by the news of the duke's misfortune. Since receiving the letters which informed me of this event I have had no rest, and would like most to set off at Easter, laden with the fragments of my conquests, and, passing quickly through Upper Italy, be in Weimar again by June.



I am too much alone here to decide; and I write you this long story of my whole position, that you may be good enough to summon a council of those who love me, and who, being on the spot, know the circumstances better than I. Let them, therefore, determine the proper course for me to take, on the supposition of what, I assure you, is the fact, that I am myself more disposed to return than to stay. The strongest tie that holds me in Italy is Tischbein. I should never, even should it be my happy lot to return a second time to this beautiful land, learn so much in so short a time as I have now done in the society of this well-educated, highly refined, and most upright man, who is devoted to me, both body and soul. I cannot now tell you how the scales are gradually falling from off my eyes. He who travels by night takes the dawn for day, and a murky day for brightness: what will it be when the sun rises? Moreover, I have hitherto kept myself from all the world, which yet is getting hold of me by degrees, and which I, for my part, was not unwilling to watch and observe with stealthy glances.

I have written to Fritz a joking account of my reception into the *Arcadia*; and indeed it is only a subject of joke, for the Institute is really sunk into miserable insignificance.

Next Monday week Monti's tragedy is to be acted. He is extremely anxious, and not without cause. He has a very troublesome public, which requires to be amused from moment to moment; and his play has no brilliant passages in it. He has asked me to go with him to his box, and stand by him as confessor in this critical moment. Another is ready to translate my "Iphigenia;" another, to do I know not what, in honour of me. They are all so divided into parties, and so bitter against each other. But my countrymen are so unanimous in my favour, that if I gave them

any encouragement, and yielded to them in the very least, they would try a hundred follies with me, and end with crowning me on the Capitol, of which they have already seriously thought — so foolish is it to have a stranger and a Protestant to play the first part in a comedy. What connection there is in all this, and how great a fool I was to think that it was all intended for my honour, — of all this we will talk together one day.

JAN. 6, 1787.

I have just come from Moritz, whose arm is healed, and loosed from its bandages. It is well set, firm, and he can move it quite freely. What during these last forty days I have experienced and learned, as nurse, confessor, and private secretary, to this patient, may prove of benefit to us hereafter. The most painful sufferings and the noblest enjoyments went side by side throughout this whole period.

To refresh me, I yesterday had set up in our sitting-room a cast of a colossal head of Juno, of which the original is in the Villa Ludovisi. This was my first love in Rome, and now I have gained the object of my wishes. No words can give the remotest idea of it. It is like one of Homer's songs.

I have, however, deserved the neighbourhood of such good society for the future; for I can now tell you that "Iphigenia" is at last finished, *i. e.*, that it lies before me on the table in two tolerably concordant copies, of which one will very soon begin its pilgrimage to you. Receive it with all indulgence; for, to speak the truth, what stands on the paper is not exactly what I intended, but still it will convey an idea of what was in my mind.

You complain occasionally of some obscure passages in my letters, which allude to the oppression, which I suffer in the midst of the most glorious objects in the world. With all this, my fellow traveller — this Gre-

cian princess — has had a great deal to do ; for she has kept me close at work when I wished to be seeing sights.

I often think of our worthy friend, who had long determined upon a grand tour which one might well term a voyage of discovery. After he had studied and economised several years with a view to this object, he took it in his head to carry off the daughter of a noble house, thinking it was all one.

With no less of criminality, I determined to take Iphigenia with me to Carlsbad. I will now briefly enumerate the places where I held special converse with her.

When I had left behind me the Brenner, I took her out of my large portmanteau, and placed her by my side. At the Lago di Garda, while the strong south wind drove the waves on the beach, and where I was at least as much alone as my heroine on the coast of Tauris, I drew the first outlines, which afterward I filled up at Verona, Vicenza, and Padua, but above all, and most diligently, at Venice. After this, however, the work came to a standstill : for I hit upon a new design, viz., of writing an Iphigenia at Delphi, which I should have immediately carried into execution, but for the distractions of my young, and for a feeling of duty toward the older, play.

In Rome, however, I went on with it, and proceeded with tolerable steadiness. Every evening before I went to sleep I prepared myself for my morning's task, which was resumed immediately I awoke. My way of proceeding was quite simple : I calmly wrote down the play, and tried the melody line by line, and period by period. What has been thus produced, you shall soon judge of. For my part, doing this work, I have learned more than I have done. With the play itself there shall follow some further remarks.

To speak again of church matters, I must tell you that on the night of Christmas Day we wandered about

in troops, and visited all the churches where solemn services were being performed. One especially was visited, because of its organ and music: the latter was so arranged, that in its tones nothing belonging to pastoral music was wanting, — neither the singing of the shepherds, nor the twittering of birds, nor the bleating of sheep.

On Christmas Day I saw the Pope and the whole consistory in St. Peter's, where he celebrated high mass, partly before and partly from his throne. It is of its kind an unequalled sight, splendid and dignified enough; but I have grown so old in my Protestant Diogenism, that this pomp and splendour revolt me more than they attract me. I, like my pious forefathers, am disposed to say to these spiritual conquerors of the world, "Hide not from me the sun of higher art and purer humanity."

Yesterday, which was the Feast of Epiphany, I saw and heard mass celebrated after the Greek rite. The ceremonies appeared to me more solemn, more severe, more suggestive, and yet more popular, than the Latin.

But there, too, I also felt again that I am too old for anything, except for truth alone. Their ceremonies and operatic music, their gyrations and ballet-like movements — it all passes off from me like water from an oilskin cloak. A work of nature, however, like that of a sunset seen from the Villa Madonna, — a work of art, like my much honoured Juno, — makes a deep and vivid impression on me.

And now I must ask you to congratulate me with regard to theatrical matters. Next week seven theatres will be opened. Anfossi himself is here, and will act "Alexander in India." A Cyrus also will be represented, and the "Taking of Troy" as a ballet. That assuredly must be something for the children!

ROME, Jan. 10, 1787.

Here, then, comes the "child of sorrows;" for this surname is due to "Iphigenia" in more than one sense. On the occasion of my reading it to our artists, I put a mark against several lines, some of which I have in my opinion improved, but others I have allowed to stand — perhaps Herder will cross a few of them with his pen.

The true cause of my having for many years preferred prose for my works, is the great uncertainty in which our prosody fluctuates, in consequence of which many of my judicious learned friends and fellow artists have left many things to taste, — a course, however, which was little favourable to the establishing of any certain standard.

I should never have attempted to translate "Iphigenia" into iambics, had not Moritz's prosody shone upon me like a star of light. My conversation with its author, especially during his confinement from his accident, has still more enlightened me on the subject; and I would recommend my friends to think favourably of it.

It is somewhat singular, that in our language we have but very few syllables which are decidedly long or short. With all the others, one proceeds as taste or caprice may dictate. Now, Moritz, after much thought, has hit upon the idea that there is a certain order of rank among our syllables, and that the one which in sense is more emphatic is long as compared with the less significant, and makes the latter short; but, on the other hand, it does in its turn become short whenever it comes into the neighbourhood of another which possesses greater weight and emphasis than itself. Here, then, is at least a rule to go by; and even though it does not decide the whole matter, still it opens out a path by which one may hope to get a little farther. I have often allowed myself to be

influenced by these rules, and generally have found my ear agreeing with them.

As I formerly spoke of a public reading, I must quietly tell you how it passed off. These young men, accustomed to those earlier vehement and impetuous pieces, expected something after the fashion of Berlichingen, and could not so well make out the calm movement of "Iphigenia;" and yet the nobler and purer passages did not fail of effect. Tischbein, who also could hardly reconcile himself to this entire absence of passion, produced a pretty illustration or symbol of the work. He illustrated it by a sacrifice, of which the smoke, borne down by a light breeze, descends to the earth, while the freer flame strives to ascend on high. The drawing was very pretty and significant. I have the sketch still by me. And thus the work, which I thought to despatch in no time, has employed, hindered, occupied, and tortured me a full quarter of a year. This is not the first time that I have made an important task a mere by-work; but we will on that subject no longer indulge in fancies and disputes.

I enclose a beautiful cameo, — a lion, with a gadfly buzzing at his nose. This seems to have been a favourite subject with the ancients, for they have repeated it very often. I should like you, from this time forward, to seal your letters with it in order that through this (little) trifle an echo of art may, as it were, reverberate from you to me.

ROME, Jan. 13, 1787.

How much I have to say each day, and how sadly I am prevented, either by amusement or occupation, from committing to paper a single sage remark! And then again, the fine days, when it is better to be anywhere than in the rooms, which, without stove or chimney, receive us only to sleep or to discomfort! Some of

the incidents of the last week, however, must not be left unrecorded.

In the Palace Giustiniani there is a Minerva, which claims my undivided homage. Winckelmann scarcely mentions it, and, at any rate, not in the right place; and I feel myself quite unworthy to say anything about it. As we contemplated the image, and stood gazing at it a long time, the wife of the keeper of the collection said, "This must have once been a holy image; and the English, who happen to be of *this* religion, are still accustomed to pay worship to it by kissing this hand of it" (which in truth was quite white, while the rest of the statue was brownish). She further told us that a lady of *this* religion had been there not long before, and, throwing herself on her knees before the statue, had regularly offered prayer to it; and I, she said, as a Christian, could not help smiling at so strange an action, and was obliged to run out of the room, lest I should burst out into a loud laugh before her face. As I was unwilling to move from the statue, she asked me if my beloved was at all like the statue, that it charmed me so much. The good dame knew of nothing besides devotion or love; but of the pure admiration for a glorious piece of man's handiwork, of a mere sympathetic veneration for the creation of the human intellect, she could form no idea. We rejoiced in that noble Englishwoman, and went away with a longing to turn our steps back again; and I shall certainly soon go once more thither. If my friends wish for a more particular description, let them read what Winckelmann says of the *high* style of art among the Greeks: unfortunately, however, he does not adduce this Minerva as an illustration. But, if I do not greatly err, it is, nevertheless, of this high and severe style, since it passes into the beautiful. It is, as it were, a bud that opens, and so a Minerva, whose character this idea of transition so well suits.

Now for a spectacle of a different kind. On the Feast of the Three Kings, or the Commemoration of Christ's Manifestation to the Gentiles, we paid a visit to the Propaganda. There, in the presence of three cardinals and a large audience, an essay was first of all delivered, which treated of the place in which the Virgin Mary received the three Magi, — in the stable; or, if not, where? Next, some Latin verses were read on similar subjects; and after this a series of about thirty scholars came forward, one by one, and read a little piece of poetry in their native tongues, — Malabar, Epirotic, Turkish, Moldavian, Hellenic, Persian, Colchian, Hebrew, Arabic, Syrian, Coptic, Saracenic, Armenian, Erse, Madagassic, Icelandic, Bohemian, Greek, Isaurian, Æthiopic, etc. The poems seemed for the most part to be composed in the national syllabic measure, and to be delivered with the vernacular declamation, for most barbaric rhythms and tones occurred. Among them, the Greek sounded like a star in the night. The audience laughed most unmercifully at the strange sounds; and so this representation also became a farce.

And now (before concluding) a little anecdote, to show with what levity holy things are treated in Holy Rome: The deceased cardinal, Albani, was once present at one of those festal meetings which I have just been describing. One of the scholars, with his face turned toward the cardinals, began, in a strange pronunciation, *Gnaja! Gnaja!* so that it sounded something like *canaglia! canaglia!* The cardinal turned to his brothers, with a whisper, "He knows us, at any rate."

How much has Winckelmann done! and yet how much reason has he left us to wish that he had done still more! With the materials which he had collected he built quickly, in order to reach the roof. Were he still living, he would be the first to give us a recast of



his great work. What further observations, what corrections, he would have made! to what good use he would have put all that others, following his own principles, have observed and effected! And, besides, Cardinal Albani is dead, out of respect to whom he has written much, and perhaps concealed much.

JAN. 15, 1787.

And so, then, "Aristodemo" has at last been acted, and with good success, too, and the greatest applause: as the Abbate Monti is related to the house of the Nepote, and highly esteemed among the higher orders, from these, therefore, all was to be hoped for. The boxes, indeed, were but sparing in their plaudits. As for the pit, it was won, from the very first, by the beautiful language of the poet and the appropriate recitation of the actors; and it omitted no opportunity of testifying its approbation. The bench of the German artists distinguished themselves not a little; and this time no fault can be found with them, considering they are at all times a little overloud.

The author himself remained at home, full of anxiety for the success of the play. From act to act, favourable despatches arrived, which changed his fear into the greatest joy. Now there is no lack of repetitions of the representation, and all is on the best track. Thus, by the most opposite things, if only each has the merit it claims, the favour of the multitude, as well as of the connoisseur, may be won.

But the acting was in the highest degree meritorious, and the chief actor, who appears throughout the play, spoke and acted cleverly: one might have fancied he saw one of the ancient Cæsars come on the stage. They had, very judiciously, transferred to their stage dresses the costume which in the statue *strikes the spectator* as so dignified; and one saw at once that the actor had studied the antique.

JAN. 18, 1787.

Rome is threatened with a great artistic loss. The King of Naples has ordered the Hercules Farnese to be brought to his palace. The news has made all the artists quite sad. However, on this occasion we shall see something which was hidden from our forefathers.

The aforesaid statue, namely, from the head to the knee, and afterward the lower part of the feet, together with the sockle on which it stood, were found within the Farnesian domain: but the legs, from the knee to the ankle, were wanting, and had been supplied by Giuglielmo Porta; on these it had stood since its discovery to the present day. In the meantime, however, the genuine old legs were found in the lands of the Borghesi, and were to be seen in their villa.

Recently, however, the Prince Borghese has achieved a victory over himself, and has made a present of these costly relics to the King of Naples. They are removing Porta's legs, and replacing them by the genuine ones; and every one is promising himself — however well contented he has been hitherto with the old — quite a new treat and a more harmonious enjoyment.

ROME, Jan. 18, 1787.

Yesterday, which was the Festival of the Holy Abbot St. Anthony, we had a merry day. The weather was the finest in the world: though there had been a hard frost during the night, the day was bright and warm.

One may remark, that all religions which enlarge their worship or their speculations must at last come to this, — of making the brute creation in some degree partakers of spiritual favours. St. Anthony — abbot or bishop — is the patron saint of all four-footed creatures: his festival is a kind of Saturnalian holiday for the otherwise oppressed beasts, and also for their keepers and drivers. All the gentry must on this day

either remain at home, or else be content to travel on foot. And there are no lack of fearful stories, which tell how unbelieving masters, who forced their coachmen to drive them on this day, were punished by suffering great calamities.

The church of the saint lies in so wide and open a district, that it might almost be called a desert. On this day, however, it is full of life and fun. Horses and mules, with their manes and tails prettily, not to say gorgeously, decked out with ribbons, are brought before the chapel (which stands at some distance from the church), where a priest, armed with a brush, and not sparing of the holy water, which stands before him in buckets and tubs, goes on sprinkling the lively creatures, and often plays them a roguish trick, in order to make them start and frisk. Pious coachmen offer their wax-tapers, of larger or smaller size. The masters send alms and presents, in order that the valuable and useful animals may go safely through the coming year without hurt or accidents. The donkeys and horned cattle, no less valuable and useful to their owners, have, likewise, their modest share in this blessing.

Afterward we delighted ourselves with a long walk under a delicious sky, and surrounded by the most interesting objects, to which, however, we this time paid very little attention, but gave full scope and rein to joke and merriment.

ROME, Jan. 19, 1787.

So, then, the great king, whose glory filled the world, whose deeds make him worthy of even the Papists' paradise, has gone at last from this life, to converse with heroes like himself in the realm of shades. How disposed one feels to be still after bringing the like of him to his rest.

This has been a very good day. First of all, we visited a part of the Capitol which we had previously neglected; then we crossed the Tiber, and drank some

Spanish wine on board a ship which had just come into port. It was on this spot that Romulus and Remus are said to have been found. Thus keeping, as it were, a double or treble festival, we revelled in the inspiration of art, of a mild atmosphere, and of antiquarian reminiscences.

JAN. 20, 1787.

What at first furnishes a hearty enjoyment, when we take it superficially only, often weighs on us afterward most oppressively, when we see that, without solid knowledge, the true delight must be missed.

As regards anatomy, I am pretty well prepared: and I have, not without some labour, gained a tolerable knowledge of the human frame; for the continual examination of the ancient statues is continually stimulating one to a more perfect understanding of it. In our medico-chirurgical anatomy, little more is in view than an acquaintance with the several parts; and, for this purpose, the *sorriest picture of the muscles* may serve very well: but in Rome the most exquisite parts would not even be noticed, unless as helping to make a noble and beautiful form.

In the great Lazaretto of San Spirito, there has been prepared, for the use of the artists, a very fine anatomical figure, displaying the whole muscular system. Its beauty is really amazing. It might pass for some flayed demigod, — even a Marsyas.

Thus, after the example of the ancients, men here study the human skeleton, not merely as an artistically arranged series of bones, but rather for the sake of the ligaments with which life and motion are carried on.

When now I tell you that in the evening we also study perspective, it must be pretty plain to you that we are not idle. With all our studies, however, we are always hoping to do more than we ever accomplish.

ROME, Jan. 22, 1787.

Of the artistic sense of Germans, and of their artistic life, — of these one may well say, one hears sounds, but they are not in unison. When now I think myself what glorious objects are in my neighbourhood, and how little I have profited by them, I am almost tempted to despair; but then, again, I console myself with my promised return, when I hope to be able to understand these masterpieces, around which I now go groping miserably in the dark.

But, in fact, even in Rome itself, there is but little provision made for one who earnestly wishes to study art as a whole. He must patch it up and put it together for himself out of endless, but still gorgeously rich, ruins. No doubt but few of those who visit Rome are purely and earnestly desirous to see and to learn things rightly and thoroughly. They all follow, more or less, their own fancies and conceits; and this is observed by all alike who attend upon the strangers. Every guide has his own object, every one has his own dealer to recommend, his own artist to favour; and why should he not? for does not the inexperienced at once prize as most excellent whatever may be presented to him as such?

It would have been a great benefit to the study of art — indeed a peculiarly rich museum might have been formed — if the government (whose permission even at present must be obtained before any piece of antiquity can be removed from the city) had on such occasions invariably insisted on casts of the objects removed being delivered to it. Besides, if any Pope had established such a rule, before long every one would have opposed all further removals; for in a few years people would have been frightened at the number and value of the treasures thus carried off, — to do which, there is a way of obtaining permission secretly, on some occasions, and by all manner of means.

JAN. 22, 1787.

The representation of the "Aristodemo" has stimulated, in an especial degree, the patriotism of our German artists, which *before* was far from being asleep. They never omit an occasion to speak well of my "Iphigenia." Some passages have from time to time been again called for, and I have found myself at last compelled to a second reading of the whole. And thus also I have discovered many passages which went off the tongue more smoothly than they look on the paper.

The favourable report of it has at last sounded even in the ears of Reiffenstein and Angelica, who entreated that I should produce my work once more for their gratification. I begged, however, for a brief respite; though I was obliged to describe to them, somewhat circumstantially, the plan and movement of the plot. The description won the approbation of these personages more even than I could have hoped for; and Signor Zucchi, also, of whom I least of all expected it, evinced a warm and liberal sympathy with the play. The latter circumstance, however, is easily accounted for by the fact that the drama approximates very closely to the old and customary form of Greek, French, and Italian tragedy, which is most agreeable to every one whose taste has not been spoilt by the temerities of the English stage.

ROME, Jan. 25, 1787.

It becomes every day more difficult to fix the termination of my stay in Rome: just as one finds the sea continually deeper the farther one sails on it, so it is also with the examination of this city.

It is impossible to understand the present without a knowledge of the past; and to compare the two, requires both time and leisure. The very site of the city carries us back to the time of its being founded. We see at once that no great people, under a wise

leader, settled here from its wanderings, and with wise forecast laid the foundations of the seat of future empire. No powerful prince would ever have selected this spot as well suited for the habitation of a colony. No! herdsmen and vagabonds first prepared here a dwelling for themselves: a couple of adventurous youths laid the foundation of the palaces of the masters of the world on the hill at the foot of which, amidst the marshes and reeds, they had defied the officers of law and justice. Moreover, the seven hills of Rome are not elevations above the land which lies beyond them, but merely above the Tiber and its ancient bed, which afterward became the Campus Martius. If the coming spring is favourable to my making wider excursions in the neighbourhood, I shall be able to describe more fully the unfavourable site. Even now I feel the most heartfelt sympathy with the grief and lamentation of the women of Alba when they saw their city destroyed, and were forced to leave its beautiful site, the choice of a wise prince and leader, to share the fogs of the Tiber, and to people the miserable Cœlian Hill, from which their eyes still viewed the paradise they had quitted.

I know as yet but little of the neighbourhood, but I am perfectly convinced that no city of the ancient world was so badly situated as Rome. No wonder, then, that the Romans, as soon as they had swallowed up all the neighbouring states, went out of it, and, with their villas, returned to the noble sites of the cities they had destroyed, in order to live and to enjoy life.

It suggests a very pleasing contemplation to think how many people are living here in retirement, calmly occupied with their several tastes and pursuits. In the house of a clergyman, who, without any particular natural talent, has nevertheless devoted himself to the arts, we saw most interesting copies of some excellent

paintings which he had imitated in miniature. His most successful attempt was after the Last Supper of Leonardo da Vinci. The moment of time is when the Lord, who is sitting familiarly at supper with his disciples, utters the awful words, "One of you shall betray me."

Hopes are entertained that he will allow an engraving to be taken, either of this, or of another copy on which he is at present engaged. It will be indeed a rich present to give to the great public a faithful imitation of this gem of art.

A few days since I visited, at the Trinità de' Monti, Father Jacquier, a Franciscan. He is a Frenchman by birth, and well known by his mathematical writings; and although far advanced in years, is still very agreeable and intelligent. He has been acquainted with all the most distinguished men of his day; and has even spent several months with Voltaire, who had a great liking for him.

I have also become acquainted with many more of such good, sterling men, of whom countless numbers are to be found here, whom, however, a sort of professional mistrust keeps estranged from each other. The book trade furnishes no point of union, and literary novelties are seldom fruitful; and so it befits the solitary to seek out the hermits. For since the acting of "Aristodemo," in whose favour we made a very lively demonstration, I have been again much sought after, but it was quite clear I was not sought for my own sake: it was always with a view to strengthen a party, to use me as an instrument; and if I had been willing to come forward and declare my side, I also, as a phantom, should for a time have played a short part. But now, since they see that nothing is to be made of me, they let me pass; and so I go steadily on my own way.

Indeed, my existence has lately taken in some ballast, which gives it the necessary gravity. I do not now



frighten myself with the spectres which used so often to play before my eyes. Be, therefore, of good heart. You will keep me above water, and draw me back again to you.

ROME, Jan. 28, 1787.

Two considerations which more or less affect everything, and to which one is compelled at every moment to give way, I must not fail to set down, now that they have become quite clear to me.

First of all, then, the vast and yet merely fragmentary riches of this city, and each single object of art, are constantly suggesting the question, To what date does it owe its existence? Winckelmann urgently calls upon us to separate epochs, to distinguish the different styles which the several masters employed, and the way in which, in the course of time, they gradually perfected, and at last corrupted them again. Of the necessity of so doing, every real friend of art is soon thoroughly convinced. We all acknowledge the justice and importance of the requisition. But now how to attain to this conviction? However clearly and correctly the notion itself may be conceived, yet without long preparatory labours there will always be a degree of vagueness and obscurity as to the particular application. A sure eye, strengthened by many years' exercise, is above all else necessary. Here hesitation or reserve are of no avail. Attention, however, is now directed to this point; and every one who is in any degree in earnest seems convinced that in this domain a sure judgment is impossible, unless it has been formed by historical study.

The second consideration refers exclusively to the arts of the Greeks, and endeavours to ascertain how those inimitable artists proceeded in their successful attempts to evolve from the human form their system of divine types, which is so perfect and complete, that neither any leading character nor any intermediate

shade or transition is wanting. For my part, I cannot withhold the conjecture that they proceeded according to the same laws by which Nature works, and which I am endeavouring to discover. Only, there is in them something else, which I know not how to express.

ROME, Feb. 2, 1787.

Of the beauty of a walk through Rome by moonlight it is impossible to form a conception, without having witnessed it. All single objects are swallowed up by the great masses of light and shade, and nothing but grand and general outlines present themselves to the eye. For three several days we have enjoyed to the full the brightest and most glorious of nights. Peculiarly beautiful, at such a time, is the Coliseum. At night it is always closed. A hermit dwells in a little shrine within its range, and beggars of all kinds nestle beneath its crumbling arches: the latter had lit a fire on the arena, and a gentle wind bore down the smoke to the ground, so that the lower portion of the ruins was quite hid by it; while above, the vast walls stood out in deeper darkness before the eye. As we stopped at the gate to contemplate the scene through the iron gratings, the moon shone brightly in the heavens above. Presently the smoke found its way up the sides, and through every chink and opening, while the moon lit it up like a cloud. The sight was exceedingly glorious. In such a light one ought also to see the Pantheon, the Capitol, the Portico of St. Peter's, and the grand streets and squares. And thus sun and moon, as well as the human mind, have here to do a work quite different from what they produce elsewhere, — here where vast and yet elegant masses present themselves to their rays.

ROME, Feb. 13, 1787.

I must mention a trifling fall of luck, even though it is but a little one. However, all luck, whether great

or little, is of one kind, and always brings a joy with it. Near the Trinità de' Monti, the ground has been lately dug up to form a foundation for the new Obelisk; and now the whole of this region is choked up with the ruins of the Gardens of Lucullus, which subsequently became the property of the emperors. My perruquier was passing early one morning by the spot, and found in the pile of earth a flat piece of burnt clay with some figures on it. Having washed it, he showed it to me. I eagerly secured the treasure. It is not quite a span long, and seems to have been part of the stem of a great key. Two old men stand before an altar: they are of the most beautiful workmanship, and I am uncommonly delighted with my new acquisition. Were they on a cameo, one would greatly like to use it as a seal.

I have by me a collection also of many other objects; and none is worthless or unmeaning, — for that is impossible: here everything is instructive and significant. But my dearest treasure, however, is even that which I carry with me in my soul, and which, ever growing, is capable of a still greater growth.

ROME, Feb. 15, 1787.

Before departing for Naples, I could not get off from another public reading of my "Iphigenia." Madam Angelica and Hofrath Reiffenstein were the auditory; and even Signor Zucchi had solicited to be present, because it was the wish of his wife. During the reading, however, he worked away at a great architectural plan; for he is very skilful in executing drawings of this kind, and especially the decorative parts. He went with Clerisseau to Dalmatia, and was the associate of all his labours, drawing the buildings and ruins for the plates which the latter published. In this occupation he learned so much of perspective and effect, that in his old days he is able to amuse himself on paper in a very rational manner.

The tender soul of Angelica listened to the piece with incredible profoundness of sympathy. She promised me a drawing of one of the scenes, which I am to keep in remembrance of her. And now, just as I am about to quit Rome, I begin to feel myself tenderly attached to these kind-hearted people. It is a source of mingled feelings of pleasure and regret to know that people are sorry to part with you.

ROME, Feb. 16, 1787.

The safe arrival of "Iphigenia" has been announced to me in a most cheering and agreeable way. On my way to the opera, a letter from a well-known hand was brought to me, and was this time doubly welcome, having been sealed with the "Lion," — a premonitory token of the safe arrival of my packet. I hurried into the opera-house, and bustled to get a place among the strange faces beneath the great chandelier. At this moment, I felt myself drawn so close to my friends, that I could almost have sprung forward to embrace them. From my heart I thank you even for having simply mentioned the arrival of the "Iphigenia." May your next be accompanied with a few kind words of approval!

Enclosed is the list of those among whom I wish the copies I am to expect from Gösche to be distributed; for although it is with me a perfect matter of indifference how the public may receive these matters, still I hope by them to furnish some gratification to my friends at least.

One undertakes too much. When I think of my last four volumes together, I become almost giddy: I am obliged to take them up separately, and then the fit passes off.

I should, perhaps, have done better had I kept my first resolution to send these things, one by one, into the world, and so undertake with fresh vigour and

courage the new subjects which have most recently awakened my sympathy. Should I not, perhaps, do better were I to write the "Iphigenia at Delphi," instead of amusing myself with my fanciful sketches of "Tasso"? However, I have bestowed upon the latter too much of my thoughts to give it up, and let it fall to the ground.

I am sitting in the anteroom, near the chimney: and the warmth of a fire, for once well fed, gives me courage to commence a fresh sheet; for it is indeed a glorious thing to be able with our newest thoughts to reach into the distance, and by words to convey thither an idea of our immediate state and circumstances. The weather is right glorious, the days are sensibly lengthening, the laurels and box are in blossom, as also are the almond-trees. Early this morning I was delighted with a strange sight: I saw in the distance tall, pole-like trees, covered over and over with the loveliest violet flowers. On a closer examination I found it was the plant known in our hothouses as the Judas-tree, and to botanists as the *cercis siliquastrum*. Its palpilionaceous violet blossoms are produced directly from out of the stem. The stakes which I saw had been lopped last winter, and out of their bark well-shaped and deeply tinted flowers were bursting by thousands. The daisies are also springing out of the ground as thick as ants: the crocus and the pheasant's-eye are more rare, but even on this account more rich and ornamental.

What pleasures and what lessons the more southern land will impart to me, and what new results will arise to me from them! With the things of nature it is as with those of art: much as is written about them, every one who sees them forms them into new combinations for himself.

When I think of Naples, and indeed of Sicily; when I read their history, or look at views of them,—it strikes me as singular that it should be even in these

paradises of the world that the volcanic mountains manifest themselves so violently, for thousands of years alarming and confounding their inhabitants.

But I willingly drive out of my head the expectation of these much-prized scenes, in order that they may not lessen my enjoyment of the capital of the whole world before I leave it.

For the last fourteen days I have been moving about from morning to night. I am raking up everything I have not yet seen. I am also viewing, for a second or even for a third time, all the most important objects: and they are all arranging themselves in tolerable order within my mind; for while the chief objects are taking their right places, there is space and room between them for many a less important one. My enthusiasm is purifying itself, and becoming more decided; and now, at last, my mind can rise to the height of the greatest and purest creations of art with calm admiration.

In my situation one is tempted to envy the artist, who, by copies and imitations of some kind or other, can, as it were, come near to those great conceptions, and grasp them better than one who merely looks at and reflects upon them. In the end, however, every one feels he must do his best; and so I set all the sails of my intellect, in the hope of getting round this coast.

The stove is at present thoroughly warm, and piled up with excellent coals, which is seldom the case with us, as no one scarcely has time or inclination to attend to the fire two whole hours together. I will, therefore, avail myself of this agreeable temperature to rescue from my tablets a few notes which are almost obliterated.

On the 2d of February we attended the ceremony of blessing the tapers in the Sistine Chapel. I was in anything but a good humour, and shortly went off again with my friends: for I thought to myself, those are the very candles, which, for these three hundred years, have been dimming those noble paintings; and it is

their smoke, which, with priestly impudence, not merely hangs in clouds around the only sun of art, but from year to year obscures it more and more, and will at last envelop it in total darkness.

We then sought the open air, and after a long walk came upon St. Onofrio's, in a corner of which Tasso is buried. In the library of the monastery, there is a bust of him: the face is of wax, and I please myself with fancying that it was taken after death. Although the lines have lost some of their sharpness, and it is in some parts injured, still, on the whole, it serves better than any other I have yet seen to convey an idea of a talented, sensitive, and refined but reserved character.

So much for this time. I must now turn to glorious Volckmann's second part, which contains Rome, and which I have not yet seen. Before I start for Naples, the harvest must be housed: good days are coming for binding the sheaves.

ROME, Feb. 17, 1787.

The weather is incredibly and inexpressibly beautiful. For the whole of February, with the exception of four rainy days, a pure bright sky, and the days toward noon almost too warm! One is tempted out into the open air; and if, till lately, one spent all his time in the city among gods and heroes, the country has now all at once resumed its rights, and one can scarcely tear one's self from the surrounding scenes, lit up as they are with the most glorious days. Many a time does the remembrance come across me, how our northern artists labour to gain a charm from thatched roofs and ruined towers, — how they turn round and round every bush and bourn, and crumbling rock, in the hope of catching some picturesque effect; and I have been quite surprised at myself, when I find these things from habit still retaining a hold upon me. Be this as it may, however, within this last fortnight I have plucked up a little courage, and, sketch-book in hand,

have wandered up and down the hollows and heights of the neighbouring villas, and, without much consideration, have sketched off a few little objects characteristically southern and Roman, and am now trying (if good luck will come to my aid) to give them the requisite lights and shades.

It is a singular fact, that it is easy enough to clearly see and to acknowledge what is good and better, but that when one attempts to make them his own, and to grasp them, somehow or other they slip away, as it were, from between one's fingers; and we apprehend them, not by the standard of the true and right, but in accordance with our previous habits of thought and tastes. It is only by constant practice that we can hope to improve; but where am I to find time and a collection of models? Still, I do feel myself a little improved by the sincere and earnest efforts of the last fortnight.

The artists are ready enough with their hints and instructions, for I am quick in apprehending them. But then the lesson so quickly learnt and understood is not so easily put in practice. To apprehend quickly is, forsooth, the attribute of the mind; but correctly to execute that, requires the practice of a life.

And yet the amateur, however weak may be his efforts at imitation, need not be discouraged. The few lines which I scratch upon the paper, often hastily, seldom correctly facilitate any conception of sensible objects; for one advances to an idea more surely and more steadily, the more accurately and precisely he considers individual objects.

Only it will not do to measure one's self with artists: every one must go on in his own style. For nature has made provision for all her children: the meanest is not hindered in its existence, even by that of the most excellent. "A little man is still a man;" and with this remark we will let the matter drop.



I have seen the sea twice, — first the Adriatic, then the Mediterranean, — but only just to look at it. In Naples we hope to become better acquainted with it. All within me seems suddenly to urge me on : why not sooner — why not at a less sacrifice ? How many thousand things, some quite new, and from the beginning, I could still communicate !

ROME, Feb. 17, 1787.

Evening after the follies of the Carnival.

I am sorry to go away and leave Moritz alone. He is going on well ; but when he is left to himself, he immediately shuts himself up and is lost to the world. I have therefore exhorted him to write to Herder : the letter is enclosed. I should wish for an answer which may be serviceable and helpful to him. He is a strange good fellow : he would have been far more so, had he occasionally met with a friend sensible and affectionate enough to enlighten him as to his true state. At present he could not form an acquaintance likely to be more blessed to him than Herder's, if permitted frequently to write to him. He is at this moment engaged on a very laudable antiquarian attempt, which well deserves to be encouraged. Friend Herder could scarcely bestow his cares better, nor sow his good advice on more grateful soil.

The great portrait of myself which Tischbein has taken in hand begins already to stand out from the canvas. The painter has employed a clever statuary to make him a little model in clay, which is elegantly draped with the mantle. With this he is working away diligently ; for it must, he says, be brought to a certain point before we set out for Naples, and it takes no little time merely to cover so large a field of canvas with colours.

ROME, Feb. 19, 1787.

The weather continues to be finer than words can express. This has been a day miserably wasted among

fools. At nightfall I betook myself to the Villa Medici. A new moon has just shone upon us, and below the slender crescent I could with the naked eye discern almost the whole of the dark disc through the perspective. Over the earth hangs that haze of the day which the paintings of Claude have rendered so well known. In Nature, however, the phenomenon is perhaps nowhere so beautiful as it is here. Flowers are now springing out of the earth, and the trees putting forth blossoms which hitherto I have been unacquainted with. The almonds are in blossom, and between the dark green oaks they make an appearance as beautiful as it is new to me. The sky is like a bright blue taffeta in the sunshine: what will it be in Naples? Almost everything here is already green. My botanical whims gain food and strength from all around; and I am on the way to discover new and beautiful connections by means of which Nature — that vast prodigy which yet is nowhere visible — evolves the most manifold varieties out of the most simple.

Vesuvius is throwing out both ashes and stones: in the evening its summit appears to glow. May travailing Nature only favour us with a stream of lava! I can scarcely endure to wait till it shall be really my lot to witness such grand phenomena.

ROME, Feb. 21, 1787.

Ash Wednesday.

The folly is now at an end. The countless lights of yesterday evening were, however, a strange spectacle. One must have seen the Carnival in Rome to get entirely rid of the wish to see it again. Nothing can be written of it: as a subject of conversation it may be amusing enough. The most unpleasant feeling about it is, that real internal joy is wanting. There is a lack of money, which prevents their enjoying what morsel of pleasure they might otherwise still feel in it.

The great are economical, and hold back; those of the middle ranks are without the means; and the populace without spring or elasticity. In the last days there was an incredible tumult, but no heartfelt joy. The sky, so infinitely fine and clear, looked down nobly and innocently upon the mummeries.

However, as imitation is out of the question, and cannot be thought of here, I send you, to amuse the children, some drawings of carnival masks, and some ancient Roman costumes, which are also coloured, as they may serve to supply a missing chapter in the "Orbis Pictus."

ROME, Feb. 21, 1787.

I snatch a few moments in the intervals of packing, to mention some particulars which I have hitherto omitted. To-morrow we set off for Naples. I am already delighting myself with the new scenery, which I promise myself will be inexpressibly beautiful, and hope, in this paradise of nature, to win fresh freedom and pleasure for the study of ancient art on my return to sober Rome.

Packing up is light work to me; since I can now do it with a merrier heart than I had some six months ago, when I had to tear myself from all that was most dear and precious to me. Yes, it is now full six months since; and of the four months I have spent in Rome, not a moment has been lost. The boast may sound big: nevertheless, it does not say too much.

That "Iphigenia" has arrived, I know. May I learn, at the foot of Vesuvius, that it has met with a hearty welcome!

That Tischbein, who possesses as glorious an eye for art, is to accompany me on this journey, is to me the subject of great congratulation: still, as genuine Germans, we cannot throw aside all purposes and thoughts of work. We have bought the best drawing-paper, and

intend to sketch away; although, in all probability, the multitude, the beauty, and the splendour of the objects, will choke our good intentions.

One conquest I have gained over myself. Of all my unfinished poetical works, I shall take with me none but the "Tasso," of which I have the best hopes. If I could only know what you are now saying to "Iphigenia," your remarks might be some guide to me in my present labours; for the plan of "Tasso" is very similar, the subject still more confined, and in its several parts will be even still more elaborately finished. Still, I cannot tell as yet what it will eventually prove. What already exists of it must be destroyed. It is, perhaps, somewhat tediously drawn out; and neither the characters nor the plot, nor the tone of it, are at all in harmony with my present views.

In making a clearance I have fallen upon some of your letters; and, in reading them over, I have just lighted upon a reproach, that in my letters I contradict myself. It may be so, but I was not aware of it; for, as soon as I have written a letter, I immediately send it off. I must, however, confess that nothing seems to me more likely, for I have lately been tossed about by mighty spirits; and, therefore, it is quite natural if at times I know not where I am standing.

A story is told of a skipper, who, overtaken at sea by a stormy night, determined to steer for port. His little boy, who in the dark was crouching by him, asked him, "What silly light is that which I see, — at one time above us, and at another below us?" His father promised to explain it to him some other day; and then he told him that it was the beacon of the lighthouse, which to the eye, now raised, now depressed, by the wild waves, appeared accordingly, sometimes above, and sometimes below. I, too, am steering on a passion-tossed sea for the harbour; and if I can only manage to hold steadily in my eye the

gleam of the beacon, however it may seem to change its place, I shall at last enjoy the wished-for shore.

When one is on the eve of a departure, every earlier separation, and also that last one of all, and which is yet to be, comes involuntarily into one's thoughts; and so, on this occasion, the reflection enforces itself on my mind more strongly than ever, that man is always making far too great and too many preparations for life. Thus we — Tischbein and I, that is — must soon turn our backs upon many a precious and glorious object, and even upon our well-furnished museum. In it there are now standing three Junos for comparison, side by side; and yet we part from them as though they were not.

## NAPLES.

VELLETRI, Feb. 22, 1787.

WE arrived here in good time. The day before yesterday the weather became gloomy, and our fine days were overcast: still, some signs of the air seemed to promise that it would soon clear up again; and so, indeed, it turned out. The clouds gradually broke; here and there appeared the blue sky; and at last the sun shone full on our journey. We came through Albano, after having stopped before Genzano, at the entrance of a park, which the owner, Prince Chigi, in a very strange way holds, but does not keep up, on which account he will not allow any one to enter it. In it a true wilderness has been formed. Trees and shrubs, plants and weeds, grow, wither, fall, and rot at pleasure. That is all right, and, indeed, could not be better. The expanse before the entrance is inexpressibly fine. A high wall encloses the valley; a lattice gate affords a view into it; then the hill ascends, upon which, above you, stands the castle.

But now I dare not attempt to go on with the description; and I can merely say, that at the very moment when from the summit we caught sight of the mountains of Sezza, the Pontine Marshes, the sea and its islands, a heavy passing shower was traversing the marshes toward the sea; and the light and shade, constantly changing and moving, wonderfully enlivened and variegated the dreary plain. The effect was beautifully heightened by the sun's beams, which lit up with various hues the columns of smoke as they ascended from scattered and scarcely visible cottages.

Velletri is agreeably situated on a volcanic hill, which toward the north alone is connected with other hills, and toward three points of the heavens commands a wide and uninterrupted prospect.

We here visited the cabinet of the Cavaliere Borgia, who, favoured by his relationship with the cardinal, has managed, by means of the Propaganda, to collect some valuable antiquities and other curiosities, — Egyptian charms; idols cut out of the hardest rock; some small figures in metal, of earlier or later dates; some pieces of statuary of burnt clay, with figures in low relief, which were dug up in the neighbourhood, and on the authority of which one is almost tempted to ascribe to the ancient indigenous population a style of their own in art.

Of other kinds of varieties, there are numerous specimens in this museum. I noticed two Chinese black-painted boxes: on the sides of one, there was delineated the whole management of the silkworm, and on the other the cultivation of rice. Both subjects were very nicely conceived, and worked out with the utmost minuteness. Both the boxes and their covers are eminently beautiful, and, as well as the book in the library of the Propaganda, which I have already praised, are well worth seeing.

It is certainly inexplicable that these treasures

should be within so short a distance of Rome, and yet not be more frequently visited; but perhaps the difficulty and inconvenience of getting to these regions, and the attraction of the magic circle of Rome, may serve to excuse the fact. As we arrived at the inn, some women, who were sitting before the doors of their houses, called out to us, and asked if we wished to buy any antiquities; and then, as we showed a pretty strong hankering after them, they brought out some old kettles, fire-tongs, and such like utensils, and were ready to die with laughing at having made fools of us. When we seemed a little put out, our guide assured us, to our comfort, that it was a customary joke, and that all strangers had to submit to it.

I am writing this in very miserable quarters, and feel neither strength nor humour to make it any longer: therefore, I bid you a very good night.

FONDI, Feb. 23, 1787.

We were on the road very early, — by three in the morning. As the day broke, we found ourselves on the Pontine Marshes, which have not by any means so ill an appearance as the common description in Rome would make out. Of course, by merely passing once over the marshes, it is not possible to judge of so great an undertaking as that of the intended draining of them, which necessarily requires time to test its merits: still, it does appear to me that the works, which have been commenced by the Pope's orders, will, to a great extent at least, attain the desired end. Conceive to yourself a wide valley, which, as it stretches from north to south, has but a very slight fall, but which, toward the east and the mountains, is extremely low, but rises again considerably toward the sea on the west. Running in a straight line through the whole length of it, the ancient Via Appia has been restored.

On the right of the latter the principal drain has been cut, and in it the water flows with a rapid fall. By means of it the tract of land to the right has been drained, and is now profitably cultivated. As far as the eye can see, it is either already brought into cultivation, or evidently might be so if farmers could be found to take it, with the exception of one spot which lies extremely low.

The left side, which stretches toward the mountains, is more difficult to be managed. Here, however, cross-drains pass under the raised way into the chief drain: as, however, the surface sinks again toward the mountains, it is impossible by this means to carry off the water entirely. To meet this difficulty, it is proposed, I was told, to cut another leading drain along the foot of the mountains. Large patches, especially toward Terracina, are thinly planted with willows and poplars.

The posting-stations consist merely of long thatched sheds. Tischbein sketched one of them, and enjoyed for his reward a gratification which only he could enjoy. A white horse, having broken loose, had fled to the drained lands. Enjoying its liberty, it was galloping up and down on the brown turf like a flash of lightning. In truth, it was a glorious sight, rendered significant by Tischbein's rapture.

At the point where the ancient village of Meza once stood, the Pope has caused to be built a large and fine building, which indicates the centre of the level. The sight of it increases one's hopes and confidence of the success of the whole undertaking. While thus we travelled on, we kept up a lively conversation together, not forgetting the warning, that on this journey one must not go to sleep; and, in fact, we were strongly enough reminded of the danger of the atmosphere, by the blue vapour which, even in this season of the year, hangs above the ground. On this



account the more delightful, as it was the more longed for, was the rocky site of Terracina; and scarcely had we congratulated ourselves at the sight of it, than we caught a view of the sea beyond. Immediately afterward the other side of the mountain city presented to our eye a vegetation quite new to us. The Indian figs were pushing their large fleshy leaves amidst the gray green of dwarf myrtles, the yellowish green of the pomegranate, and the pale green of the olive. As we passed along, we noticed some flowers and shrubs such as we had never seen before. On the meadows the narcissus and the adonis were in flower. For a long time the sea was on our right, while close to us on the left ran an unbroken range of limestone rocks. It is a continuation of the Apennines, running down from Tivoli and touching the sea, which they do not leave again till you reach the Campagna di Romana, where it is succeeded by the volcanic formations of Frascati, Alba, and Velletri, and lastly by the Pontine Marshes. Monte Circello, with the opposite promontory of Terracina, where the Pontine Marshes terminate, probably consists also of a system of chalk rocks.

We left the seacoast, and soon reached the charming plain of Fondi. Every one must admire this little spot of fertile and well-cultivated land, enclosed with hills, which themselves are by no means wild. Oranges in great numbers are still hanging on the trees; the crops, all of wheat, are beautifully green; olives are growing in the fields; and the little city is in the bottom. A palm-tree, which stood out a marked object in the scenery, received our greetings. So much for this evening. Pardon the scrawl. I must write without thinking, for writing's sake. The objects are too numerous, my resting-place too wretched, and yet my desire to commit something to paper too great. With nightfall we reached this place, and it is now time to go to rest.

S. AGATA, Feb. 24, 1787.

Although in a wretchedly cold chamber, I must yet try and give you some account of a beautiful day. It was already nearly light when we drove out of Fondi, and we were forthwith greeted by the orange-trees which hang over the walls on both sides of our road. The trees are loaded with such numbers as can only be imagined and not expressed. Toward the top the young leaf is yellowish, but below, and in the middle, of sappy green. Mignon was quite right to long for them.

After this we travelled through clean and well-worked fields of wheat, planted at convenient distances with olive-trees. A soft breeze was moving, and brought to the light the silvery under-surface of the leaves, as the branches swayed gently and elegantly. It was a gray morning: a north wind promised soon to dispel all the clouds.

Then the road entered a valley between stony but well-dressed fields,—the crops of the most beautiful green. At certain spots one saw some roomy places, paved and surrounded with low walls: on these the corn, which is never carried home in sheaves, is thrashed out at once. The valley gradually narrows, and the road becomes mountainous, bare rocks of limestone standing on both sides of us. A violent storm followed us, with a fall of sleet, which thawed very slowly.

The walls of an ancient style, built after the pattern of net-work, charmed us exceedingly. On the heights the soil is rocky, but nevertheless planted with olive-trees wherever there is the smallest patch of soil to receive them. Next we drove over a plain covered with olive-trees, and then through a small town. We here noticed altars, ancient tombstones, and fragments of every kind, built up in the walls of the pleasure-houses in the gardens; then the lower stones of ancient

villas, once excellently built, but now filled up with earth, and overgrown with olives. At last we caught a sight of Vesuvius, with a cloud of smoke resting on its brow.

Molo di Gäeta greeted us again with the richest of orange-trees: we remained there some hours. The creek before the town, which the tide flows up to, affords one of the finest views. Following the line of coast on the right, till the eye reaches at last the horn of the crescent, one sees at a moderate distance the fortress of Gäeta on the rocks. The left horn stretches out still farther, presenting to the beholder first of all a line of mountains, then Vesuvius, and, beyond all, the islands. Ischia lies before you, nearly in the centre.

Here I found on the shore, for the first time in my life, a starfish and an echinus thrown up by the sea; a beautiful green leaf (*tethys foliacea*), smooth as the finest bath-paper; and other remarkable rubble-stones, the most common being limestone, but occasionally also serpentine, jasper, quartz, granite, breccian pebbles, porphyry, marble of different kinds, and glass of a blue and green colour. The two last-mentioned specimens are scarcely productions of the neighbourhood. They are probably the débris of ancient buildings; and thus we have seen the waves before our eyes playing with the splendours of the ancient world. We tarried awhile, and pleased ourselves with meditating on the nature of man, whose hopes, whether in the civilised or savage state, are so soon disappointed.

Departing from Molo, the traveller still has a beautiful prospect, even after his quitting the sea. The last glimpse of it was a lovely bay, of which we took a sketch. We now came upon a good fruit country, with hedges of aloes. We noticed an aqueduct, which ran from the mountains over some nameless and orderless masses of ruins.

Next comes the ferry over the Garigliano. After

crossing it, you pass through tolerably fruitful districts, till you reach the mountains. Nothing striking. At length the first hill of lava. Here begins an extensive and glorious district of hill and vale, over which the snowy summits are towering in the distance. On the nearest eminence, lies a long town, which strikes the eye with an agreeable effect. In the valley lies S. Agata, a considerable inn, where a cheerful fire was burning in a chimney arranged as a cabinet: however, our room is cold,—no window, only shutters, which I am just hastening to close.

NAPLES, Feb. 25, 1787.

And here we are happily arrived at last, and with good omens. Of our day's journey thus much only. We left S. Agata at sunrise, a violent northeast wind blowing on our backs, which continued the whole day through. It was not till noon that it was master of the clouds. We suffered much from the cold.

Our road again lay among and over volcanic hills, among which I did not notice many limestone rocks. At last we reached the plains of Capua, and shortly afterward Capua itself, where we halted at noon. In the afternoon a beautiful but flat country lay stretched before us. The road is broad, and runs through fields of green corn, so even that it looked like a carpet, and was at least a span high. Along the fields are planted rows of poplars; from which the branches are lopped to a great height, that the vines may run up them; this is the case all the way to Naples. The soil is excellent, light, loose and well worked. The vine-stocks are of extraordinary strength and height, and their shoots hang in festoons like nests from tree to tree.

Vesuvius was all the while on our left, with a strong smoke; and I felt a quiet joy to think that at last I beheld with my own eyes this most remarkable

object. The sky became clearer and clearer, and at length the sun shone quite hot into our narrow, rolling lodging. The atmosphere was perfectly clear and bright as we approached Naples; and we now found ourselves, in truth, in quite another world. The houses, with flat roofs, at once bespeak a different climate. Inside, perhaps, they may not be very comfortable. Every one is in the streets, or sitting in the sun as long as it shines. The Neapolitan believes himself to be in possession of Paradise, and entertains a very melancholy opinion of our northern lands. "*Sempre neve, caso di legno, gran ignoranza, ma danari assai.*" Such is the picture they draw of our condition. Interpreted for the benefit of all our German folk, it means, "Always snow, wooden houses, great ignorance, but money enough."

Naples at first sight leaves a free, cheerful, and lively impression. Numberless beings are passing and repassing each other: the king is gone hunting, the queen *promising*; and so things could not be better.

NAPLES, Monday, Feb. 26, 1787.

"*Alla Locanda del Sgr. Moriconi al Largo del Castello.*" Under this address, no less cheerful than high-sounding, letters from all the four quarters of heaven will henceforth find us. Round the castle, which lies by the sea, there stretches a large open space, which, although surrounded on all sides with houses, is not called a square, or *piazza*, but a *largo*, or expanse. Perhaps the name is derived from ancient times, when it was still an open and unenclosed country. Here, in a corner house on one side of the largo, we have taken up our lodgings in a corner room, which commands a free and lively view of the ever moving surface. An iron balcony runs before several windows, and even round the corner. One would never leave it if the sharp wind were not extremely cutting.

The room is cheerfully decorated, especially the ceiling, whose arabesques of a hundred compartments bear witness to the proximity of Pompeii and Herculaneum. Now, all this is very well and very fine; but there is no fireplace, no chimney, and yet February exercises even here its rights. I expressed a wish for something to warm me. They brought in a tripod of sufficient height from the ground for one conveniently to hold one's hands over it; on it was placed a shallow brasier, full of extremely fine charcoal, red-hot, but covered smoothly over with ashes. We now found it an advantage to be able to manage this process of domestic economy: we had learned that at Rome. With the ring of a key, from time to time, one cautiously draws away the ashes of the surface, so that a few of the embers may be exposed to the free air. Were you impatiently to stir up the glowing coals, you would no doubt experience for a few moments great warmth; but you would in a short time exhaust the fuel, and then you must pay a certain sum to have the brasier filled again.

I did not feel quite well, and could have wished for more of ease and comfort. A reed matting was all there was to protect one's feet from the stone floor: skins are not usual. I determined to put on a sailor's cloak which we had brought with us in fun; and it did me good service, especially when I tied it round my body with the rope of my box. I must have looked very comical, something between a sailor and a Capuchin. When Tischbein came back from visiting some of his friends, and found me in this dress, he could not refrain from laughing.

NAPLES, Feb. 27, 1787.

Yesterday I kept quietly at home, in order to get rid of a slight bodily ailment. To-day has been a regular carouse, and the time passed rapidly while we visited the most glorious objects. Let man talk, de-

scribe, and paint as he may, — to be here is more than all. The shore, the creeks, and the bay, Vesuvius, the city, the suburbs, the castles, the atmosphere! In the evening, too, we went into the Grotto of Posilippo, while the setting sun was shining into it from the other side. I can pardon all who lose their senses in Naples; and I remember with emotion my father, who retained to the last an indelible impression of those objects which to-day I have cast eyes upon for the first time. Just as it is said, that people who have once seen a ghost are never afterward seen to smile, so in the opposite sense it may be said of him, that he never could become perfectly miserable so long as he remembered Naples. According to my fashion, I am quite still and calm; and when anything happens too absurd, only open my eyes widely, — very widely.

NAPLES, Feb. 28, 1787.

To-day we visited Philip Hackert, the famous landscape painter, who enjoys the special confidence and peculiar favour of the king and queen. A wing of the palace Franca Villa has been assigned to him. Having furnished it with true artistic taste, he feels great satisfaction in inhabiting it. He is a very precise and prudent man, who, with untiring industry, manages, nevertheless, to enjoy life.

After that we took a sail, and saw all kinds of fish and wonderful shapes drawn out of the waves. The day was glorious, the *tramontane* (north winds) tolerable.

NAPLES, March 1, 1787.

Even in Rome my self-willed, hermit-like humour was forced to assume a more social aspect than I altogether liked. No doubt it appears a strange mode of proceeding, to go into the world in order to be alone: accordingly, I could not resist Prince von Waldeck, who most kindly invited me, and by his

rank and influence has procured me the enjoyment of many privileges. We had scarcely reached Naples, where he has been residing a long while, when he sent us an invitation to pay a visit with him to Puzzuoli and the neighbourhood. I was thinking already of Vesuvius for to-day; but Tischbein has forced me to take this journey, which, agreeable enough of itself, promises from the fine weather, and the society of a perfect gentleman and well-educated prince, very much both of pleasure and profit. We had also seen in Rome a beautiful lady, who, with her husband, is inseparable from the prince. She also is to be of the party, and we hope for a most delightful day.

Moreover, I was intimately known to this noble society, having met them previously. The prince, upon our first acquaintance, had asked me what I was then busy with; and the plan of my "Iphigenia" was so fresh in my recollection, that I was able one evening to relate it to them circumstantially. They entered into it: still, I fancied I could observe that something livelier and wilder was expected of me.

#### EVENING.

It would be difficult to give an account of this day. How often has the cursory reading of a book which irresistibly carries one with it exercised the greatest influence on a man's whole life, and produced at once a decisive effect, which neither a second perusal nor earnest reflection can either strengthen or modify. This I experienced in the case of the "Sakuntala." And do not great men affect us somewhat in the same way? A sail to Puzzuoli, little trips by land, cheerful walks through the most wonderful regions in the world! Beneath the purest sky, the most treacherous soil; ruins of inconceivable opulence, oppressive and saddening; boiling waters, clefts exhaling sulphur, rocks of slag defying vegetable life, bare, forbidding tracts; and then, at last, on all sides the most luxuriant vegetation,



seizing every spot and cranny possible, running over every lifeless object, edging the lakes and brooks, and nourishing a glorious wood of oak on the brink of an ancient crater!

And thus one is driven to and fro between nature and the history of nations: one wishes to meditate, and soon feels himself quite unfit for it. In the meantime, however, the living live on merrily, with a joyousness which we, too, would share. Educated persons, belonging to the world and the world's ways, but warned by serious events, become, nevertheless, disposed for reflection. A boundless view of land, sea, and sky,— and then called away to the side of a young and amiable lady, accustomed and delighted to receive homage.

Amidst all this giddy excitement, however, I failed not to make many notes. The future reduction of these will be greatly facilitated by the map we consulted on the spot, and by a hasty sketch of Tischbein's. To-day it is not possible for me to make the least addition to these.

#### MARCH 2.

Thursday I ascended Vesuvius; although the weather was unsettled, and the summit of the mountain surrounded by clouds. I took a carriage as far as Resina, and then, on the back of a mule, began the ascent, having vineyards on both sides. Next, on foot, I crossed the lava of the year '71, on the surface of which a fine but compact moss was already growing; then upward on the side of the lava. The hut of the hermit on the height was on my left hand. After this we climbed the Ash-hill, which is wearisome walking: two-thirds of the summit were enveloped in clouds. At last we reached the ancient crater, now filled up, where we found recent lava, only two months and fourteen days old, and also a slight streak of only five days, which was, however, already cold. Passing over

these, we next ascended a height which had been thrown up by volcanic action: it was smoking from all its points. As the smoke rolled away from us, I essayed to approach the crater. Scarcely, however, had we taken fifty steps in the steam, when it became so dense that I could scarcely see my shoes. It was to no purpose that we held snuff continually before our nostrils. My guide had disappeared, and the footing on the lava lately thrown up was very unsteady. I therefore thought it right to turn round, and reserve the sight for a finer day and for less of smoke. However, I now know how difficult it is to breathe in such an atmosphere.

Otherwise the mountain was quite still. There was no flame, no roaring, no stones thrown up, — all which it usually does at most times. I reconnoitred it well, with the intention of regularly storming it as soon as the weather shall improve. What specimens of lava I found were mostly of well-known kinds. I noticed, however, a phenomenon which appeared to me very strange: I intend to examine it again still more closely, and also to consult connoisseurs and collectors about it. It is a stalactite incrustation of a part of the volcanic funnel, which has been thrown down, and now rears itself in the centre of the old choked-up crater. This mass of solid grayish stalactite appears to have been formed by the sublimation of the very finest volcanic evaporation, without the coöperation of either moisture or fusion. It will furnish occasion for further thinking.

To-day, the 3d of March, the sky is covered with clouds, and a sirocco is blowing. For post-day, good weather.

A very strange medley of men, beautiful houses, and most singular fishes, are here to be seen in abundance.

Of the situation of the city, and of its glories, which have been so often described and commended, not a

word from me. "*Vedi Napoli e poi muori,*" is the cry here. "See Naples, and die."

NAPLES, March 2, 1787.

That no Neapolitian will allow the merits of his city to be questioned, that their poets should sing in extravagant hyperbole of the blessings of its site, are not matters to quarrel about, even though a pair of Vesuviuses stood in its neighbourhood. Here one almost casts aside all remembrances, even of Rome. As compared with this free, open situation, the capital of the world, in the basin of the Tiber, looks like a cloister built on a bad site.

The sea, with its vessels and their destinations, presents wholly new matters for reflection. The frigate for Palermo started yesterday, with a strong, direct north wind. This time it certainly will not be more than six and thirty hours on the passage. With what longing I watched the full sails as the vessel passed between Capri and Cape Minerva, until at last it disappeared. Who could see one's beloved thus sailing away and survive? The sirocco (south wind) is now blowing: if the wind becomes stronger, the breakers over the Mole will be glorious.

To-day being Friday, the grand promenade of the nobility came on, when every one displays his equipages, and especially his stud. It is almost impossible to see finer horses anywhere than in Naples. For the first time in my life I have felt an interest in these animals.

NAPLES, March 3, 1787.

Here you have a few leaves, as reporters of the entertainment I have met with in this place; also a corner of the cover of your letter, stained with smoke, in testimony of its having been with me on Vesuvius. You must not, however, fancy, either in your waking thoughts or in your dreams, that I am surrounded by

perils. Be assured that wherever I venture, there is no more danger than on the road to Belvedere. "The earth is the Lord's everywhere," may well be said in reference to such objects. I never seek adventure out of a mere rage for singularity; but because I am mostly cool, and can catch at a glance the peculiarities of any object, I may well do and venture more than many others. The passage to Sicily is anything but dangerous. A few days ago the frigate sailed for Palermo with a favourable breeze from the north, and leaving Capri on the right, has, no doubt, accomplished the voyage in six and thirty hours. In all such expeditions, one finds the danger to be far less in reality than, at a distance, one is apt to imagine.

Of earthquakes, there is not at present a vestige in Lower Italy. In the upper provinces, Rimini and its neighbourhood have lately suffered. Thus the earth has strange humours; and people talk of earthquakes here just as we do of wind and weather, and as in Thuringia they talk of conflagrations.

I am delighted to find that you are now familiar with the two editions of my "Iphigenia," but still more pleased should I be had you been more sensible of the difference between them. I know what I have done for it, and may well speak thereof: since I feel that I could make still further improvements. If it be a bliss to enjoy the good, it is still greater happiness to discern the better; for in art the best only is good enough.

NAPLES, March 5, 1787.

We spent the second Sunday of Lent in visiting church after church. As in Rome all is highly solemn, so here every hour is merry and cheerful. The Neapolitan school of painting, too, can only be understood in Naples. One is astonished to see the whole front of a church painted from top to bottom. Over the door of one, Christ is driving out of the temple the

buyers and sellers, who, terribly frightened, are nimbly huddling up their wares, and hurrying down the steps on both sides. In another church there is a room over the entrance, which is richly ornamented with frescoes representing the deprivation of Heliodorus.<sup>1</sup> Luca Giordano must indeed have painted rapidly, to fill such large areas in a lifetime. The pulpit, too, is here not always a mere cathedra, as it is in other places, — a place where one only may teach at a time, — but a gallery. Along one of these I once saw a Capuchin walking up down, and, now from one end, now from another, reproaching the people with their sins. What a deal I could say about it!

But neither to be told nor to be described is the glory of a night of the full moon such as we have enjoyed here. Wandering through the streets and squares, and on the quay, with its long promenade, and then backward and forward on the beach, one felt really possessed with the feeling of the infinity of space. So to dream is really worth all trouble.

NAPLES, March 5, 1787.

I made to-day the acquaintance of an excellent individual, and I must briefly give you a general description of him. It is the Chevalier Filangieri, famous for his work on legislation. He belongs to those noble young men who wish to promote the happiness and the moderate liberty of mankind. In his bearing you recognise at once the soldier, the chevalier, and the man of the world; but this appearance is softened by an expression of tender moral sensibility, which is diffused over his whole countenance, and shines forth most agreeably in his character and conversation. He

<sup>1</sup> Heliodorus, Bishop of Tricca, in Thessaly, in the fourth century, author of the "Æthiopics, or, the Amours of Theagenes and Chariclea," was, it is said, deprived of his bishopric for writing this work. — A. W. M.

is, moreover, heartily attached to his sovereign and country, even though he cannot approve of all that goes on. He is also oppressed with a fear of Joseph II. The idea of a despot, even though it only floats as a phantom in the air, excites the apprehensions of every noble-minded man. He spoke to me without reserve, of what Naples had to fear from him; but in particular he was delighted to speak of Montesquieu, Beccaria, and of some of his own writings, — all in the same spirit of the best intention, and of a heart full of youthful enthusiasm of doing good. And yet he may one day be classed with the Thirty. He has also made me acquainted with an old writer, from whose inexhaustible depths these new Italian friends of legislation derive intense encouragement and edification. He is called Giambattista Vico, and is preferred even to Montesquieu. After a hasty perusal of his book, which was lent to me as a sacred deposit, I laid it down, saying to myself, Here are sublime anticipations of good and right, which once must, or ought to be, realised, drawn apparently from a serious contemplation both of the past and of the present. It is well when a nation possesses such a forefather: the Germans will one day receive a similar codex from *Hamann*.

NAPLES, March 6, 1787.

Most reluctantly, yet for the sake of good-fellowship, Tischbein accompanied me to Vesuvius. To him, — the artist of form, who concerns himself with none but the most beautiful of human and animal shapes, and one also whose taste and judgment lead to humanise even the formless rock and landscape — such a frightful and shapeless conglomeration of matter, which, moreover, is continually preying on itself, and proclaiming war against every idea of the beautiful, must have appeared utterly abominable.

We started in two calèches, as we did not trust ourselves to drive through the crowd and whirl of the city.

The drivers kept up an incessant shouting at the top of their voice whenever donkeys, with their loads of wood or rubbish, or rolling calèches, met us, or else warning the porters with their burdens, or other pedestrians, whether children or old people, to get out of the way. All the while, however, they drove at a sharp trot, without the least stop or check.

As you get into the remoter suburbs and gardens, the road soon begins to show signs of a Plutonic action. For as we had not had rain for a long time, the naturally ever-green leaves were covered with a thick gray and ashy dust; so that the glorious blue sky, and the scorching sun which shone down upon us, were the only signs that we were still among the living.

At the foot of the steep ascent, we were received by two guides, one old, the other young, but both active fellows. The first pulled me up the path, the other, Tischbein, — pulled I say: for these guides are girded round the waist with a leathern belt, which the traveller takes hold of; and when drawn up by his guide, he makes his way the more easily with foot and staff. In this manner we reached the flat from which the cone rises. Toward the north lay the ruins of the Somma.

A glance westward over the country beneath us, removed, as well as a bath could, all feeling of exhaustion and fatigue; and we now went round the ever-smoking cone, as it threw out its stones and ashes. Wherever the space allowed of our viewing it at a sufficient distance, it appeared a grand and elevating spectacle. In the first place, a violent thundering resounded from its deepest abyss; then stones of larger and smaller sizes were showered into the air by thousands, and enveloped by clouds of ashes. The greatest part fell again into the gorge: the rest of the fragments, receiving a lateral inclination, and falling on the outside of the crater, made a marvellous rumbling noise. First of all, the larger masses plumped

against the side, and rebounded with a dull, heavy sound; then the smaller came rattling down; and last of all, a shower of ashes was trickling down. All this took place at regular intervals, which, by slowly counting, we were able to measure pretty accurately.

Between the Somma, however, and the cone, the space is narrow enough: moreover, several stones fell around us, and made the circuit anything but agreeable. Tischbein now felt more disgusted than ever with Vesuvius; as the monster, not content with being hateful, showed inclination to become mischievous also.

As, however, the presence of danger generally exercises on man a kind of attraction, and calls forth a spirit of opposition in the human breast to defy it, I bethought myself, that, in the interval of the eruptions, it would be possible to climb up the cone to the crater, and to get back before it broke out again. I held a council on this point with our guides, under one of the overhanging rocks of the Somma, where, encamped in safety, we refreshed ourselves with the provisions we had brought with us. The younger guide was willing to run the risk with me. We stuffed our hats full of linen and silk handkerchiefs, and, staff in hand, prepared to start, I holding on to his girdle.

The little stones were yet rattling round us, and the ashes still drizzling, as the stalwart youth hurried forth with me across the hot, glowing rubble. We soon stood on the brink of the vast chasm, the smoke of which, although a gentle air was bearing it away from us, unfortunately veiled the interior of the crater, which smoked all round from a thousand crannies. At intervals, however, we caught sight, through the smoke, of the cracked walls of the rock. The view was neither instructive nor delightful; but for the very reason that one saw nothing, one lingered in the hope of catching a glimpse of something more; and so we



forgot our slow counting. We were standing on a narrow ridge of the vast abyss: of a sudden the thunder pealed aloud; we ducked our heads involuntarily, as if that would have rescued us from the precipitated masses. The smaller stones soon rattled; and without considering that we had again an interval of cessation before us, and only too much rejoiced to have outstood the danger, we rushed down, and reached the foot of the hill, together with the drizzling ashes, which pretty thickly covered our heads and shoulders.

Tischbein was heartily glad to see me again. After a little scolding and a little refreshment, I was able to give my especial attention to the old and new lava. And here the elder of the guides was able to instruct me accurately in the signs by which the ages of the several strata were indicated. The older were already covered with ashes, and rendered quite smooth: the newer, especially those which had cooled slowly, presented a singular appearance. As, sliding along, they carried away with them the solid objects which lay on the surface, it necessarily happened, that, from time to time, several would come into contact with each other; and these again being swept still farther by the molten stream, and pushed one over the other, would eventually form a solid mass, with wonderful jags and corners, still more strange even than the somewhat similarly formed piles of the icebergs. Among this fused and waste matter I found many great rocks, which, being struck with a hammer, present on the broken face a perfect resemblance to the primeval rock formation. The guides maintained that these were old lava from the lowest depths of the mountain, which are very often thrown up by the volcano.

Upon our return to Naples, we noticed some small houses of only one story, and of a remarkable appearance and singular build, without windows, and receiv-

ing all their light from the doors, which opened on the road. The inhabitants sit before them at the door from the morning to the night, when they at last retire to their holes.

The city, which in the evening is all of a tumult, though in a somewhat different manner, extorted from me the wish that I might be able to stay here for some time, in order to sketch, to the best of my powers, the moving scene. It will not, however, be possible.

NAPLES, Wednesday, March 7, 1787.

This week Tischbein has shown to me, and without reserve commented upon, the greater part of the artistic treasures of Naples. An excellent judge and drawer of animals, he had long before called my attention to a horse's head in brass in the Palace Columbrano. We went there to-day. This relic of art is placed in the court, right opposite the gateway, in a niche over a well, and really excites one's astonishment. What must have been the effect of the whole head and body together? The perfect horse must have been far larger than those at St. Mark's: moreover, the head alone, when closely viewed, enables you distinctly to recognise and admire the character and spirit of the animal. The splendid frontal bones, the snorting nostrils, the pricked ears, the stiff mane, — a strong, excited, and spirited creature!

We turned round to notice a female statue which stands in a niche over the gateway. It has been already described by Winckelmann as an imitation of a dancing-girl, with the remark, that such *artistes* represent to us in living movement, and under the greatest variety, that beauty of form which the masters of statuary exhibit in the (as it were) petrified nymphs and goddesses. It is very light and beautiful. The head, which had been broken off, has been skil-

fully set on again: otherwise it is nowise injured, and most assuredly deserves a better place.

NAPLES, March 9, 1787.

To-day I received your dear letter of the 16th of February; only, keep on writing. I have made arrangements for the forwarding of my letters, and I shall continue to do so if I move farther. Quite strange does it seem to me to read that my friends do not often see each other; and yet perhaps nothing is more common than for men not to meet who are living close together.

The weather here has become dull: a change is at hand. Spring is commencing, and we shall soon have some rainy days. The summit of Vesuvius has not been clear since I paid it a visit. These few last nights flames have been seen to issue from it; to-day it is keeping quiet, and therefore more violent eruptions are expected.

The storms of these last few days have shown to us a glorious sea: it is at such times that the waves may be studied in their worthiest style and shape. Nature, indeed, is the only book which presents important matter on all its pages. On the other hand, the theatres have ceased to furnish any amusement. During Lent nothing but operas, which differ in no respect from more profane ones but by the absence of ballets between the acts. In all other respects they are as gay as possible. In the theatre of S. Carlo they are representing the destruction of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar. To me it is only a great raree-show: my taste is quite spoilt for such things.

To-day we were with the Prince von Waldeck at Capo di Monte, where there is a great collection of paintings, coins, etc. It is not well arranged, but the things themselves are above praise. We can now correct and confirm many traditional ideas. Those coins,

gems, and vases, which, like the stunted citron-trees, come to us in the North one by one, have quite a different look here, in the mass, and, so to speak, in their own home and native soil. For where works of art are rare, their very rarity gives them a value: here we learn to treasure none but the intrinsically valuable.

A very high price is at present given for Etruscan vases, and certainly beautiful and excellent pieces are to be found among them. Not a traveller but wishes to possess some specimen or other of them. One does not seem to value money here at the same rate as at home: I fear that I myself shall yet be tempted.

NAPLES, Friday, March 9, 1787.

This is the pleasant part of travelling, that even ordinary matters, by their novelty and unexpectedness, often acquire the appearance of an adventure. As I came back from Capo di Monte, I paid an evening visit to Filangieri, and saw sitting on the sofa, by the side of the mistress of the house, a lady whose external appearance seemed to agree but little with the familiarity and easy manner she indulged in. In a light striped silk gown, of very ordinary texture, and a most singular cap by way of head-dress, but being of a pretty figure, she looked like some poor dress-maker, who, taken up with the care of adorning the persons of others, had little time to bestow on her own external appearance. Such people are so accustomed to expect their labours to be remunerated, that they seem to have no idea of working gratis for themselves. She did not allow her gossip to be at all checked by my arrival, but went on talking of a number of ridiculous adventures which had happened to her, that day, or which had been occasioned by her own *brusquerie* and impetuosity.

The lady of the house wished to help me to get in a word or two, and spoke of the beautiful site of Capo

di Monte, and of the treasures there. Upon this the lively lady sprang up with a good high jump from the sofa, and as she stood on her feet seemed still prettier than before. She took leave, and running to the door, said as she passed me, "The Filangieri are coming one of these days to dine with me. I hope to see you also." She was gone before I could say yes. I now learned that she was the Princess ———, a near relative to the master of the house.<sup>1</sup> The Filangieri were not rich, and lived in a becoming but moderate style; and such I presumed was the case with my little princess, especially as such titles are anything but rare in Naples. I set down the name, and the day and hour, and left them, without any doubt but that I should be found at the right place in due time.

NAPLES, Sunday, March 11, 1787.

As my stay in Naples cannot be long, I take my most remote points first of all: the near throw themselves, as it were, in one's way. I have been with Tischbein to Pompeii; and on our road all those glorious prospects which were already well known to us from many a landscape-drawing, lay right and left, dazzling us by their number and unbroken succession.

Pompeii amazes one by its narrowness and littleness, — confined streets, but perfectly straight, and furnished on both sides with a foot pavement; little houses without windows, the rooms being lit only by the doors, which opened on the atrium and the galleries. Even the public edifices, the tomb at the gate, a temple, and also a villa in its neighbourhood, are like models and dolls' houses, rather than real buildings. The rooms — corridors, galleries, and all — are painted with bright and cheerful colours, the wall-surfaces uniform; in the middle some elaborate painting (most of these have been removed); on the borders and at the

<sup>1</sup> Filangieri's sister.

corners, light, tasteful arabesques, terminating in the pretty figures of nymphs or children; while in others, from out of garlands of flowers, beasts, wild and tame, are issuing. Thus does the city, which first of all the hot shower of stones and ashes overwhelmed, and afterward the excavators plundered, still bear witness, even in its present utterly desolate state, to a taste for painting and the arts common to the whole people, of which the most enthusiastic *dilettante* of the present day has no idea; nor has he any feeling nor desire for it.

When one considers the distance of this town from Vesuvius, it is clear that the volcanic matter which overwhelmed it could not have been carried hither either by any sudden impetus of the mountain or by the wind. We must rather suppose that these stones and ashes had been floating for a time in the air, like clouds, until at last they fell upon the doomed city.

In order to form a clear and precise idea of this event, one has only to think of a mountain village buried in snow. The spaces between the houses, and indeed the crushed houses themselves, were filled up; however, it is not improbable that some of the masonry may at different points have peeped above the surface, and in this way have excited the notice of those by whom the hill was broken up for vineyards and gardens. And, no doubt, many an owner, on digging up his own portion, must have made valuable gleanings. Several rooms were found quite empty; and in the corner of one a heap of ashes was observed, under which a quantity of household articles and works of art was concealed.

The strange, and in some degree unpleasant, impression which this mummied city leaves on the mind, we got rid of, as, sitting in the arbour of a little inn close to the sea (where we partook of a frugal meal), we revelled in the blue sky, the glaring ripple of the sea,

and the bright sunshine; and cherished a hope that when the vine-leaf should again cover the hill we might all be able to pay it a second visit, and once more enjoy ourselves together on the same spot.

As we approached the city, we again came upon the little cottages, which now appeared to us perfectly to resemble those in Pompeii. We obtained permission to enter one, and found it extremely clean, — neatly platted, rush-bottomed chairs, a buffet, covered all over with gilding, or painted with variegated flowers, and highly varnished. Thus, after so many centuries, and such numberless changes, this country instils into its inhabitants the same customs and habits of life, the same inclinations and tastes.

NAPLES, Monday, March 12, 1787.

To-day, according to my custom, I have gone slowly through the city, noting for future description several points, but about which, I am sorry to say, I cannot communicate anything to-day. All tends to this one conclusion: that a highly favoured land, which furnishes in abundance the chief necessaries of existence, produces men also of a happy disposition, who, without trouble or anxiety, trust to to-morrow to bring them what to-day has been wanting, and consequently live on in a light-hearted, careless sort of life. Momentary gratification, moderate enjoyments, a passing sorrow, and a cheerful resignation.

The morning has been cold and damp, with a little rain. In my walk I came upon a spot where the great slabs of the pavement appeared swept quite clean. To my great surprise, I saw, on this smooth and even spot, a number of ragged boys, squatting in a circle, and spreading out their hands over the ground as if to warm them. At first I took it to be some game that they were playing. When, however, I noticed the perfect seriousness and composure of their

countenances, with an expression on it of a gratified want, I therefore put my brains to the utmost stretch, but they refused to enlighten me as I desired. I was, therefore, obliged to ask what it could be that had induced these little imps to take up this strange position, and had collected them in so regular a circle.

Upon this I was informed that a neighbouring smith had been heating the tire of a wheel, and that this is done in the following manner. The iron tire is laid on the pavement, and around it as much of oak chips as is considered sufficient to soften the iron to the required degree: the lighted wood burns away, the tire is riveted to the wheel, and the ashes carefully swept up. The little vagabonds take advantage of the heat communicated to the pavement, and do not leave the spot till they have drawn from it the last radiation of warmth. Similar instances of contentedness, and sharp-witted profiting by what otherwise would be wasted, occur here in great number. I notice in this people the most shrewd and active industry, not to get rich, but to live free from care.

#### EVENING.

In order not to make a mistake yesterday as to the house of my odd little princess, and to be there in time, I called a hackney-carriage. It stopped before the grand entrance of a spacious palace. As I had no idea of coming to so splendid a dwelling, I repeated to him most distinctly the name: he assured me it was quite right. I soon found myself in a spacious court, still and lonesome, empty and clean, enclosed by the principal edifice and side buildings. The architecture was the well-known light Neapolitan style, as was also the colouring. Right before me was a grand porch, and a broad but not very high flight of steps. On both sides of it stood a line of servants in splendid liveries, who, as I passed them, bowed very low. I thought myself the Sultan in Wieland's fairy



tale, and, after his example, took courage. Next I was received by the upper domestics, till at last the most courtly of them opened a door, and introduced me into a spacious apartment, which was as splendid, but also as empty of people, as all before. In passing up and down, I observed in a side-room a table laid out for about forty persons, with a splendour corresponding with all around. A secular priest now entered, and without asking who I was, or whence I came, approached me as if I were already known to him, and conversed on the most general topics.

A pair of folding doors were now thrown open, and immediately closed again, when a gentleman rather advanced in years had entered. The priest immediately proceeded toward him, as I also did. We greeted him with a few words of courtesy, which he returned in a barking, stuttering tone, so that I could scarcely make out a syllable of his Hottentot dialect. When he had taken his place by the stove, the priest moved away, and I accompanied him. A portly Benedictine entered, accompanied by a younger member of his order. He went to salute the host, and, after being also barked at, retired to a window. The *regular* clergy, especially those whose dress is becoming, have great advantage in society: their costume is a mark of humility and renunciation of self, while, at the same time, it lends to its wearers a decidedly dignified appearance. In their behaviour they may easily, without degrading themselves, appear submissive and complying; and then again, when they stand upon their own dignity, their self-respect is well becoming to them, although in others it would not be so readily allowed to pass. This was the case with this person. When I asked him about Monte Cassino, he immediately gave me an invitation thither, and promised me the best of welcomes. In the meantime the room had become full of people: officers, people of the court,

more regulars, and even some Capuchins, had arrived. Once more a set of folding-doors opened and shut: an aged lady, somewhat older than my host, had entered; and now the presence of what I took to be the lady of the house made me feel perfectly confident that I was in a strange mansion, and wholly unknown to its inmates. Dinner was now served; and I was keeping close to the side of my friends, the monks, in order to slip with them into the paradise of the dining-room, when all at once I saw Filangieri, with his wife, enter and make his excuses for being so late. Shortly after this my little princess came into the room, and with nods, and winks, and bows, to all as she passed, came straight to me. "It is very good of you to keep your word," she exclaimed: "mind you sit by me,—you shall have the best bits,—wait a minute, though; I must find out which is my proper place, then mind and take your place by me." Thus commanded, I followed the various windings she made, and at last we reached our seats, Benedictine sitting right opposite, and Filangieri on my other side. "The dishes are all good," she observed,— "all Lenten fare, but choice: I'll point out to you the best. But now I must rally the priests,—the churls! I can't bear them: every day they are cutting a fresh slice off our estate. What we have, we should like to spend on ourselves and our friends." The soup was now handed round,—the Benedictine was sipping his very deliberately. "Pray don't put yourself out of your way,—the spoon is too small, I fear: I will bid them bring you a larger one. Your reverences are used to a good mouthful." The good father replied, "In your house, lady, everything is so excellent, and so well arranged, that much more distinguished guests than your humble servant would find everything to their heart's content."

Of the pasties the Benedictine took only one. She called out to him, "Pray take half a dozen: pastry,

your reverence surely knows, is easy of digestion." With good sense he took another pasty, thanking the princess for her attention just as if he had not seen through her malicious raillery. And so, also, some solid paste-work furnished her with occasion for venting her spite; for, as the monk helped himself to a piece, a second rolled off the dish toward his plate. "A third! your reverence: you seem anxious to lay a foundation." "When such excellent materials are furnished to his hand, the architect's labours are easy," rejoined his reverence. Thus she went on continually, only pausing awhile to keep her promise of pointing out to me the best dishes.

All this while I was conversing with my neighbour on the gravest topics. Absolutely, I never heard Filangieri utter an unmeaning sentence. In this respect, and indeed in many others, he resembles our worthy friend, George Schlosser; with this difference, that the former, as a Neapolitan and a man of the world, had a softer nature and an easier manner.

During the whole of this time my roguish neighbour allowed the clerical gentry not a moment's truce. Above all, the fish at this Lenten meal, dished up in imitation of flesh of all kinds, furnished her with inexhaustible opportunities for all manner of irreverent and ill-natured observations. Especially in justification and defence of a taste for flesh, she observed that people would have the form, to give a relish, even when the essence was prohibited.

Many more such jokes were noticed by me at the time, but I am not in the humour to repeat them. Jokes of this kind, when first spoken, and falling from beautiful lips, may be tolerable, not to say amusing; but, set down in black and white, they lose all charm, — for me at least. Then again, the boldly hazarded stroke of wit has this peculiarity, that, at the moment, it pleases us while it astonishes us by its boldness; but

when told afterward, it sounds offensive, and disgusts us.

The dessert was brought in, and I was afraid that the cross-fire would still be kept up, when suddenly my fair neighbour turned quite composedly to me and said, "The priests may gulp their Syracusan wine in peace, for I cannot succeed in worrying a single one to death,—no, not even in spoiling their appetites. Now, let me have some rational talk with you; for what a heavy sort of thing must a conversation with Filangieri be! The good creature! he gives himself a great deal of trouble for nothing. I often say to him, 'If you make new laws, we must give ourselves fresh pains to find out how we can forthwith transgress them, just as we have already set at nought the old.' Only look now, how beautiful Naples is! For these many years the people have lived free from care and contented; and if now and then some poor wretch is hanged, all the rest still pursue their own merry course." She then proposed that I should pay a visit to Sorrento, where she had a large estate. Her steward would feast me with the best of fish, and the delicious *mungana* (flesh of a sucking calf). The mountain air, and the unequalled prospect, would be sure to cure me of all philosophy. Then she would come herself, and not a trace should remain of all my wrinkles,—which at any rate I had allowed to come on before their time,—and together we would have a right merry time of it.

NAPLES, March 13, 1787.

To-day also I write you a few lines, in order that letter may provoke letter. Things go well with me: however, I see less than I ought. The place induces an indolent and easy sort of life: nevertheless, my idea of it is gradually becoming more and more complete.

On Sunday we were in Pompeii. Many a calamity has happened in the world, but never one that has

caused so much entertainment to posterity as this one. I scarcely know of anything that is more interesting. The houses are small and close together, but within they are all most exquisitely painted. The gate of the city is remarkable, with the tombs close to it. The tomb of a priestess, a semicircular bench, with a stone back, on which was the inscription cut in large characters. Over the back you have a sight of the sea and the setting sun, — a glorious spot, worthy of the beautiful idea.

We found there good and merry company from Naples: the men are perfectly natural, and light-hearted. We took dinner at "Torre dell' Annunziata," with our table placed close to the sea. The day was extremely fine. The view toward Castellamare and Sorrento, near and incomparable. My companions were quite rapturous in praise of their native place: some asserted that without a sight of the sea it was impossible to live. To me it is quite enough that I have its image in my soul, and so, when the time comes, may safely return to my mountain home.

Fortunately, there is here a very honest painter of landscapes, who imparts to his pieces the impression of the rich and open country around. He has already executed some sketches for me.

The Vesuvian productions I have now pretty well studied: things, however, assume a different signification when one sees them in connection. Properly, I ought to devote the rest of my life to observation: I should discover much that would enlarge man's knowledge. Pray tell Herder that my botanical discoveries are continually advancing: it is still the same principle, but it requires a whole life to work it out. Perhaps I am already in a situation to draw the leading lines of it.

I can now enjoy myself at the museum of Portici. Usually people make it the first object: we mean to

make it our last. As yet I do not know whether I shall be able to extend my tour: all things tend to drive me back to Rome at Easter. I shall let things take their course.

Angelica has undertaken to paint a scene of my "Iphigenia." The thought is a very happy subject for a picture, and she will delineate it excellently. It is the moment when Orestes finds himself again in the presence of his sister and his friend. What the three characters are saying to each other she has indicated by the grouping, and given their words in the expressions of their countenances. From this description you may judge how keenly sensitive she is, and how quick she is to seize whatever is adapted to her nature. And it is really the turning-point of the whole drama.

Farewell, and love me! Here the people are all very good, even though they do not know what to make of me. Tischbein, on the other hand, pleases them far better. This evening he hastily painted some heads of the size of life, at and about which they disported themselves as strangely as the New Zealanders at the sight of a ship of war. Of this an amusing anecdote.

Tischbein has a great knack of etching with a pen the shapes of gods and heroes, of the size of life, and even more. He uses very few lines, but cleverly puts in the shades with a broad pencil, so that the heads stand out roundly and nobly. The bystanders looked on with amazement, and were highly delighted. At last an itching seized their fingers to try and paint: they snatched the brushes, and painted — one another's beards, daubing each other's faces. Was not this an original trait of human nature? And this was done in an elegant circle, in the house of one who was himself a clever draughtsman and painter! It is impossible to form an idea of this race without having seen them.

CASERTA,

Wednesday, March 14, 1787.

I am here on a visit to Hackert, in his highly agreeable apartments which have been assigned him in the ancient castle. The new palace, somewhat huge and Escorial-like, of a quadrangular plan, with many courts, is royal enough. The site is uncommonly fine, on one of the most fertile plains in the world, and yet the gardens trench on the mountains. From these an aqueduct brings down an entire river to supply water to the palace and the district; and the whole can, on occasion, be thrown on some artificially arranged rocks, to form a most glorious cascade. The gardens are beautifully laid out, and suit well with a district which itself is thought a garden.

The castle is truly kingly. It appears to me, however, particularly gloomy; and no one of us could bring himself to think the vast and empty rooms comfortable. The king probably is of the same opinion; for he has caused a house to be built on the mountains, which, smaller and more proportioned to man's littleness, is intended for a hunting-box and country-seat.

CASERTA,

Thursday, March 15, 1787.

Hackert is lodged very comfortably in the old castle: it is quite roomy enough for all his guests. Constantly busy with drawing and painting, he, nevertheless, is very social, and easily draws men around him, as in the end he generally makes every one become his scholar. He has also quite won me by putting up patiently with my weaknesses, and insists, above all things, on distinctness of drawing, and marked and clear keeping. When he paints, he has three colours always ready; and as he works on, and uses one after another, a picture is produced, one knows not how or whence. I wish the execution were as easy as it

looks. With his usual blunt honesty he said to ———, "You have capacity, but you are unable to accomplish anything: stay with me a year and a half, and you shall be able to produce such works as shall be a delight to yourself and to others." Is not this a text on which one might preach eternally to dilettanti? "We would like to see what sort of a pupil we can make of you."

The special confidence with which the queen honours him is evinced not merely by the fact that he gives lessons in practice to the princesses, but still more so by his being frequently summoned of an evening to talk with, and instruct them on art and kindred subjects. He makes Sulzer's book the basis of such lectures, selecting the articles as entertainment or conviction may be his subject.

I was obliged to approve of this, and, in consequence, to laugh at myself. What a difference is there between him who wishes to investigate principles, and one whose highest object is to work on the world and to teach them for their mere private amusement. Sulzer's theory was always odious to me on account of the falseness of its fundamental maxim, but now I saw that the book contained much more than the multitude require. The varied information which is here communicated, the mode of thinking with which alone so active a mind as Sulzer's could be satisfied, must have been quite sufficient for the ordinary run of people.

Many happy and profitable hours have I spent with the picture-restorer Anders, who has been summoned hither from Rome, and resides in the castle, and industriously pursues his work, in which the king takes a great interest. Of his skill in restoring old paintings, I dare not begin to speak; since it would be necessary to describe the whole process of this yet difficult craft, and wherein consists the difficulty of the problem, and the merit of success.



CASERTA, March 16, 1787.

Your dear letter of the 19th February reached me to-day, and I must forthwith despatch a word or two in reply. How glad should I be to come to my senses again, by thinking of my friends!

Naples is a paradise: in it every one lives in a sort of intoxicated self-forgetfulness. It is even so with me: I scarcely know myself; I seem to myself quite an altered man. Yesterday I said to myself, "Either you have always been mad, or you are so now."

I have paid a visit to the ruins of ancient Capua, and all that is connected with it.

In this country one first begins to have a true idea of what vegetation is, and why man tills the fields. The flax here is already near to blossoming, and the wheat a span and a half high. Around Caserta the land is perfectly level, the fields worked as clean and as fine as the beds of a garden. All of them are planted with poplars, and from tree to tree the vine spreads; and yet, notwithstanding this shade, the soil below produces the finest and most abundant crops possible. What will they be when the spring shall come in power? Hitherto we have had very cold winds, and there has been snow on the mountains.

Within a fortnight I must decide whether to go to Sicily or not. Never before have I been so tossed backward and forward in coming to a resolution: every day something will occur to recommend the trip; the next morning some circumstance will be against it. Two spirits are contending for me.

I say this in confidence, and for my female friends alone: speak not a word of it to my male friends. I am well aware that my "Iphigenia" has fared strangely. The public were so accustomed to the old form, expressions which they had adopted from frequent hearing and reading were familiar to them; and now quite a different tone is sounding in their ears,

and I clearly see that no one, in fact, thanks me for the endless pains I have been at. Such a work is never finished: it must, however, pass for such, as soon as the author has done his utmost, considering time and circumstances.

All this, however, will not be able to deter me from trying a similar operation with "Tasso." Perhaps it would be better to throw it into the fire; however, I shall adhere to my resolution; and since it must be what it is, I shall make a wonderful work of it. On this account, I am pleased to find that the printing of my works goes on so slowly; and then, again, it is well to be at a distance from the murmurs of the compositor. Strange enough, that, even in one's most independent actions, one expects — nay, requires — a stimulus.

CASERTA, March 16, 1787.

If in Rome one can readily set one's self to study, here one can do nothing but live. You forget yourself and the world; and to me it is a strange feeling to go about with people who think of nothing but enjoying themselves. Sir William Hamilton, who still resides here as ambassador from England, has at length, after his long love of art and long study, discovered the most perfect of admirers of nature and art in a beautiful young woman. She lives with him, — an English woman about twenty years old. She is very handsome, and of a beautiful figure. The old knight has had made for her a Greek costume, which becomes her extremely. Dressed in this, and letting her hair loose, and taking a couple of shawls, she exhibits every possible variety of posture, expression, and look, so that at the last the spectator almost fancies it is a dream. One beholds here in perfection, in movement, in ravishing variety, all that the greatest of artists have rejoiced to be able to produce. Standing, kneeling, sitting, lying down, grave or sad, playful, exulting, repentant, wanton,

menacing, anxious, — all mental states follow rapidly, one after another. With wonderful taste she suits the folding of her veil to each expression, and with the same handkerchief makes every kind of head-dress. The old knight holds the light for her, and enters into the exhibition with his whole soul. He thinks he can discern in her a resemblance to all the most famous antiques, all the beautiful profiles on the Sicilian coins, — ay, of the Apollo Belvedere itself. This much at any rate is certain, — the entertainment is unique. We spent two evenings on it with thorough enjoyment. To-day Tischbein is engaged in painting her.

What I have seen and inferred of the *personnel* of the court requires to be further tested, before I set it down. To-day the king is gone hunting the wolves: they hope to kill at least five.

NAPLES, March 17, 1787.

When I would write words, images only start before my eyes, — the beautiful land, the free sea, the hazy islands, the roaring mountain! Powers to delineate all this fail me.

Here in this country one at last understands how man could ever take it into his head to till the ground, — here, where it produces everything, and where one may look for as many as from three to five crops in the year.

I have seen much, and reflected still more. The world opens itself to me more and more: all even that I have long known is at last becoming my own. How quick to know, but how slow to put in practice, is the human creature!

The only pity is, that I cannot at each moment communicate to others my observations. But, both as man

and artist, one is here driven backward and forward by a hundred ideas of his own, while his services are put in requisition by hundreds of persons. His situation is peculiar and strange: he cannot freely sympathise with another's being, because he finds his own exertions so put to the stretch.

And, after all, the world is nothing but a wheel. In its whole periphery it is everywhere similar; but, nevertheless, it appears to us so strange, because we ourselves are carried round with it.

What I always said has actually come to pass: in this land alone do I begin to understand and to unravel many a phenomenon of nature, and complication of opinion. I am gathering from every quarter, and shall bring back with me a great deal, — certainly much love of my own native land, and joy to live with a few dear friends.

With regard to my Sicilian tour, the gods still hold the scales in their hands: the index still wavers.

Who can the friend be who has been thus mysteriously announced? Only, may I not neglect him in my pilgrimage and tour in the island!

The frigate from Palermo has returned: in eight days she sets sail again. Whether I shall sail with it, and be back at Rome by Passion Week, I have not as yet determined. Never in my life have I been so undecided: a trifle will turn the scale.

With men I get on rather better: for I feel that one must weigh them by avoirdupois weight, and not by the jeweller's scales; as, unfortunately, friends too often weigh one another in their hypochondriacal humours and in an overexacting spirit.

Here men know nothing of one another. They scarcely observe that others are also going on their way, side by side with them. They run all day backward and forward in a paradise, without looking around them; and, if the neighbouring jaws of hell begin to open and to rage, they have recourse to St. Januarius.

To pass through such a countless multitude, with its restless excitement, is strange, but salutary. Here they are all crossing and recrossing one another, and yet every one finds his way and his object. In so great a crowd and bustle I feel more calm and solitary than on other occasions: the more bustling the streets become, the more quietly I move.

Often do I think of Rousseau and his hypochondriacal discontent; and I can thoroughly understand how so fine an organisation may have been deranged. Did I not myself feel such sympathy with natural objects; and did I not see, that, in the apparent perplexity, a hundred seemingly contrary observations admit of being reconciled, and arranged side by side, just as the geometer by across line tests many measurements, I should often think myself mad.

NAPLES, March 18, 1787.

We must not any longer put off our visit to Herculaneum, and the Museum of Portici, where the curiosities which have been dug out of it are collected and preserved. That ancient city, lying at the foot of Vesuvius, was entirely covered with lava, which subsequent eruptions successively raised so high that the buildings are at present sixty feet below the surface. The city was discovered by some men coming upon a marble pavement, as they were digging a well. It is a great pity that the excavation was not executed systematically by German miners; for it is admitted that the work, which was carried on at random, and with

the hope of plunder, has spoilt many a noble monument of ancient art. After descending sixty steps into a pit, by torchlight, you gaze in admiration at the theatre which once stood beneath the open sky, and listen to the guide recounting all that was found there, and carried off.

We entered the museum well recommended, and were well received: nevertheless, we were not allowed to take any drawings. Perhaps on this account we paid the more attention to what we saw, and the more vividly transported ourselves into those long-passed times, when all these things surrounded their living owners, and ministered to the use and enjoyment of life. The little houses and rooms of Pompeii now appeared to me at once more spacious and more confined, — more confined, because I fancied them to myself crammed full of so many precious objects; more spacious, because these very objects could not have been furnished merely as necessaries, but, being decorated with the most graceful and ingenious devices of the imitative arts, must, while they delighted the taste, also have enlarged the mind far beyond what the amplest house-room could ever have done.

One sees here, for instance, a nobly shaped pail, mounted at the top with a highly ornamented edge. When you examine it more closely, you find that this rim rises on two sides, and so furnishes convenient handles by which the vessel may be lifted. The lamps, according to the number of their wicks, are ornamented with masks and mountings, so that each burner illuminates a genuine figure of art. We also saw some high and gracefully slender stands of iron for holding lamps, the pendent burners being suspended with figures of all kinds, which display a wonderful fertility of invention; and as, in order to please and delight the eye, they sway and oscillate, the effect surpasses all description.

In the hope of being able to pay a second visit, we followed the usher from room to room, and snatched all the delight and instruction that was possible from a cursory view.

NAPLES,

Monday, March 19, 1787.

Within these last few days I have formed a new connection. Tischbein has for three or four weeks faithfully lent me all the assistance in his power, and diligently explained to me the works both of nature and art. Yesterday, however, after being at the Museum of Portici, we had some conversation together, and came to the conclusion, that, considering his own artistic objects, he could not perform, with credit to himself, the works which, in the hope of some future appointment in Naples, he has undertaken for the court and for several persons in the city; nor do justice to my views, wishes, and fancies. With sincere good wishes for my success, he has therefore recommended to me for my constant companion a young man, whom, since I arrived here, I have often seen, not without feeling some interest and liking for him. His name is Kniep, who, after a long stay at Rome, has come to Naples as the true field and element of the landscape-painter. Even in Rome I had heard him highly spoken of as a clever draughtsman, only his industry was not much commended. I have tolerably studied his character, and think the ground of this censure arises rather from a want of a decision, which certainly may be overcome if we are long together. A favourable beginning confirms me in this hope; and, if he continues to go on thus, we shall continue good companions for some time.

NAPLES, March 19, 1787.

One needs only walk along the streets, and keep his eyes well open, and he is sure to see the most unequalled scenes. At the Mole, one of the noisiest

quarters of the city, I saw yesterday a Pulcinello, who, on a temporary stage of planks, was quarrelling with an ape; while from a balcony above, a right pretty maiden was exposing her charms to every eye. Not far from the ape and his stage, a quack doctor was recommending to the credulous crowd his nostrums for every evil. Such a scene painted by a Gerard Dow would not fail to charm contemporaries and posterity.

To-day, moreover, was the festival of St. Joseph. He is the patron of all Fritaruoli, — that is, pastry-cooks, — and understands baking in a very extensive sense. Because beneath the black and seething oil hot flames will of course rage, therefore every kind of torture by fire falls within his province. Accordingly, yesterday evening being the eve of the saint's day, the fronts of the houses were adorned with pictures, to the best of the inmates' skill, representing souls in Purgatory, or the Last Judgment, with plenty of fire and flame. Before the doors, frying-pans were hissing on hastily constructed hearths. One partner was working the dough; another shaped it into twists, and threw it into the boiling lard; a third stood by the frying-pan, holding a short skewer, with which he drew out the twists as soon as they were done, and shoved them off on another skewer to a fourth party, who offered them to the bystanders. The two last were generally young apprentices, and wore white curly wigs; this head-dress being the Neapolitan symbol of an angel. Other figures besides completed the group; and these were busy in presenting wine to the busy cooks, or in drinking themselves, shouting, and puffing the article all the while. The angels, too, and cooks, were all clamouring. The people crowded to buy; for all pastry is sold cheap on this evening, and a part of the profits given to the poor.

Scenes of this kind may be witnessed without end. Thus fares it every day, — always something new,



some fresh absurdity. The variety of costume, too, that meets you in the streets; the multitude, too, of passages in the Toledo Street alone!

Thus there is plenty of most original entertainment, if only one will live with the people: it is so natural, that one almost becomes natural one's self. For this is the original birthplace of Pulcinello, the true national mask, — the Harlequin of Pergamo, and the Hanswurst of the Tyrol. This Pulcinello, now, is a thoroughly easy, sedate, somewhat indifferent, perhaps lazy, and yet humourous fellow. And so one meets everywhere with a "Kellner" and a "Hausknecht." With ours I had special fun yesterday, and yet there was nothing more than my sending him to fetch some paper and pens. A half misunderstanding, a little loitering, good humour and roguery, produced a most amusing scene, which might be very successfully brought out on any stage.

NAPLES, Tuesday, March 20, 1787.

The news that an eruption of lava had just commenced, which, taking the direction of Ottajano, was invisible at Naples, tempted me to visit Vesuvius for the third time. Scarcely had I jumped out of my cabriolet (zweirüdrigen einpferdigen Fuhrwerk), at the foot of the mountain, when immediately appeared the two guides who had accompanied us on our previous ascent. I had no wish to do without either, but took one out of gratitude and custom, the other for reliance on his judgment, and the two for the greater convenience. Having ascended the summit, the older guide remained with our cloaks and refreshment, while the younger followed me; and we boldly went straight toward a dense volume of smoke, which broke forth from the bottom of the funnel: then we quickly went downwards by the side of it, till at last, under the clear heaven, we distinctly saw the lava emitted from the rolling clouds of smoke.

We may hear an object spoken of a thousand times, but its peculiar features will never be caught till we see it with our own eyes. The stream of lava was narrow, not broader perhaps than ten feet, but the way in which it flowed down a gentle and tolerably smooth plain was remarkable. As it flowed along, it cooled both on the sides and on the surface, so that it formed a sort of canal, the bed of which was continually raised in consequence of the molten mass congealing even beneath the fiery stream, which, with uniform action, precipitated right and left the scoria which were floating on its surface. In this way a regular dam was at length thrown up, which the glowing stream flowed on as quietly as any mill-stream. We passed along the tolerably high dam, while the scoria rolled regularly off the sides at our feet. Some cracks in the canal afforded opportunity of looking at the living stream from below; and, as it rushed onward, we observed it from above.

A very bright sun made the glowing lava look dull, but a moderate steam rose from it into the pure air. I felt a great desire to go nearer to the point where it broke out from the mountain: there, my guide averred, it at once formed vaults and roofs above itself, on which he had often stood. To see and experience this phenomenon, we again ascended the hill, in order to come from behind to this point. Fortunately at this moment the place was cleared by a pretty strong wind, but not entirely, for all round it the smoke eddied from a thousand crannies; and now we actually stood on the top of the solid roof, which looked like a hardened mass of twisted dough, but projected so far outward, that it was impossible to see the welling lava.

We ventured about twenty steps farther; but the ground on which we stepped became hotter and hotter, while around us rolled an oppressive steam, which obscured and hid the sun. The guide, who was a few

steps in advance of me, presently turned back, and seizing hold of me, hurried out of this Stygian exhalation.

After we had refreshed our eyes with the clear prospect, and washed our gums and throat with wine, we went round again to notice any other peculiarities which might characterise this peak of hell, thus rearing itself in the midst of a paradise. I again observed attentively some chasms, in appearance like so many Vulcanic forges, which emitted no smoke, but continually shot out a steam of hot, glowing air. They were all tapestried, as it were, with a kind of stalactite, which covered the funnel to the top with its knobs and chintz-like variation of colours. In consequence of the irregularity of the forges, I found many specimens of this sublimation hanging within reach, so that, with our staves and a little contrivance, we were able to hack off a few and secure them. I had seen in the shop of the lava-dealer similar specimens, labelled simply "Lava;" and was delighted to have discovered that it was volcanic soot precipitated from the hot vapour, and distinctly exhibiting the sublimated mineral particles it contained.

The most glorious sunset, a heavenly evening, refreshed me on my return: still, I felt how all great contrasts confound the mind and senses. From the terrible to the beautiful — from the beautiful to the terrible: each destroys the other, and produces a feeling of indifference. Assuredly, the Neapolitan would be quite a different creature, did he not feel himself thus hemmed in between Elysium and Tartarus.

NAPLES, March 22, 1787.

Were I not impelled by the German spirit and desire to learn and do rather than to enjoy, I should tarry a little longer in this school of a light-hearted and merry life, and try to profit by it still more. Here it is

enough for contentment, if a man has never so small an income. The situation of the city, the mildness of the climate, can never be sufficiently extolled; but it is almost exclusively to these that the stranger is referred.

No doubt one who has abundance of time, tact, and means, might remain here for a long time with profit to himself. Thus Sir William Hamilton has contrived highly to enjoy a long residence in this city, and now, in the evening of his life, is reaping the fruits of it. The rooms, which he has had furnished in the English style, are most delightful, and the view from the corner room perhaps unique. Below you is the sea, with a view of Capri; Posilippo on the right, with the promenade of Villa Real between you and the grotto; on the left an ancient building belonging to the Jesuits; and beyond it the coast stretching from Sorrento to Cape Minerva. Another prospect equal to this is scarcely to be found in Europe, — at least, not in the centre of a great and populous city.

Hamilton is a person of universal taste, and, after having wandered through the whole realm of creation, has found rest at last in a most beautiful wife, a masterpiece of the great artist, — Nature.

And now after all this, and a hundred fold more enjoyment, the Sirens from over the sea are beckoning me; and if the wind is favourable, I shall start at the same time with this letter, — it for the north, I for the south. The human mind will not be confined to any limits: I especially require breadth and extent in an eminent degree; however, I must content myself on this occasion with a rapid survey, and must not think of a long, fixed look. If by hearing and thinking, I can only attain to as much of any object as a finger's tip, I shall be able to make out the whole hand.

Singularly enough, within these few days a friend has spoken to me of "Wilhelm Meister," and urged me

to continue it. In this climate I don't think it possible: however, something of the air of this heaven may, perhaps, be imparted to the closing books. May my existence only unfold itself sufficiently to lengthen the stem, and to produce richer and finer flowers! Certainly it were better for me never to have come here at all, then to go away unregenerated.

Yesterday we saw a picture of Correggio's, which is for sale. It is not, indeed, in very good preservation: however, it still retains the happiest stamp of all the peculiar charms of this painter. It represents a Madonna, with the infant hesitating between the breast and some pears which an angel is offering it: the subject, therefore, is the weaning of Christ. To me the idea appears extremely tender; the composition easy and natural, and happily and charmingly executed. It immediately reminded me of the Vow of St. Catherine; and, in my opinion, the painting is unquestionably from the hand of Correggio.

NAPLES,

Friday, March 23, 1787.

The terms of my engagement with Kniep are now settled, and it has commenced in a right practical way. We went together to Pæstum, where, and also on our journey thither and back, he showed the greatest industry with his pencil. He has made some of the most glorious outlines. He seems to relish this moving but busy sort of life, which has called forth a talent he was scarcely conscious of. This comes of being resolute, but it is exactly here that his accurate and nice skill shows itself. He never stops to surround the paper on which he is about to draw, with the usual rectangular lines: however, he seems to take as much pleasure in cutting points to his pencil, which is of the best English lead, as in drawing itself. Thus his outlines are just what one would wish them to be.

Now we have come to the following arrangement: From this day forward, we are to live and travel together; while he is to have nothing to trouble himself about but drawing, as he has done for the last few days.

All the sketches are to be mine: but in order to a further profit, after our return from our connection, he is to finish, for a certain sum, a number of them, which I am to select; and then, remuneration for the others is to be settled according to his skill, the importance of the views taken, and other considerations. This arrangement has made me quite happy; and now at last I can give you an account of our journey.

Sitting in a light two-wheeled carriage, and driving in turn, with a rough, good-natured boy behind, we rolled through the glorious country, which Kniep greeted with a true artistic eye. We now reached the mountain stream, which, running along a smooth, artificial channel, skirts most delightful rocks and woods. At last, in the district of *Alla Cava*, Kniep could not contain himself, but set to work to fix on paper a splendid mountain, which right before us stood out boldly against the blue sky; and with a clever and characteristic touch drew the outlines of the summit, with the sides also, down to its very base. We both made merry with it, as the earnest of our contract.

A similar sketch was taken in the evening, from the window, of a singularly lovely and rich country, which passes all my powers of description. Who would not have been disposed to study at such a spot, in those bright times, when a high school of art was flourishing? Very early in the morning we set off by an untrodden path, coming occasionally on marshy spots, toward two beautifully shaped hills. We crossed brooks and pools, where the wild bulls, like hippopotamuses, were wallowing, and looking upon us with their wild, red eyes.

The country grew flatter, and more desolate: the

scarcity of the buildings bespoke a sparing cultivation. At last, when we were doubting whether we were passing through rocks or ruins, some great oblong masses enabled us to distinguish the remains of temples, and other monuments of a once splendid city. Kniep, who had already sketched, on the way the two picturesque limestone hills, suddenly stopped to find a spot from which to seize and exhibit the peculiarity of this most unpicturesque country.

A countryman, whom I took for my guide, led me, meanwhile, through the buildings. The first sight of them excited nothing but astonishment. I found myself in a perfectly strange world; for, as centuries pass from the severe to the pleasing, they form man's taste at the same time, — indeed, create him after the same law. But now our eyes, and through them our whole inner being, have been used to, and decidedly prepossessed in favour of, a lighter style of architecture; so that these crowded masses of stumpy conical pillars appear heavy, not to say frightful. But I soon recollected myself, called to mind the history of art, thought of the times when the spirit of the age was in unison with this style of architecture, and realised the severe style of sculpture; and in less than an hour found myself reconciled to it, — nay, I went so far as to thank my genius for permitting me to see, with my own eyes, such well-preserved remains, since drawings give us no true idea of them; for in architectural sketches they seem more elegant, and in perspective views even more stumpy, than they actually are. It is only by going round them, and passing through them, that you can impart to them their real character: you evoke for them, not to say infuse into them, the very feeling which the architect had in contemplation. And thus I spent the whole day, Kniep the while working away most diligently in taking very accurate sketches. How delighted was I to be exempt from that care, and yet

to acquire such unfailing tokens for the aid of memory ! Unfortunately, there was no accommodation for spending the night here. We returned to Sorrento, and started early next morning for Naples. Vesuvius, seen from the back, is a rich country : poplars, with their colossal pyramids, on the roadside, in the foreground. These, too, formed an agreeable feature, which we halted a moment to take.

We now reached an eminence. The most extensive area in the world opened before us. Naples, in all its splendour : its mile-long line of houses on the flat shore of the bay ; the promontories, tongues of land and walls of rock ; then the islands ; and, behind all, the sea ; — the whole was a ravishing sight !

A most hideous singing, or rather exulting cry and howl of joy, from the boy behind, frightened and disturbed us. Somewhat angrily I called out to him : he had never had any harsh words from us, — he had been a very good boy.

For awhile he did not move ; then he patted me lightly on the shoulder, and pushing between us both his right arm, with the forefinger stretched out, exclaimed, "*Signor, perdonate ! questa è la mia patria !*" — which, being interpreted, runs, "Forgive me, sir, for that is my native land !" And so I was ravished a second time. Something like a tear stood in the eyes of the phlegmatic child of the North.

NAPLES, March 25, 1787.

Although I saw that Kniep was delighted to go with me to the Festival of the Annunciation, still I could not fail to observe that there was something he was sorry to part from. His candour could not let him conceal from me long the fact, that he had formed here a close and faithful attachment. It was a pretty tale to listen to, — the story of their first meeting, and the description of the fair one's behaviour up to this time,



told in her favour. Kniep, moreover, insisted on my going and seeing for myself how pretty she really was. Accordingly, an opportunity was contrived, and so as to afford me the enjoyment of one of the most agreeable views over Naples. He took me to the flat roof of a house which commanded a survey of the lower town, near the Mole, the bay, and the shore of Sorrento. All that lay beyond on the left became foreshortened in the strangest way possible; and which, except from this particular spot, was never witnessed. Naples is everywhere beautiful and glorious.

While we were admiring the country, suddenly (although expected) a very beautiful face presented itself above the roof,—for the entrance to these flat roofs is generally an oblong opening in the roof, which can be covered, when not used, by a trap-door. While, then, the little angel appeared in full figure, above the opening, it occurred to me that ancient painters usually represent the Annunciation by making the angel ascend by a similar trap-door. But the angel on this occasion was really of a very fine form, of a very pretty face, and good natural carriage. It was a real joy to me to see my new friend so happy beneath this magnificent sky, and in présence of the finest prospect in the world. After her departure, he confessed to me that he had hitherto voluntarily endured poverty, as by that means he had enjoyed her love and, at the same time, had learned to appreciate her contented disposition; and now his better prospects and improved condition were chiefly prized, because they procured him the means for making her days more comfortable.

After this pleasant little incident I walked on the shore, calm and happy. There a good insight into botanical matters opened on me. Tell Herder that I am very near finding the primal vegetable type; only I fear that no one will be able to trace in it the rest of the vegetable kingdom. My famous theory of the

cotyledons is so refined that perhaps it is impossible to go farther with it.

NAPLES, March 26, 1787.

To-morrow this letter will leave this for you. On Thursday, the 29th, I go to Palermo in the corvette which formerly, in my ignorance of sea matters, I promoted to the rank of a frigate. The doubt whether I should go or remain made me unsettled even in the use of my stay here: now I have made up my mind, things go on better. For my mental state this journey is salutary, — indeed, necessary. I see Sicily pointing to Africa, and to Asia, and to the wonderful, whither so many rays of the world's history are directed: even to stand still is no trifle!

I have treated Naples quite in its own style: I have been anything but industrious. And yet I have seen a great deal and formed a pretty general idea of the land, its inhabitants, and condition. On my return, there is much that I shall have to go over again, — indeed, only “go over,” for by the 29th of June I must be in Rome again. As I have missed the Holy Week, I must not fail to be present at the festivities of St. Peter's Day. My Sicilian expedition must not altogether draw me off from my original plan.

The day before yesterday we had a violent storm, with thunder, lightning, and rain. Now it is clear again: a glorious tramontane is blowing; if it lasts we shall have a rapid passage.

Yesterday I went with my fellow traveller to see the vessel, and to take our cabin. A sea-voyage is utterly out of the pale of my ideas: this short trip, which will probably be a mere sail along the coast, will help my imagination, and enlarge my world. The captain is a young, lively fellow; the ship, trim and clean, built in America, and a good sailer.

Here every spot begins to look green: Sicily, they

tell me, I shall find still more so. By the time you get this letter I shall be on my return, leaving Trinaeria behind me. Such is man; he is always either anticipating or recalling: I have not yet been there; and yet I now am, in thought, back again with you! However, for the confusion of this letter I am not to blame. Every moment I am interrupted; and yet I would, if possible, fill this sheet to the very corner.

Just now I have had a visit from a Marchese Berio, a young man who appears to be well informed. He was anxious to make the acquaintance of the author of "Werther." Generally, indeed, the people here evince a great desire for, and delight in, learning and accomplishments; only they are too happy to go the right way to acquire them. Had I more time, I would willingly devote it to observing the Neapolitans. These four weeks — what are they compared with the endless variety of life?

Now, farewell. On these travels I have learnt one thing at least, — how to travel well: whether I am learning to live I know not. The men who pretend to understand that art, are, in nature and manner, too widely different from me for setting up any claim to such a talent.

Farewell, and love me as sincerely as I from my heart remember you.

NAPLES, March 28, 1787.

These few days have been entirely passed in packing and leave-taking; with making all necessary arrangements, and paying bills; looking for missing articles; and with preparations of all kinds. I set the time down as lost.

The Prince of Walbeck has, just at my departure, unsettled me again. For he has been talking of nothing less than that I should arrange, on my return, to go with him to Greece and Dalmatia. When one enters once into the world and takes up with it, let

him beware lest he be driven aside, not to say driven mad by it. I am utterly incapable of adding another syllable.

NAPLES, March 29, 1787.

For some days the weather has been very unsettled. To-day (the appointed time for our sailing) it is again as fine as possible; a favourable north wind; a bright sunny sky, beneath which one wishes one's self in the wide world. Now I bid an affectionate farewell to all my friends in Weimar and Gotha. Your love accompanies me, for wherever I am I feel my need of you. Last night I dreamt I was again among old familiar faces. It seems as if I could not unload my boat of pheasants' feathers anywhere but among you. May it be well loaded!

### SICILY.

AT SEA,

Thursday, March 29, 1787.

A FRESH and favourable breeze from the northeast is not blowing this time, as it did at the last sailing of the packet. But, unfortunately, a direct head wind comes from the opposite quarter, the southwest, — and so we are experiencing to our cost how much the navigator depends upon the caprice of the wind and weather. Out of all patience, we whiled away the morning either on the shore or in the coffee-house: at last, at noon we went on board; and, the weather being extremely fine, we enjoyed the most glorious view. The corvette lay at anchor near to the Mole. With an unclouded sun, the atmosphere was hazy; giving to the rocky walls of Sorrento, which were in the shade, a tint of most beautiful blue. Naples, with its living multitudes, lay in the full sunshine, and glittered brilliantly with countless tints. It was not

until sunset that the vessel began slowly to move from her moorings: then the wind, which was contrary, drove us over to Posilippo and its promontory. All night long the ship went quietly on its way. She is a swift sailer, was built in America, and is well fitted with cabins and berths. The passengers cheerful but not boisterous, — opera singers and dancers, consigned to Palermo.

FRIDAY, March 30, 1787.

By daybreak we found ourselves between Ischia and Capri, — perhaps not more than a mile from the latter. The sun rose from behind the mountains of Capri and Cape Minerva. Kniep diligently sketched the outlines of the coasts and the islands, and took several beautiful views. The slowness of the passage was favourable to his labours. We were making our way but slowly under a light side wind. We lost sight of Vesuvius about four, just as we came in view of Cape Minerva and Ischia. These, too, disappeared about evening. The sun set in the sea, attended with clouds and a long streak of light reaching for miles, all of a brilliant purple. This phenomenon was also sketched by Kniep. At last we lost sight altogether of the land; and the watery horizon surrounded us, the night being clear, with lovely moonlight.

These beautiful sights, however, I could only enjoy for a few moments, for I was soon attacked with seasickness. I betook myself to my cabin, chose a horizontal position, and abstaining from all meat or drink, except white bread and red wine, soon found myself pretty comfortable again. Shut out from the external world, I let the internal have full sway; and, as a tedious voyage was to be anticipated, I immediately set myself a heavy task in order to while away the time profitably. Of all my papers, I had only brought with me the first two acts of "Tasso," written in poetic

prose. These two acts, as regards their plan and evolution, were nearly similar to the present ones, but, written full ten years ago, had a somewhat soft and misty tone, which soon disappeared, while, in accordance with my later notions, I made form more predominant, and introduced more of rhythm.

SATURDAY, March 31, 1787.

The sun rose this morning from the water quite clear. About seven we overtook a French vessel, which had left Naples two days before us, so much the better sailer was our vessel: still we had no prospect as yet of the end of our passage. We were somewhat cheered by the sight of Ustica, but, unfortunately, on our left, when we ought to have had it, like Capri, on our right. Toward noon the wind became directly contrary, and we did not make the least way. The sea began to get rough, and every one in the ship was sick.

I kept in my usual position; and the whole play was thought over and over, and through and through again. The hours passed away; and I should not have noticed how they went, but for the roguish Kniep, on whose appetite the waves had no influence. When, from time to time, he brought me some wine and some bread, he took a mischievous delight in expatiating on the excellent dinner in the cabin, the cheerfulness and good nature of our young but clever captain, and on his regrets that I was unable to enjoy my share of it. So, likewise, the transition from joke and merriment to qualmishness and sickness, and the various ways in which the latter manifested themselves in the different passengers, afforded him rich materials for humorous description.

At four in the afternoon the captain altered the course of our vessel. The mainsails were again set; and we steered direct for Ustica, behind which, to our

great joy, we discerned the mountains of Sicily. The wind improved; and we bore rapidly toward Sicily, and a few little islands appeared in view. The sunset was murky, the light of heaven being veiled beneath a mist. The wind was pretty fair for the whole of the evening: toward midnight the sea became very rough.

SUNDAY, April 1, 1787.

About three in the morning a violent storm. Half asleep and dreaming, I went on with the plan of my drama. In the meantime there was great commotion on deck: the sails were all taken in, and the vessel pitched on the top of the waves. As day broke the storm abated, and the sky cleared. Now Ustica lay right on our left. They pointed out to me a large turtle swimming a great distance off: by my telescope I could easily discern it as a living point. Toward noon we were clearly able to distinguish the coast of Sicily, with its headlands and bays; but we had got very far to the leeward, and tacked on and off. Toward midday we came nearer to the shore. The weather being clear, and the sun shining bright, we saw quite distinctly the western coast, from the promontory of Lilybæum to Cape Gallo.

A shoal of dolphins attended our ship on both bows, and continually shot ahead. It was amusing to watch them as they swam along, covered by the clear, transparent waves at one time, and at another springing above the water, showing their fins and spine-ridged back, with their sides playing in the light, from gold to green, and from green to gold.

As the land was direct on our lee, the captain lay to in a bay behind Cape Gallo. Kniep failed not to seize the opportunity to sketch the many beautiful scenes somewhat in detail. Toward sunset the captain made again for the open sea, steering northeast, in order to make the heights of Palermo. I ventured several

times on deck, but never intermitted for a moment my poetical labours; and thus I became pretty well master of the whole play. With a cloudy sky, a bright but broken moonlight, the reflection on the sea was infinitely beautiful. Painters, in order to heighten the effect, generally lead us to believe that the reflection of the heavenly luminaries on the water has its greatest breadth nearest to the spectator, where it also possesses its greatest brilliancy. On this occasion, however, the reflection was broadest at the horizon, and, like a sharp pyramid, ended with sparkling waves close to the ship. During the night our captain again frequently changed the tack.

MONDAY, April 2, 1787.

This morning, about eight o'clock, we found ourselves over against Palermo. The morning seemed to me highly delightful. During the days that I had been shut up in my cabin, I had got on pretty well with the plan of my drama. I felt quite well now, and was able to stay on deck, and observe attentively the Sicilian coast. Kniep went on sketching away; and by his accurate, but rapid pencil, many a sheet of paper was converted into highly valuable mementos of our landing, for which, however, we had still to wait.

## PALERMO.

MONDAY, April 2, 1787.

By three o'clock P. M., we at last, after much trouble and difficulty, got into harbour, where a most glorious view lay before us. Perfectly recovered from my seasickness, I enjoyed it highly. The town, facing north, lay at the foot of a high hill, with the sun (at this time of day) shining above it. The sides of the buildings which looked toward us lay in a deep shade,



which, however, was clear, and lit up by the reflection from the water. On our right Monte Pellegrino, with its many elegant outlines, in full light; on the left the coast, with its bays, isthmuses, and headlands, stretching far away into the distance; and the most agreeable effect was produced by the fresh green of some fine trees, whose crowns, lit up from behind, swayed from side to side before the dark buildings, like great masses of glowworms. A brilliant haze gave a blueish tint to all the shades.

Instead of hurrying impatiently on shore, we remained on deck till we were actually forced to land; for where could we hope soon to find a position equal to this, or so favourable a point of view?

Through the singular gateway, — which consists of two vast pillars, which are left unconnected above, in order that the towering car of St. Rosalie may be able to pass through, on her famous festival, — we were driven into the city, and alighted almost immediately at a large hotel on our left. The host, an old, decent person, long accustomed to see strangers of every nation and tongue, conducted us into a large room, the balcony of which commanded a view of the sea, with the roadstead, where we recognised our ship, Monte Rosalie, and the beach, and were enabled to form an idea of our whereabouts. Highly satisfied with the position of our room, we did not for some time observe that at the farther end of it was an alcove, slightly raised, and concealed by curtains, in which was a most spacious bed, with a magnificent canopy and curtains of silk, in perfect keeping with the other stately, but old-fashioned furniture of our apartment. This display of splendour made me uneasy; so, as my custom was, I wished to make an agreement with my host. To this the old man replied, that conditions were unnecessary, and he trusted I should have nothing to complain of in him. We were also at liberty to make use of the

anteroom, which was next to our apartment, and cool, airy, and agreeable from its many balconies.

We amused ourselves with the endless variety of views, and endeavoured to sketch them, one by one, in pencil or in colours; for here the eye fell upon a plentiful harvest for the artist.

In the evening the lovely moonlight attracted us once more to the roadstead, and even after our return riveted us for some time on the balcony. The light was peculiar, the repose and loveliness of the scene were extreme.

PALERMO,

Tuesday, April 3, 1787.

Our first business was to examine the city, which is easy enough to survey, but difficult to know; easy, because a street a mile long from the lower to the upper gate, from the sea to the mountain, intersects it, and is itself again crossed, nearly in its middle, by another. Whatever lies on these two great lines is easily found; but in the inner streets a stranger soon loses himself, and, without a guide, will never extricate himself from their labyrinths.

Toward evening our attention was directed to the long line of carriages (of the well-known build) in which the principal persons of the neighbourhood were taking their evening drive from the city to the beach, for the sake of the fresh air, amusement, and perhaps also for intrigue.

It was full moon about two hours before midnight, and the evening was in consequence indescribably glorious. The northerly position of Palermo produces a very strange effect: as the city and shore come between the sun and the harbour, its reflection is never observed on the waves. On this account, though this was one of the brightest days, I found the sea of a deep blue colour, solemn, and oppressive; whereas, at Naples, from the time of noon it gets brighter and

brighter, and glitters with more airy lightness and to a greater distance.

Kniep has to-day left me to make my pilgrimages and observations by myself, in order that he might accurately sketch the outline of Monte Pellegrino, the most beautiful headland in the whole world.

Here, again, I must put a few things together, something in the way of an appendix, and with the carelessness of familiarity.

At sunset of the 29th of March we left Naples, and after only a passage of four days and three hours cast anchor in the harbour of Palermo. The little diary which I enclose will give an account of ourselves and our fortunes. I never entered on a journey so calmly as on this, and have never had a more quiet time of it than during our passage, which a constant head wind has unusually prolonged, even though I passed the time chiefly on my bed, in a close little berth, to which I was obliged to keep during the first day, in consequence of a violent attack of sea-sickness. Now my thoughts pass over toward you; for if ever anything has exercised a decided influence on my mind, this voyage has certainly done so.

He who has never seen himself surrounded on all sides by the sea, can never possess an idea of the world and of his own relation to it. As a landscape-painter, I have received entirely new ideas from this great simple line.

During our voyage we had, as the diary records, many changes, and, on a small scale, experienced all a sailor's fortunes. However, the safety and convenience of the packet-boat cannot be sufficiently commended. Our captain is a very brave and an extremely handsome man. My fellow passengers consisted of a whole theatrical troop, well-mannered, tolerable, and agreeable. My artist, who accompanies me, is a merry,

true-hearted fellow. In order to shorten the weary hours of the passage, he has explained to me all the mechanical part of *aquarell*, or painting in water-colours, an art which has been carried to a great height of perfection in Italy. He thoroughly understands the use of particular colours for effecting certain tones, to produce which, without knowing the secret, one might go on mixing for ever. I had, it is true, learned a good deal of it in Rome, but never before so systematically. The artists must have studied and perfected the art in a country like Italy or this. No words can express the hazy brilliancy which hung around the coasts, as on a most beautiful noon we neared Palermo. He who has once seen it will never forget it. Now, at last, I can understand Claude Lorraine, and can cherish a hope that hereafter, in the North, I shall be able to produce, from my soul, at least a faint idea of these glorious abodes. Oh, that only all littleness had departed from it as entirely as the little charm of thatched roofs has vanished from among my ideas of what a drawing should be! We shall see what this "Queen of Islands" can do.

No words can express the welcome — with its fresh green mulberry-trees, evergreen oleanders, and hedges of citron, etc. In the open gardens, you see large beds of ranunculuses and anemones. The air is mild, warm, and fragrant; the wind refreshing. The full moon, too, rose from behind a promontory, and shone upon the sea; and this joyous scene after being tossed about four days and nights on the waves!

Forgive me if, with the stump of a pen, and the India-ink my fellow traveller uses for his sketches, I scribble down these remarks. I send them to you as a faint lisping murmur; since I am preparing for all that love me another record of these, my happy hours. What it is to be I say not; and when you will receive it, that also it is out of my power to tell.

This letter must, as far as possible, impart to you, my dearest friends, a high treat: it is intended to convey to you a description of an unrivalled bay, embracing a vast mass of waters. Beginning from the east, where a flattish headland runs far out into the sea, it is dotted with many rugged, beautifully shaped, wood-crowned rocks, until it reaches the fishing-huts of the suburbs; then the town itself, the foremost houses of which (and among them our own hotel) all look toward the harbour and the great gate by which we entered.

Then it stretches westward, and passing the usual landing-place, where vessels of smaller burden can touch, comes next to what is properly the harbour, near the Mole, which is the station of all larger vessels; and then, at the western point, to protect the shipping, rises Monte Pellegrino, with its beautiful contour, after leaving between it and the mainland a lovely fertile valley, which at its other end again reaches the sea.

Kniep sketched away. I took, with my mind's eye, the plan of the country (*ich schematisirte*), with great delight; and now, glad to have reached home again, we feel neither strength nor energy to tell a long story, and to go into particulars. Our endeavours must, therefore, be reserved for a future occasion; and this sheet must serve to convince you of our inability adequately to seize these objects, or rather of our presumption in thinking to grasp and master them in so short a time.

PALERMO,

Wednesday, April 4, 1787.

In the afternoon we paid a visit to the fertile and delightful valley at the foot of the Southern Mountains, running by Palermo, and through which the Oreto meanders. Here, too, is a call for the painter's eye, and a practised hand to convey an idea of it. Kniep, however, hastily seized an excellent point of view, at

a spot where the pent-up water was dashing down from a half-broken weir, and was shaded by a lovely group of trees, behind which an uninterrupted prospect opened up the valley, affording a view of several farm buildings.

Beautiful spring weather, and a budding luxuriance, diffused over the whole valley a refreshing feeling of peace, which our stupid guide marred by his ill-timed erudition; telling us that in former days Hannibal had fought a battle here, and circumstantially detailing all the dreadful feats of war which had been perpetrated on the spot. In no friendly mood I reproved him for thus fatally calling up again such departed spectres. It was bad enough, I said, that from time to time the crops should be trodden down, if not by elephants, yet by men and horses. At any rate, it was not right to scare away the peaceful dreams of imagination by reviving such tumults and horrors.

The guide was greatly surprised that I could, on such a spot, despise classical reminiscences; nor could I make him understand how greatly such a mingling of the past with the present displeased me.

Still more singular did our guide deem me, when at all the shallow places, of which a great many are left dry by the stream, I searched for pebbles, and carried off with me specimens of each sort. I again found it difficult to make him understand that there was no readier way of forming an idea of a mountainous district like that before us, than by examining the nature of the stones which are washed down by the streams; and that in so doing, the purpose was to acquire a right notion of those eternally classic heights of the ancient world.

And, indeed, my gains from this stream were large enough: I carried away nearly forty specimens, which, however, may be comprised under a few classes. Most of these were of a species of rock, which, in one re-

spect, might be regarded as a sort of jasper or hornblende; in another, looked like clay-slate. I found some pebbles rounded, others of a rhomboidal shape, others of irregular forms and of various colours: moreover, many varieties of the primeval limestone; not a few specimens of breccia, of which the substratum was lime, and holding jasper or modifications of limestone; rubbles of muschelkalk were not wanting either.

The horses here are fed on barley, cut straw (*hackerling*), and clover. In spring they give them the green barley, in order to refresh them,—*per rinfrescar* is the phrase. As there are no meadows here, they have no hay. On the hillsides there are some pasturelands; and also in the corn-fields, as a third is always left fallow. They keep but few sheep, and these are of a breed from Barbary. On the whole, they have more mules than horses, because the hot food suits the former better than the latter.

The plain on which Palermo is situated, as well as the districts of Ai Colli, which lie without the city, and a part also of Baggaria, have for their basis the muschelkalk, of which the city is built. There are, for this purpose, extensive quarries of it in the neighbourhood. In one place, near Monte Pellegrino, they are more than fifty feet deep. The lower layers are of a whiter hue. In it are found many petrified corals and other shell-fish, but principally great scallops. The upper stratum is mixed with red marl, and contains but few, if any, fossils. Right above it lies the red marl, of which, however, the layer is not very stiff.

Monte Pellegrino, however, rises out of all this. It is a primary limestone, has many hollows and fissures, which, although very irregular, when closely observed are found to follow the order of the strata. The stone is close, and rings when struck.

PALERMO,

Thursday, April 5, 1787.

We have gone carefully through the city. The style of architecture resembles for the most part that of Naples; but the public buildings, for instance the fountains, are still further removed from good taste. Here there is no artistic mind to regulate the public works: the edifices owe both their shape and existence to chance. A fountain, which is the admiration of the whole island, would, perhaps, never have existed, had not Sicily furnished a beautiful variegated marble, and had not a sculptor well practised in animal shapes happened to be in favour precisely at the time. It would be a difficult matter to describe this fountain. In a moderately sized site stands a round piece of masonry, not quite a staff high (*Stock hoch*). The socle, the wall, and the cornice are of variegated marble. In the wall are several niches in a row, from which animals of all kinds, in white marble, are looking with stretched-out necks. Horses, lions, camels, and elephants, are interchanged one with another; and one scarcely expects to find, within the circle of this menagerie, a fountain, to which, through four openings, marble steps lead you down to draw from the water, which flows in abundance.

The same nearly may be said of the churches, in which even the Jesuits' love of show and finery is surpassed, but not from design or plan, but by accident, — just as artist after artist, whether sculptor, carver, gilder, lackerer, or worker in marble, chose, without taste or rule, to display on each vacant spot their several abilities.

Amidst all this, however, one cannot fail to recognise a certain talent in imitating natural objects: for instance, the heads of the animals around the fountains are very well executed. By this means it is, in truth, that the admiration of the multitude is, excited, whose



artistic gratification consists chiefly in comparing the imitation with its living prototype.

Toward evening I made a merry acquaintance, as I entered the house of a small dealer in the Long Street, in order to purchase some trifles. As I stood before the window to look at the wares, a slight breeze arose, which eddying along the whole street, at last distributed through all the windows and doors the immense cloud of dust which it had raised. "By all the saints," I cried, "whence comes all the dust of your town? is there no helping it? In its length and beauty, this street vies with any in the Corso in Rome. On both sides a fine pavement, which each stall and shop-holder keeps clean by interminable sweeping, but brushes everything into the middle of the street, which is, in consequence, so much the dirtier, and with every breath of wind sends back to you the filth which has just before been swept into the roadway. In Naples busy donkeys carry off, day by day, the rubbish to the gardens and farms. Why should you not here contrive and establish some similar regulation?"

"Things with us are as they are," he replied: "we throw everything out of the house, and it rots before the door. You see here horse-dung and filth of all kinds: it lies there and dries, and returns to us again in the shape of dust. Against it we are taking precautions all day long. But look, our pretty little and ever busy brooms, worn out at last, only go to increase the heap of filth before our doors."

And oddly enough it was actually so. They had nothing but very little besoms of palm-branches, which, slightly altered, might have been really useful; but as it was, they broke off easily, and the stumps were lying by thousands in the streets. To my repeated questioning, whether there was no board or regulations to prevent all this, he replied, "A story is current among the people, that those whose duty it was to provide

for the cleansing of our streets, being men of great power and influence, could not be compelled to disburse the money on its lawful objects." And, besides that, there was also the strange fact that certain parties feared that if the dirty straw and dung were swept away, every one would see how badly the pavement beneath was laid down; and so the dishonesty of a second body would be thereby exposed. "All this, however," he remarked, with a most humorous expression, "is merely the interpretation which the ill-disposed put upon it." For his part, he was of the opinion of those who maintained that the nobles preserved this soft litter for their carriages, in order that, when they take their drive for amusement in the evening, they might ride at ease over the elastic ground. And as the man was now in the humour, he joked away at many of the abuses of the police,—a consolatory proof to me that man has always humour enough to make merry with what he cannot help.

St. Rosalie, the patron saint of Palermo, is so universally known, from the description which Brydone has given of her festival, that it must assuredly be agreeable to my friends to read some account of the place and the spot where she is most particularly worshipped.

Monte Pellegrino, a vast mass of rocks of which the breadth is greater than the height, lies on the north-west extremity of the Bay of Palermo. Its beautiful form admits not of being described by words: a most excellent view of it may be seen in the "*Voyage Pittoresque de la Sicile*." It consists of a gray limestone of the earlier epoch. The rocks are quite barren; not a tree or a bush will grow on them: even the more smooth and level portions are but barely covered with grasses or mosses.

In a cavern of this mountain, the bones of the saint were discovered, at the beginning of the last century, and brought to Palermo. The presence of them

delivered the city from a pestilence, and ever since St. Rosalie has been the patron saint of the people. Chapels have been built in her honour, splendid festivals have been instituted.

The pious and devout frequently made pilgrimages to the mountain; and, in consequence, a road has been made to it, which, like an ancient aqueduct, rests on arches and columns, and ascends zigzag between the rocks.

The place of worship is far more suitable to the humility of the saint who retired thither, than are the splendid festivities which have been instituted in honour of her total renunciation of the world. And perhaps the whole of Christendom, which now, for eighteen hundred years, has based its riches, pomps, and festival amusements, on the memory of its first founders and most zealous confessors, cannot point out a holy spot which has been adorned and rendered venerable in so eminent and delightful a way.

When you have ascended the mountain, you proceed to the corner of a rock, over against which there rises a high wall of stone. On this the church and the monastery are very finely situated.

The exterior of the church has nothing promising or inviting. You open its door without any high expectation, but on entering are ravished with wonder. You find yourself in a vast vestibule, which extends to the whole width of the church, and is open toward the nave. You see here the usual vessel of holy water and some confessionals. The nave is an open space, which on the right is bounded by the native rock, and on the left by the continuation of the vestibule. It is paved with flat stones on a slight inclination, in order that the rain-water may run off. A small well stands nearly in the centre.

The cave itself has been transformed into the choir, without, however, any of its rough natural shape being

altered. Ascending a few steps, close upon them stands the choristers' desk with the choir-books, and on each side are the seats of the choristers. The whole is lighted by the day-light, which is admitted from the court or nave. Deep within, in the dark recesses of the cave, stands the high altar.

As already stated, no change has been made in the cave: only, as the rocks drip incessantly with water, it was necessary to keep the place dry. This has been effected by means of tin tubes, which are fastened to every projection of the rock, and in various ways connected with each other. As they are broad above, and come to a narrow edge below, and are, moreover, painted of a dull green colour, they give to the rock an appearance of being overgrown with a species of cactus. The water is conducted into a clear reservoir, out of which it is taken by the faithful as a remedy and preventative for every kind of ill.

As I was narrowly observing all this, an ecclesiastic came up to me and asked whether I was a Genoese, and wished to have a few masses said. I replied upon this that I had come to Palermo with a Genoese, who would to-morrow, as it was a festival, come up to the shrine; but, as one of us must always be at home, I had come up to-day in order to look about me. Upon this he observed, I was at perfect liberty to look at everything at my leisure, and to perform my devotions. In particular he pointed out to me a little altar, which stood on the left, as especially holy, and then left me.

Through the openings of a large trellis-work of lattice, lamps appeared burning before an altar. I knelt down close to the gratings and peeped through. Farther in, however, another lattice of brass wire was drawn across: so that one looked, as it were, through gauze at the objects within. By the light of some dull lamps, I caught sight of a lovely female form.

She lay seemingly in a state of ecstasy, — the eyes half closed, the head leaning carelessly on the right hand, which was adorned with many rings. I could not sufficiently discern her face, but it seemed to be peculiarly charming. Her robe was made of gilded metal, which imitated excellently a texture wrought with gold. The head and hands were of white marble. I cannot say that the whole was in the lofty style, still it was executed so naturally and so pleasingly that one almost fancied it must breathe and move. A little angel stands near her, and with a bunch of lilies in his hand appears to be fanning her.

Meanwhile the clergy had come into the cave, taken their places, and began to chant the Vespers.

I took my seat right before the altar, and listened to them for awhile: then I again approached the altar, knelt down, and attempted to obtain a still more distinct view of the beautiful image. I resigned myself without reserve to the charming illusion of the statue and the locality.

The chant of the priests now resounded through the cave; the water was trickling into the reservoir near the altar; while the overhanging rocks of the vestibule — the proper nave of the church — shut in the scene. There was a deep stillness in this waste spot, whose inhabitants seemed to be all dead, — a singular neatness in a wild cave. The tinsel and tawdry pomp of the Roman Catholic ceremonial, especially as it is vividly decked out in Sicily, had here reverted to its original simplicity. The illusion produced by the statue of the fair sleeper, which had a charm even for the most practised eye — in short, it was with the greatest difficulty that I tore myself from the spot, and it was late at night before I got back to Palermo.

PALERMO,

Saturday, April 7, 1787.

In the public gardens, which are close to the roadstead, I have passed some most delightful hours. It is the most wonderful place in the world: regularly laid out by art, it still looks a fairy spot; planted but a short time ago, it yet transports you into ancient times. Green edgings surround beds of the choicest exotics; citron-espaliers arch over low-arboured walks; high walls of the oleander, decked with thousands of its red carnation-like blossoms, dazzle the eye; trees wholly strange and unknown to me, as yet without leaf, and probably, therefore, natives of a still warmer climate, spread out their strange-looking branches. A raised seat at the end of the level space gives you a survey of these curiously mixed rarities, and leads the eye at last to great basins in which gold and silver fish swim about with their pretty movements,—now hiding themselves beneath moss-covered reeds, now darting in troops to catch the bit of bread which has tempted them from their hiding-place. All the plants exhibit tints of green such as we are not used to,—yellower and bluer than are found with us. What, however, lent to every object the rarest charm was a strong halo which hung around everything alike, and produced the following singular effect: objects which were only distant a few steps from others were distinguished from them by a decided tint of light blue, so that at last the distinctive colours of the most remote were almost merged in it, or at least assumed to the eye a decidedly strong blue tint.

The very singular effect which such a halo imparts to distinct objects, vessels, and headlands, is remarkable enough to an artistic eye: it assists it accurately to distinguish and, indeed, to measure distances. It makes, too, a walk on the heights extremely charming. One no longer sees Nature, nothing but pictures; just

as if a painter of exquisite taste had arranged them in a gallery.

But these wonderful gardens have made a deep and lasting impression on my mind. The black waves on the northern horizon, as they broke on the irregular points of the bay, — and even the smell of the sea, — all seemed to recall to my imagination, as well as to my memory, the happy island of the Phæacians. I hastened to purchase a "Homer," and began to read this book with the highest delight, making an impromptu translation of it for the benefit of Kniep, who had well deserved by his diligent exertions this day some agreeable refreshment over a glass of wine.

PALERMO, April 8, 1787.

(Easter Day.)

The morning rejoicings in the blissful Resurrection of the Lord commenced with break of day. Crackers, wild-fires, rockets, serpents, etc., were let off by wholesale in front of the churches, as the worshippers crowded in at the open doors. The chiming of bells, the pealing of organs, the chanting of processions, and of the choirs of priests who came to meet them, were enough to stun the ears of all who had not been used to such noisy worship.

The early mass was scarcely ended, when two well-dressed couriers of the viceroy visited our hotel, with the double object of offering to all strangers his highness's congratulations on the festival, and to exact a *douceur* in return. As I was specially honoured with an invitation to dinner, my gift was, of course, expected to be considerable.

After spending the morning in visiting the different churches, I proceeded to the viceroy's palace, which is situated at the upper end of the city. As I arrived rather early, I found the great hall still empty: there

was only a little, lively man, who came up to me, and whom I soon discovered to be a Maltese.

When he had learned that I was a German, he asked if I could give him any account of Erfurt, where he had spent a very pleasant time on a short visit.

As he asked me about the family of the Dācherödes, and about the Coadjutor von Dalberg, I was able to give some account of them, at which he seemed much delighted, and inquired after other people of Thuringia. With considerable interest he then inquired about Weimar. "And how," he asked, "is the person, who, full of youth and vivacity when I was there, was the life of society? I have forgotten his name, but he is the author of 'Werther.'"

After a little pause, as if for the sake of tasking my memory, I answered, "I am the person whom you are inquiring about." With the most visible signs of astonishment he sprung back, exclaiming, "There must have been a great change then!" "Oh, yes!" I rejoined, "between Palermo and Weimar I have gone through many a change."

At this moment the viceroy and suite entered the apartment. His carriage evinced that graceful freedom which became so distinguished a personage. He could not refrain from laughing at the Maltese, as he went on expressing his astonishment to see me here. At table I sat by the side of the viceroy, who inquired into the objects of my journey, and assured me that he would give orders that everything in Palermo should be open to my inspection, and that every possible facility should be given me during my tour through Sicily.

PALERMO,

Monday, April 9, 1787.

This whole day has been taken up with the stupidities of the Prince Pallagonia, whose follies are thoroughly different from what one would form an



idea of either by reading or by hearing of them. For, with the slightest love of truth, he who wishes to furnish an account of the absurd, gets into a dilemma: he is anxious to give an idea of it, and so makes it something, whereas, in reality, it is a nothing which seeks to pass for something. And here I must premise another general reflection; viz., that neither the most tasteless nor the most excellent production comes entirely and immediately from a single individual or a single age, but that with a little attention any one may trace its pedigree and descent.

The fountain already described in Palermo belongs to the forefathers of the Pallagonian follies, only that the latter, in their own soil and domain, develop themselves with the greatest freedom and on the largest scale.

When in these parts a country-seat is built, it is usually placed in the middle of a whole property: and therefore, in order to reach the princely mansion, you have to pass through cultivated fields, kitchen-gardens, and similar rural conveniences; for these Southerners show far more of economy than we Northmen, who often waste a good piece of rich land on a park, which, with its barren shrubs, can only charm the eye. But here it is the fashion to build two walls, between which you pass to the castle, without knowing in the least what is doing on your right and left. This passage begins generally with a grand portico, and sometimes with a vaulted hall, and ends with the mansion itself. But, in order that the eye may not be entirely without relief between these by-walls, they are generally arched over, and ornamented with scrolls, and also with pedestals, on which, here and there, a vase is placed. The flat surfaces are plastered, divided into compartments, and painted. The court is formed by a circle of one-storied cabins, in which work-people of all sorts reside, while the quadrangular castle towers over all.

This is the sort of building which is here traditionally adopted, and which probably was the old form, when the father of the present prince rebuilt the castle, not in the best, but still in tolerable taste. But the present possessor, without abandoning the general features of this style, gave free course to his humour and passion for the most ill-shapen and tasteless of erections. One would do him too much honour by giving him credit for even one spark of taste.

We entered, therefore, the great hall, which stands at the beginning of the property, and found ourselves in an octagonal room, of a breadth altogether disproportioned to its height. Four vast giants with modern splatterdashes, which had just been *buttoned* on, support the cornice, on which, directly meeting the eye as you enter, is a representation of the Holy Trinity.

The passage to the castle is broader than usual, the wall being converted into one continuous high socle; from which basement the strangest groups possible reach to the top, while in the spaces between them several vases are placed. The ugliness of these unshapely figures (the bungling work of the most ordinary mason) is increased by their having been cut out of a very crumbly muscheltufa; although, perhaps, a better material would have made the badness of the form still more striking to the eye. I used the word "groups" a moment ago; but I have employed a wrong term, inappropriate in this place. For they are mere juxtapositions, determined by no thought, but by mere arbitrary caprice. In each case three form the ornament of a square pedestal, their bases being so arranged as to fill up the space by their various postures. The principal groups have generally two figures, which occupy the chief face of the pedestal, and then two are yet wanting to fill up the back part of the pedestal. One of a moderate

size generally represents a shepherd or shepherdess, a cavalier or a lady, a dancing ape or a hound. Still there is a vacant spot on the pedestal: this is generally held by a dwarf,—as, indeed, in dull jokes, this sort of gentry usually play a conspicuous part.

That we may not omit any of the elements of Prince Pallagonia's folly, we give you the accompanying catalogue. Men: beggars, male and female, Spanish men and women, Moors, Turks, hunchbacks, cripples of all sorts, strolling musicians, pulcinellos, soldiers in ancient uniforms, gods, goddesses, gentlemen in old French costumes, soldiers with cartouche boxes and gaiters, mythological personages (with most ridiculous companions,—Achilles and Charon, for instance, with Punch). Animals (merely parts of them): heads of horses on human bodies, misshapen apes, lots of dragons and serpents, all sorts of feet under figures of all kinds, double-headed monsters, and creatures with heads that do not belong to them. Vases: all sorts of monsters and scrolls, which below end in the hollows and bases of vases.

Just let any one think of such figures furnished by wholesale, produced without thought or sense, and arranged without choice or purpose,—only let him conceive to himself this socle, these pedestals and unshapely objects in an endless series, and he will be able to sympathise with the disagreeable feeling which must seize every one whose miserable fate condemns him to run the gauntlet of such absurdities.

We now approach the castle, and are received into a semicircular fore-court. The chief wall before us, through which is the entrance-door, is in the castle style. Here we find an Egyptian figure built into the wall, a fountain without water, a monument, vases stuck around in no sort of order, statues designedly laid on their noses. Next we came to the castle court, and found the usual round area, enclosed with

little cottages, distorted into small semicircles, in order, forsooth, that there might be no want of variety.

The ground is, for the most part, overgrown with grass. Here, as in the neighbourhood of a church in ruins, are marble urns with strange scrolls and foliations, collected by his father; dwarfs and other abortions of the later epoch, for which, as yet, fitting places have not been found; one even comes upon an arbour, propped up with ancient vases, and stone scrolls of various shapes.

The absurdities produced by such want of judgment and taste, however, are strikingly instanced by the fact that the window-sills in these cottages are, without exception, oblique, and lean to one side or the other, so as to offend and violate all sense of the level and perpendicular, which are so indispensable in the human mind, and form the foundation of all architectural propriety. And then, again, the edges of all the roofs are *embellished* with hydras and little busts, with choirs of monkeys playing music, and similar conceits. Dragons alternate with deities; an Atlas, who sustains not the mundane sphere, but an empty wine-barrel!

One hopes to escape from all this by entering the castle, which, having been built by the father, presents relatively a more rational appearance when viewed from the exterior. But in vain; for at no great distance from the door one stumbles upon the laurel-crowned head of a Roman emperor on the body of a dwarf, who is sitting astride a dolphin.

Now, in the castle itself, of which the exterior gives hope of at least a tolerable interior, the madness of the prince begins again to rave. Many of the seats have lost their legs, so that no one can sit upon them; and if some appear to promise a resting-place, the chamberlain warns you against them, as having sharp prickles beneath their satin-covered cushions. In all the corners are candelabras of porcelain china, which, on a

nearer view, you discover to be cemented together out of different bowls, cups, saucers, etc. Not a corner but some whim peeps out of it. Even the unequalled prospect over the promontory into the sea is spoiled by coloured glass, which, by its false lights, gives either a cold or a fiery tint to the neighbouring scenes. I must also mention a cabinet, which is inlaid with old gold frames, cut in pieces. All the hundredfold carvings, all the endless varieties of ancient and modern, more or less dust-stained and time-injured, gilding, closely huddled together, cover all the walls, and give you the idea of a miniature lumber-room.

To describe the chapel alone would require a volume. Here one finds the solution of the whole folly, which could never have reached such a pitch in any but a bigoted mind. How many monstrous creations of a false and misled devotion are here to be found, I must leave you to guess for yourself. However, I cannot refrain from mentioning the most outrageous: a carved crucifix is fastened flat to the roof, painted after nature, lackered and gilded; into the navel of the figure attached to the cross, a hook is screwed, and from the latter hangs a chain which is fastened to the head of a man who, in a kneeling and praying posture, is suspended in the air, and, like all the other figures in the church, is painted and lackered. In all probability it is intended to serve as a type of the owner's unceasing devotion.

Moreover, the house is not finished within. A hall built by the father, and intended to be decorated with rich and varied ornaments, but not tricked out in a false and offensive taste, is still incomplete; so that, it would seem, even the boundless madness of the possessor is at a standstill.

Kniep's artistic feeling was almost driven to desperation in this madhouse; and, for the first time in my life, I found him quite impatient. He hurried me

away, when I wished to take a note of, and to perpetuate the memory of, these monstrous absurdities, one by one. Good-naturedly enough, he at last took a sketch of one of these compositions, which did, at least, form a kind of group. It represents a woman with a horse's head, sitting on a stool, and playing at cards with a cavalier, dressed, as to his lower extremities, in the old fashion, while his gray head is ornamented with a large wig and a crown. The statue reminded me of the arms of the house of Pallagonia, — a satyr, holding up a mirror *before* a woman with a horse's head, which, even after all the strange follies of its present head, seems to me highly singular.

PALERMO,

Tuesday, April 10, 1787.

To-day we took a drive up the mountains to Mon Reale, along a glorious road which was laid down by an abbot of this cloister in the times of its opulence and wealth, — broad, of easy ascent; trees here and there; springs, and dripping wells, decked out with ornaments and scrolls somewhat Pallagonian in style, but still, in spite of all that, refreshing to both man and beast.

The monastery of St. Martin, which lies on the height, is a respectable building. One bachelor alone, as we see in the case of Prince Pallagonia, has seldom produced anything rational; but several together, on the other hand, have effected the greatest works, such as churches and monasteries. But perhaps these spiritual fraternities produced so much, simply because, more than any father of a family, they could reckon with certainty on a numerous posterity.

The monks readily permitted us to view their collection of antiques and natural objects. They contained many excellent specimens of both. Our attention was particularly fixed by a medallion, with the *figure* of a young goddess, which must excite the rapture of every

beholder. The good monks would willingly have given us a copy, but there was nothing within reach which would do to make a mould.

After they had exhibited to us all their treasures, — not without entering on an unfavourable comparison of their present with their former condition, — they led us into a small but pleasant room, from the balcony of which one enjoyed a lovely prospect. Here covers were laid for us alone, and we had a very excellent dinner to ourselves. When the dessert was served, the abbot and the senior monks entered, and took their seats. They remained nearly half an hour, during which time we had to answer many questions. We took a most friendly farewell of them. The younger brethren accompanied us once more to the rooms where the collections were kept, and at last to our carriage.

We drove home with feelings very different from those of yesterday. To-day we had to regret a noble institution which was falling with time; while, on the other hand, a most tasteless undertaking had a constant supply of wealth for its support.

The road to St. Martin ascends a hill of the earlier limestone formation. The rock is quarried and broken, and burnt into lime, which is very white. For burning the stone, they make use of a long, coarse sort of grass, which is dried in bundles. Here, too, it is that the calorex is produced. Even on the most precipitous heights lies a red clay, of alluvial origin, which serves the purposes of our dam-earth. The higher it lies the redder it is, and is but little blackened by vegetation. I saw, at a distance, a ravine almost like cinnabar.

The monastery stands in the middle of the limestone hill, which is very rich in springs.

PALERMO,

Wednesday, April 11, 1787.

Having explored the two principal objects without the city, we betook ourselves to the palace, where a

busy courier showed us the rooms and their contents. To our great horror, the room in which the antiques are generally placed was in the greatest disorder, in consequence of the walls being in the process of decoration. The statues were removed from their usual places, covered with cloth, and protected by wooden frames; so that in spite of the good will of our guide, and some trouble on the part of the work-people, we could only gain a very imperfect idea of them. My attention was chiefly occupied with two rams in bronze, which, notwithstanding the unfavourable circumstances, highly delighted our artistic taste. They are represented in a recumbent posture, with one foot stretched out before them, with the heads (in order to form a pair) turned on different sides. Powerful forms, belonging to the mythological family, and well worthy to carry Phrixus and Helle. The wool, not short and crisp, but long and flowing, with a slight wave, and shape most true to nature, and extremely elegant: they evidently belonged to the best period of Grecian art. They are said to have stood originally in the harbour of Syracuse.

The courier now took us out of the city to the catacombs, which, laid out on a regular architectural plan, are anything but quarries converted into burial-places. In a rock of tufa, of tolerable hardness, the side of which has been worked level and perpendicular, vaulted openings have been cut; and in these, again, are hewn several tiers of sarcophagi, one above the other, all of the natural material, without masonry of any kind. The upper tiers are smaller, and in the spaces over the pillars are tombs for children.

PALERMO,

Thursday, April 12.

To-day we have been shown Prince Torremuzza's cabinet of medals. I was, in a certain degree, loath to



go there. I am too little versed in these matters, and a mere curiosity-mongering traveller is thoroughly detested by all true connoisseurs and scholars. But as one must in every case make a beginning, I made myself easy on this head, and have derived both gratification and profit from my visit. What a satisfaction, even cursorily, to glance at the fact that the old world was thickly sown with cities, the smallest of which has bequeathed to us in its precious coins, if not a complete series, yet at least some epochs, of its history of art. Out of these cabinets, there smiles upon us an eternal spring of the blossoms and flowers of art, of a busy life ennobled with high tastes, and of much more besides. Out of these form-endowed pieces of metal, the glory of the Sicilian cities, now obscured, still shines forth fresh before us.

Unfortunately, we in our youth had seen none but family coins, which say nothing, and the coins of the Cæsars, which repeat to satiety the same profile, — portraits of rulers who are to be regarded as anything but models of humanity. How sadly had our youth been confined to a shapeless Palestine, and to a shape-perplexing Rome! Sicily and Nova Græcia give me hopes again of a fresh existence.

That on these subjects I should enter into general reflections, is a proof that as yet I do not understand much about them; yet that, with all the rest, will in degrees be improved.

PALERMO,

Thursday, April 12, 1787.

This evening a wish of mine was gratified, and in a very singular fashion. I was standing on the pavement of the principal street, joking at the window with the shopkeeper I formerly mentioned, when suddenly a footman, tall and well-dressed, came up to me, and quickly poked a silver salver before me, on which were several copper coins and a few pieces of silver.

As I could not make out what it all meant, I shook my head and shrugged my shoulders, the usual token by which in this country you get rid of those whose address or question you either cannot, or do not wish to, understand.

“What does all this mean?” I asked of my friend the shopkeeper, who, with a very significant mien, and somewhat stealthily, pointed to a lank and haggard gentleman, who, elegantly dressed, was walking with great dignity and indifference through the dung and dirt. Frizzled and powdered, with his hat under his arm, in a silken vest, with his sword by his side, and having a neat shoe ornamented with a jewelled buckle, the old man walked on calmly and sorrowfully. All eyes were directed toward him.

“It is Prince Pallagonia,” said the dealer, “who, from time to time, goes through the city collecting money to ransom the slaves in Barbary. It is true, he does not get much by his collection, but the object is kept in memory; and so it often happens that those who, in their lifetime, were backward in giving, leave large legacies at their death. The prince has for many years been at the head of this society, and has done a great deal of good.”

“Instead of wasting so much on the follies of his country-house,” I cried, “he might have spent the same large sum on this object. Then no prince in the world would have accomplished more.”

To this the shopkeeper rejoined: “But is not that the way with us all? We are ready enough to pay for our own follies. Our virtues must look to the purses of others for their support.”

PALERMO, April 13, 1787.

Count Borck has very diligently worked before us in the mineralogy of Sicily, and whoever of the same mind visits the island after him, must willingly ac-

knowledge his obligations to him. I feel it a pleasure, no less than a duty, to celebrate the memory of my predecessor. And what am I more than a forerunner of others yet to be, both in my travels and life?

However, the industry of the count seems to me to have been greater than his knowledge. He appears to have gone to work with a certain reserve, which is altogether opposed to that stern earnestness with which grand objects should be treated.

Nevertheless, his essay in quarto, which is exclusively devoted to the mineralogy of Sicily, has been of great use to me; and, prepared by it, I was able to profit by my visit to the quarries, which formerly, when it was the custom to case the churches and altars with marble and agate, were more busily worked, though even now they are not idle. I purchased from them some specimens of the hard and soft stones; for it is thus that they usually designate the marble and agate, chiefly because a difference of price mainly depends on this difference of quality. But, besides these, they have still another for a material which is the produce of the fire of their kilns. In these after each burning, they find a sort of glassy flux, which in colour varies from the lightest to the darkest, and even blackest blue. These lumps are, like other stones, cut into thin lamina, and then pierced, according to the height of their colour and their purity, and are successfully employed, in the place of lapis lazuli, in the decoration of churches, altars, and sepulchral monuments.

A complete collection, such as I wished, is not to be had at present: it is to be sent after me to Naples. The agates are of the greatest beauty, especially such as are variegated with irregular pieces of yellow or red jasper, and with white, and as it were frozen quartz, which produce the most beautiful effect.

A very accurate imitation of these agates, produced by lake colouring on the back of thin plates of glass, is

the only rational thing that I observed the other day among the Pallagonian follies. Such imitations are far better for decorations than the real agate; since the latter are only found in very small pieces, whereas the size of the former depends on nothing but the size of the artist's plate. This contrivance of art well deserves to be imitated.

Italy without Sicily leaves no image on the soul; here is the key to all.

Of the climate it is impossible to say enough. It is now rainy weather, but not uninterruptedly wet: yesterday it thundered and lightened, and to-day all is intensely green. The flax has in places already put forth joints: in others it is boiling. Looking down from the hills, one fancies he sees in the plain below little ponds, so beautifully blue-green are the flax-fields here and there. Living objects without number surround you. And my companion is an excellent fellow, the true *Hoffegut* (Hopeful), and I honestly sustain the part of the *True friend*. He has already made some beautiful sketches, and will take still more before we go. What a prospect,—to return home some day, happy and with all these treasures!

Of the meat and drink here, in the country, I have said nothing as yet: however, it is by no means an indifferent matter. The garden-stuffs are excellent, especially the lettuce, which is particularly tender, with a milky taste; it makes one understand at once why the ancients termed it *lactuca*. Oil and wine of all kinds are very good, and might be still better if more care were bestowed on their preparation. Fish of the very best and tenderest. We have had, too, very good beef, though generally people do not praise it.

Now, after dinner, to the window! — to the streets! A malefactor has just been pardoned, an event which takes place every year in honour of the festival of

Easter. The brethren of some order or other led him to the foot of a gallows which had been erected for sake of the ceremony; then the criminal at the foot of the ladder offers up a prayer or two, and having kissed the scaffold, is led away again. He was a good-looking fellow of the middle age, in a white coat, white hat, and all else white. He carried his hat in his hand: at different points they attached variegated ribbons to him, so that at last he was quite in tune to go to any masquerade in the character of a shepherd.

PALERMO,

April 13 and 14, 1787.

So, then, before my departure, I was to meet with a strange adventure, of which I must forthwith give you a circumstantial account.

The whole time of my residence here, I have heard scarcely any topic of conversation at the ordinary, but Cagliostro, his origin and adventures. The people of Palermo are all unanimous in asserting that a certain Joseph Balsamo was born in their city, and, having rendered himself infamous by many disgraceful acts, was banished. But whether this person is identical with Count Cagliostro, was a point on which opinions were divided. Some who knew Balsamo personally asserted they recognised his features in the engraving, which is well known in Germany, and which has also travelled as far as Palermo.

In one of these conversations, one of the guests referred to the trouble which a Palermitan lawyer had taken in examining this matter. He seems to have been commissioned by the French Ministry to trace the origin of an individual, who in the face of France, and, indeed, of the whole world, had had the temerity to utter the silliest of idle tales in the midst of a legal process which involved the most important interests and the reputation of the highest personages.

This lawyer, it was asserted, had prepared the pedigree of Giuseppe Balsamo, together with an explanatory memoir and documentary proofs. It has been forwarded to France, where in all probability public use will be made of it.

As I expressed a wish to form the acquaintance of this lawyer, of whom, besides, people spoke very highly, the person who had recounted these facts offered to mention me to him, and to introduce me.

After a few days we paid him a visit, and found him busily engaged with his clients. When he had dismissed them, and we had taken a luncheon, he produced a manuscript which contained a transcript of Cagliostro's pedigree, and the rough draught of the memoir which had been sent to France.

He laid the genealogy before me, and gave me the necessary explanations; of which I shall here give you as much as is necessary to facilitate the understanding of the whole business.

Giuseppe Balsamo's great-grandfather on his mother's side was Mattéo Martello. The maiden name of his great-grandmother is unknown. The issue of this marriage were two daughters, — Maria, who married Giuseppe Bracconeri, and became the grandmother of Giuseppe Balsamo; and Vincenza, married to Giuseppe Cagliostro, who was born in a little village called La Noava, about eight miles from Messina. (I must note here that there are at this moment living at Messina two bell-founders of this name.) This great-aunt was subsequently godmother of Giuseppe Balsamo, who was named after his great-uncle, and at last in foreign countries assumed also the surname of this relation.

The Bracconeri had three children, — Felicitá, Mattéo, and Antonia.

Felicitá was married to Piedro Balsamo, who was the son of Antonio Balsamo, ribbon dealer in Palermo, and

probably of Jewish descent. Piedro Balsamo, the father of the notorious Giuseppe, became bankrupt, and died in his five and fortieth year. His widow, who is still living, had borne him, besides the above-named Giuseppe Giovanna, Giuseppe Maria, who married Giovanna Battista Capitummino, who begot three children of her body and died.

The memoir, which was read to us by its obliging author, and was at my request lent to me for a few days, was founded on baptismal and marriage certificates and other instruments which he had collected with great diligence. It contains pretty nearly (as I conclude from a comparison with a summary which I then made) all the circumstances which have lately been made better known to the world by the acts of the legal process at Rome; viz., that Giuseppe Balsamo was born at Palermo, in the beginning of June, 1743, and that at his baptism he was received back from the priest's arms by Vincenza Cagliostro (whose maiden name was Martello); that in his youth he took the habit of an order of the Brothers of Mercy, which paid particular attention to the sick; that he had shown great talent and skill for medicine, but that for his disorderly practices he was expelled the order, and thereupon set up in Palermo as a dealer in magic, and treasure-finder.

His great dexterity in imitating every kind of handwriting was not allowed by him to lie idle. He falsified, or rather forged, an ancient document, by which the possession of some lands was brought into litigation. He was soon an object of suspicion, and cast into prison, but made his escape, and was cited to appear under penalty of outlawry. He passed through Calabria toward Rome, where he married the daughter of a belt-maker. From Rome he came back to Naples, under the name of the Marchese Pellegrini. He even ventured to pay a visit to Palermo, was recognised, and taken

prisoner, and made his escape in a manner that well deserves being circumstantially detailed.

One of the principal nobles of Sicily, who possessed very large property, and held several important posts at the Neapolitan court, had a son, who to a frame of unusual strength, and an uncontrollable temper, united all the wanton excesses which the rich and great, without education, can think themselves privileged to indulge in.

Donna Lorenza had managed to attract him, and on him the pretended Marchese Pellegrini relied for impunity. The prince avowed openly his patronage of this couple of newcomers, and set no bounds to his rage when Giuseppe Balsamo, at the instance of the party whom he had injured, was a second time cast into prison. He had recourse to various means to obtain his liberation; and, when these were unsuccessful, he, in the very anteroom of the president's court, threatened the advocate of the opposite party with the most dreadful consequences if he did not consent to the release of Balsamo. As the opposing advocate refused his consent, he rushed upon him, struck him, knocked him down, and kicked him, and was only with difficulty restrained from further violence when the judge, hearing the noise, rushed in and commanded peace.

The latter, a weak and cringing character, had not the courage to punish the wrong-doer. The opposite party, advocate and all, were men of little minds; and so Balsamo was set at liberty, without, however, any record of his liberation being found among the proceedings, neither by whose orders, or in what manner it was effected.

Shortly after this he left Palermo, and travelled in different countries; of which travels, however, the author of the memoir had been only able to collect very imperfect information.



The memoir ended with an acute argument to prove the identity of Balsamo and Cagliostro, — a position which was at this time more difficult to prove than at present, now that the whole history of this individual has been made public.

Had I not been led to form a conjecture that a public use would have been made in France of this essay, and that on my return I should find it already in print, I doubt not but I should have been permitted to take a transcript of it, and to give my friends and the public an early account of many interesting circumstances.

However, we have received the fullest account (and even more particulars than this memoir contains) from a quarter which usually is the source of nothing but errors. Who would have believed that Rome would ever have done so much for the enlightening of the world, and for the utter exposure of an impostor, as she has done by publishing the summary of the proceedings in this case? For although this work ought and might be much more interesting, it is, nevertheless, an excellent document in the hands of every rational mind, who cannot but feel deep regret to see the deceived, and those who were not more deceived than deceivers, going on for years admiring this man and his mummeries; feeling themselves by fellowship with him raised above the common mass, and from the heights of this credulous vanity pitying, if not despising, the sound common sense of mankind in general.

Who was not willingly silent all the while? And even now, at last, when the whole affair is ended and placed beyond dispute, it is only with difficulty that I can prevail upon myself, in order to complete the official account, to communicate some particulars which have here become known to me.

When I found in the genealogy so many persons (especially his mother and sisters) mentioned as still

living, I expressed to the author of the memoir a wish to see them, and to form the acquaintance of the other relatives of so notorious an individual. He remarked that it would be difficult to bring it about; since these persons, poor but respectable, and living very retired, were not accustomed to receive visitors, and that their natural suspicion would be roused by any attempt of the kind. However, he was ready to send to me his copying-clerk, who had access to the family, and by whose means he had procured the information and documents out of which the pedigree had been compiled.

The next day his amanuensis made his appearance, and expressed several scruples upon the matter. "I have hitherto," he said, "carefully avoided coming within sight of these persons. For in order to get into my hands the certificates of baptism and marriage, so as to be able to take legally authenticated copies of them, I was obliged to have recourse to a little trick. I took occasion to speak of some little family property that was somehow or other unclaimed; made it appear probable to them that the young Capitummino was entitled to it; but I told them that first of all it was necessary to make out a pedigree, in order to see how far the youth could establish his claim; that, however, his success must eventually depend upon the law proceedings, which I would willingly undertake on condition of receiving for my trouble a fair proportion of the amount recovered. The good people readily assented to everything. I got possession of the papers I wanted, took copies of them, and finished the pedigree: since then, however, I have cautiously kept out of their sight. A few weeks ago old Capitummino met me, and it was only by pleading the tardiness with which such matters usually proceed that I managed to excuse myself."

Thus spoke the copyist. As, however, I stuck to

my purpose, he, after some consideration, consented to take me to their house, and suggested that it would be best for me to give myself out to be an Englishman bringing the family tidings of Cagliostro, who, immediately after his release from the Bastile, had proceeded to London.

At the appointed hour, about two o'clock in the afternoon, we set out on our expedition. The house was situated in the corner of a narrow lane, not far from the great street, "Il Casaro." We ascended a few wretched steps, and got at once into the kitchen. A woman of middle size, strong and broad, without being fat, was busy washing up the cooking utensils. She was neatly and cleanly clad, and, as we entered, turned up the corner of her apron, in order to conceal from us its dirty front. She seemed glad to see my guide, and exclaimed, "Do you bring us good news, Signor Giovanni? Have you obtained a decree?"

He replied, "No! I have not as yet been able to do anything in our matter. However, here is a foreigner who brings you a greeting from your brother, and who can give you an account of his present state and abode."

The greeting that I was to bring did not exactly stand in our bond. However, the introduction was now made. "You know my brother?" she asked me. "All Europe knows him," I replied; "and I am sure you will be glad to hear that he is at present safe and well; for assuredly you must have been in great anxiety about him." "Walk in," she said, "I will follow you immediately;" and so, with the copying-clerk, I entered the sitting-room.

It was spacious and lofty, and would pass with us for a saloon. It seemed, however, to form the whole dwelling of the family. A single window lighted the large walls, which were once coloured, and on which figures of the saints, taken in black, hung in gilt

frames. Two large beds, without curtains, stood against one wall; while a brown press, which had the shape of an *escritoire*, was placed against the opposite one. Old chairs, with rush bottoms, the backs of which seemed to have once been gilded, stood on each side of it; while the bricks of the floors were in many places sunk deep below the level. In other respects, everything was clean and tidy; and we made our way toward the family, who were gathered around the only large window at the other end of the room.

While my guide was explaining to the old widow Balsamo, who sat in the corner, the cause of our visit, and, in consequence of the deafness of the good old woman, had frequently to repeat his words, I had time to observe the room and the rest of its occupants. A young girl about sixteen years of age, well grown, whose features, however, the smallpox had robbed of all expression, was standing at the window; by her side a young man, whose unpleasant countenance, sadly disfigured by the smallpox, also struck me. In an armchair, opposite the window, sat, or rather reclined, a sick and sadly deformed person, who seemed to be afflicted with a sort of torpor.

When my guide had made himself understood, they insisted on our being seated. The old woman put some questions to me; which I required to have interpreted before I could answer them, as I was not very familiar with the Sicilian dialect.

I was pleased with the examination, which, during this conversation, I made of the old woman. She was of middle size, but of a good figure; over her regular features an expression of calmness was diffused, which people usually enjoy who are deprived of hearing; the tone of her voice was soft and agreeable.

I answered her questions; and my answers had, in their turn, to be interpreted to her.

The slowness of such a dialogue gave me an op-

portunity of weighing my words. I told her that her son, having been acquitted in France, was at present in London, where he had been well received. The joy she expressed at this news was accompanied with exclamations of a heartfelt piety; and now, as she spoke louder and more slowly, I could understand her better.

In the meantime her daughter had come in, and had seated herself by the side of my guide, who faithfully repeated to her what I had been saying. She had tied on a clean apron, and arranged her hair under a net. The more I looked at and compared her with her mother, the more surprised I was at the difference of their persons. A lively, healthy sensibility spoke from every feature of the daughter: she was apparently about forty years old. With her cheerful blue eyes, she looked about her intelligently, without, however, my being able to trace the least symptom of suspicion. As she sat, her figure seemed to promise greater height than it showed when she stood up. Her posture bespoke determination; she sat with her body bent forward, and her hands resting on her knees. Moreover, her full, rather than sharp, profile, reminded me of the portraits of her brother, which I had seen in engravings. She asked me several questions about my travels; about my purpose in visiting Sicily; and would persuade herself that I should most assuredly come again, and keep with them the Festival of St. Rosalie.

The grandmother having in the meantime put some questions to me, the daughter, while I was busy answering them, was speaking in an undertone to my guide; so that my curiosity was stimulated to ask what they were talking about. Upon this he said, Donna Capitummino was just telling him that her brother owed her fourteen oncie. In order to facilitate his rapid departure from Palermo, she had redeemed some of his things which were in pawn; but since then she had not heard a word from him, nor received

any money, nor help of any kind, although, as she had heard, he possessed great wealth, and kept a princely establishment. Would I not engage on my return, at the first favourable moment to remind him of this debt, and to get him to make them an allowance,— nay, would I not take a letter to him, or at least frank one to him? I offered to do so. She asked me where I lived? and where she could send me the letter. I avoided giving her my address, and engaged to call for the letter on the evening of the next day.

She then recounted to me her pitiable situation. She was a widow, with three children: one girl was being educated in a nunnery, the other was here at home, and her son was gone to school. Besides these three children, she had her mother on her hands, for whose support she must provide; and besides all this, out of Christian love she had taken into her house the unfortunate sick person,— and thus augmented her miseries. All her industry scarcely sufficed to furnish herself and children with the very barest necessaries. She well knew that God would reward all such good works; still, she could not help sighing beneath the heavy burden she had so long borne.

The young people joined in the conversation, and the dialogue became livelier. While I was speaking to the others, I heard the old woman ask her daughter if I belonged to their holy religion. I was able to observe that the daughter skilfully parried the question by assuring her mother (as well as I could make out her words) that the stranger appeared well disposed toward them; and that it was not proper to question any one all at once on this point.

When they heard that I was soon to depart from Palermo, they became still more urgent, and entreated me to call again at all events: they especially praised the heavenly day of St. Rosalie's festival, the like of which was not to be seen or enjoyed in the world.

My guide, who for a long while had been wishing to get away, at last by his signs put an end to our talk; and I promised to come on the evening of the next day, and fetch the letter. My guide expressed his satisfaction that all had gone off so well, and we parted, well satisfied with each other.

You may imagine what impression this poor, pious, and well-disposed family made upon me. My curiosity was satisfied; but their natural and pleasing behaviour had excited my sympathy, and reflection only confirmed my good will in their favour.

But then some anxiety soon arose in my mind about to-morrow. It was only natural that my visit, which at first had so charmed them, would, after my departure, be talked and thought over by them. From the pedigree, I was aware that others of the family were still living. Nothing could be more natural than that they should call in their friends to consult them on all they had been so astonished to hear from me the day before. I had gained my object, and now it only remained for me to contrive to bring this adventure to a favourable issue. I therefore set off the next day, and arrived at their house just after their dinner. They were surprised to see me so early. The letter, they told me, was not yet ready; and some of their relatives wished to make my acquaintance, and they would be there toward evening.

I replied that I was to depart early in the morning; that I had yet some visits to make, and had also to pack up; and that I had determined to come earlier than I had promised rather than not come at all.

During this conversation the son entered, whom I had not seen the day before. In form and countenance he resembled his sister. He had brought with him the letter I was to take. As usual in these parts, it had been written by one of the public notaries. The youth, who was of a quiet, sad, and modest dis-

position, inquired about his uncle, asked about his riches and expenditure, and added, "How could he forget his family so long? It would be the greatest happiness to us," he continued, "if he would only come back and help us;" but he further asked, "How came he to tell you that he had relations in Palermo? It is said that he disowns us everywhere, and gives himself out to be of high birth." These questions, to which my guide's want of foresight had, on our first visit, given rise, I contrived to satisfy, by making it appear possible, that, although his uncle might have many reasons for concealing his origin from the public, he would, nevertheless, make no secret of it to his friends and familiar acquaintances.

His sister, who had stepped forward during this conversation, and taken courage from the presence of her brother, and probably, also, from the absence of yesterday's friend, began now to speak. Her manner was very pretty and lively. She earnestly begged me, when I wrote to her uncle, to commend her to him; and not less earnestly, also, to come back, when I had finished my tour through the kingdom of Sicily, and to attend with them the festivities of St. Rosalie.

The mother joined her voice to that of her children. "Signor," she exclaimed, "although it does not in propriety become me, who have a grown-up daughter, to invite strange men to my house, — and one ought to guard not only against the danger itself, but even against evil tongues, — still you, I can assure you, will be heartily welcome whenever you return to our city."

"Yes! yes!" cried the children, "we will guide the signor throughout the festival; we will show him everything; we will place him on the scaffolding from which you have the best view of the festivities. How delighted will he be with the great car, and especially with the splendid illumination!"

In the meanwhile, the grandmother had read the



letter over and over again. When she was told that I wished to take my leave, she rose and delivered to me the folded paper. "Say to my son," she said, with a noble vivacity, not to say enthusiasm, "tell my son how happy the news you have brought me of him has made us. Say to my son that I thus fold him to my heart" (here she stretched out her arms and again closed them over her bosom); "that every day in prayer I supplicate God and our blessed Lady for him; that I give my blessing to him and to his wife, and that I have no wish but, before I die, to see him once more with these eyes, which have shed so many tears on his account."

The peculiar elegance of the Italian favoured the choice and the noble arrangement of her words, which, moreover, were accompanied with those very lively gestures, by which this people usually give an incredible charm to everything they say. Not unmoved, I took my leave. They all held out their hands to me: the children even accompanied me to the door, and while I descended the steps, ran to the balcony of the window, which opened from the kitchen into the street, called after me, nodded their adieus, and repeatedly cried out to me not to forget to come again and see them. They were still standing on the balcony, when I turned the corner.

I need not say that the interest I took in this family excited in me the liveliest desire to be useful to them, and to help them in their great need. Through me they were now a second time deceived; and hopes of assistance, which they had no previous expectation of, had been again raised, through the curiosity of a son of the North, only to be disappointed.

My first intention was to pay them, before my departure, those fourteen oncie which the fugitive had borrowed of them and not repaid, and, by expressing a hope that he would repay me, to conceal from them

the fact of its being a gift from me. When, however, I got home, casting up my accounts and looking over my cash and bills, I found, that, in a country where, from the want of communication, distance is infinitely magnified, I should perhaps place myself in a strait, if I attempted to make amends for the dishonesty of a rogue by an act of mere good nature.

The subsequent issue of this affair may as well be here introduced.

I set off from Palermo, and never came back to it; but notwithstanding the great distance of my Sicilian and Italian travels, my soul never lost the impression which the interview with this family had left upon it.

I returned to my native land; and the letter of the old widow, turning up among the many other papers which had come with it from Naples by sea, gave me occasion to speak of this and other adventures.

Below is a translation of this letter, in which I have purposely allowed the peculiarities of the original to appear.

“MY DEAREST SON:—

“On the 16th April, 1787, I received tidings of you through Mr. Wilton, and I cannot express to you how consoling it was to me; for ever since you removed from France I have been unable to hear any tidings of you.

“My dear son, I entreat you not to forget me, for I am very poor, and deserted by all my relations but my daughter, and your sister Maria Giovanna, in whose house I am living. She cannot afford to supply all my wants, but she does what she can. She is a widow, with three children: one daughter is in the nunnery of St. Catherine, the other two children are at home with her.

“I repeat, my dear son, my entreaty. Send me just enough to provide for my necessities; for I have not even the necessary articles of clothing to discharge the duties of a Catholic, for my mantle and outer garments are perfectly in rags.

“If you send me anything, or even write me merely a letter, do not send by post, but by sea; for Don Mattéo, my brother (Bracconeri), is the postmaster.

“My dear son, I entreat you to provide me with a tari a day, in order that your sister may, in some measure, be relieved of the burthen I am to her at present, and that I may not perish from want. Remember the divine cominand, and help a poor mother, who is reduced to the utmost extremity. I give you my blessing, and press to my heart both thee and Donna Lorenza, thy wife.

“Your sister embraces you from her heart, and her children kiss your hands.

“Your mother, who dearly loves you, and presses you to her heart.

“FELICE BALSAMO.

“*Palermo, April 18, 1787.*”

Some worthy and exalted persons, before whom I laid this document, together with the whole story, shared my emotions, and enabled me to discharge my debt to this unhappy family, and to remit them a sum which they received toward the end of the year 1787. Of the effect it had, the following letter is evidence.

“PALERMO, December 25, 1787.

“DEAR AND FAITHFUL BROTHER :—

“DEAREST SON :—

“The joy which we have had in hearing that you are in good health and circumstances, we cannot express by any writing. By sending them this little assistance, you have filled with the greatest joy and delight a mother and a sister who are abandoned by all, and have to provide for two daughters and a son. For, after that Mr. Jacob Joff, an English merchant, had taken great pains to find out the Douna Giuseppe Maria Capitummino (by birth Balsamo), in consequence of my being commonly known merely as Marana Capitummino, he found us at last in a little tenement, where we live on a corresponding scale. He informed us that you had ordered a sum of money to be paid us, and that he had a receipt, which I, your sister, must sign, — which was accordingly done ; for he immediately put the money in our hands, and the favourable rate of the exchange has brought us a little further gain.

“Now, think with what delight we must have received this sum, at a time when Christmas Day was just at hand, and we had no hope of being helped to spend it with its usual festivity.

“The Incarnate Saviour has moved your heart to send us this money, which has served not only to appease our hunger, but actually to clothe us, when we were in want of everything.

“It would give us the greatest gratification possible if you would gratify our wish to see you once more, — especially mine, your mother, who never cease to bewail my separation from an only son, whom I would much wish to see again before I die.

“But if, owing to circumstances, this cannot be, still do not neglect to come to the aid of my misery, especially as you have discovered so excellent a channel of communication, and so honest and exact a merchant, who, when we knew nothing about it, and when he had the money entirely in his own power, has honestly sought us out and faithfully paid over to us the sum you remitted.

“With you that perhaps will not signify much. To us, however, every help is a treasure. Your sister has two grown-up daughters, and her son also requires a little help. You know that she has nothing in the world; and what a good act you will perform by sending her enough to furnish them all with a suitable outfit.

“May God preserve you in health! We invoke him in gratitude, and pray that he may still continue the prosperity you have hitherto enjoyed, and that he may move your heart to keep us in remembrance. In his name I bless you and your wife, as a most affectionate mother, — and I, your sister, embrace you; and so does your nephew, Giuseppe (Bracconeri), who wrote this letter. We all pray for your prosperity, as do also my two sisters, Antonia and Theresa.

“We embrace you, and are,

“Your sister, who loves you,

“GIUSEPPE-MARIA, CAPITUMMINO, and BALSAMO.

“Your mother, who loves and blesses you,  
who blesses you every hour,

“FELICE BALSAMO, and BRACCONERI.”

The signatures appended to the letter are in their own handwriting.

I had caused the money to be paid to them without sending any letter, or intimation whence it came. This makes their mistake the more natural, and their future hopes the more probable.

Now that they have been informed of the arrest and

imprisonment of their relative, I feel at liberty to explain matters to them, and to do something for their consolation. I have still a small sum for them in my hands, which I shall remit to them, and profit by the opportunity to explain the true state of the matter. Should any of my friends, should any of my rich and noble countrymen, be disposed to enlarge, by their contributions, the sum I have already in my hands, I would exhort them in that case to forward their kind gifts to me before Michaelmas Day, in order to share the gratitude, and to be rewarded with the happiness, of a deserving family, out of which has proceeded one of the most singular monsters that has appeared in this century.

I shall not fail to make known the further course of this story, and to give an account of the state in which my next remittance finds the family; and perhaps, also, I shall add some remarks which this matter induced me to make, which, however, I withhold at present, in order not to disturb my reader's first impressions.

PALERMO,

Sunday, April 15, 1787.

Toward evening I paid a visit to my friend the shopkeeper, to ask him how he thought the festival was likely to pass off; for to-morrow there is to be a solemn procession through the city, and the viceroy is to accompany the host on foot. The least wind will envelop both man and the sacred symbols in a thick cloud of dust.

With much humour he replied, "In Palermo, the people look for nothing more confidently than for a miracle." Often before now, on such occasions, a violent passing shower had fallen and cleansed the streets, partially at least, so as to make a clean road for the procession. On this occasion a similar hope was entertained, and not without cause, for the sky was overcast, and promised rain during the night.

PALERMO,

Sunday, April 15, 1787.

And so it has actually turned out! During the night the most violent shower has fallen. In the morning I set out very early in order to be an eye-witness of the marvel. The stream of rain-water pent up between the two raised pavements, had carried the lightest of the rubbish down the inclined street, either into the sea or into such of the sewers as were not stopped up, while the grosser and heavier dung was driven from spot to spot. In this a singular meandering line of cleanliness was marked out along the streets. On the morning, hundreds and hundreds of men were to be seen with brooms and shovels, busily enlarging this clear space, and in order to connect it where it was interrupted by the mire; and throwing the still remaining impurities now to this side, now to that. By this means, when the procession started, it found a clear serpentine walk prepared for it through the mud, and so both the long-robed priests and the neat-booted nobles, with the viceroy at their head, were able to proceed on their way unhindered and unspashed.

I thought of the children of Israel passing through the waters on the dry path prepared for them by the hand of the angel; and this remembrance served to ennoble what otherwise would have been a revolting sight,—to see these devout and noble peers parading their devotions along an alley flanked on each side by heaps of mud.

On the pavement there was now, as always, clean walking; but in the more retired parts of the city, whither we were this day carried in pursuance of our intention of visiting the quarters we had hitherto neglected, it was almost impossible to get along, although even here the sweeping and piling of the filth was by no means neglected.

The festival gave occasion to our visiting the prin-

cipal church of the city and observing its curiosities. Being once on the move, we took a round of all the other public edifices. We were much pleased with a Moorish building, which is in excellent preservation, — not very large, but the rooms beautiful, broad, and well proportioned, and in excellent keeping with the whole pile. It is not perhaps suited for a northern climate, but in a southern land a most agreeable residence. Architects may perhaps some day furnish us with a plan and elevation of it.

We also saw, in most unsuitable situations, various remains of ancient marble statues, which, however, we had not patience to decipher.

PALERMO, April 16, 1787.

As we are obliged to anticipate our speedy departure from this paradise, I hoped to-day to spend a thorough holiday by sitting in the public gardens, and, after studying the task I had set myself out of the Odyssey, taking a walk through the valley, and at the foot of the hill of St. Rosalie, meditating still further on my sketch of Nausicaa, and there trying whether this subject is susceptible of a dramatic form. All this I have managed, if not with perfect success, yet certainly much to my satisfaction. I made out the plan, and could not abstain from sketching some portions of it which appeared to me most interesting, and tried to work them out.

PALERMO, Tuesday, April 17, 1787.

It is downright misery to be pursued and hunted by many spirits! Yesterday I set out early for the public gardens, with a firm and calm resolve to realise some of my poetical dreams; but before I got within sight of them, another spectre which has been following me these last few days got hold of me. Many plants which hitherto I had been used to see only in pots and tubs, or under glass frames, stand here, fresh

and joyous, beneath the open sky; and, as they here completely fulfil their destination, their natures and characters became more plain and evident to me. In presence of so many new and renovated forms, my old fancy occurred to me again: Might not I discover the primordial plant among all these numerous specimens? Some such there must be! For, otherwise, how am I able at once to determine that this or that form is a plant, unless they are all formed after one original type? I busied myself, therefore, with examining wherein the many varying shapes differed from each other. And in every case I found them all to be more similar than dissimilar, and attempted to apply my botanical terminology. That went on well enough: still, I was not satisfied, but felt annoyed that it did not lead farther. My pet poetical purpose was obstructed: the gardens of Antinous all vanished,—a real garden of the world had taken their place. Why is it that we moderns have so little concentration of mind? Why is it that we are thus tempted to make requisitions which we can neither exact nor fulfil?

ALCAMO, Wednesday, April 18, 1787.

At an early hour we rode out of Palermo. Kniep and the *vetturino* showed their skill in packing the carriage inside and out. We drove slowly along the excellent road, with which we had previously become acquainted during our visit to San Martino, and once more admired one of the magnificent fountains on the way. At one of these our driver stopped to supply himself with water, according to the temperate habits of his country. He had, at starting, hung to the traces a small wine-cask, such as our market-women use; and it seemed to us to hold wine enough for several days. We were, therefore, not a little surprised when he made for one of the many conduit-pipes, took the plug out of his cask, and let the water run into it.



With true German amazement, we asked him what he was about? was not the cask full of wine? To all which he replied with great coolness, he had left a third of it empty; and as no one in this country drank unmixed wine, it was better to mix it at once in a large quantity, as then the liquids combined better; and, besides, you were not sure of finding water everywhere. During this conversation the cask was filled, and we had to put up with this ancient and Oriental wedding custom.

And now as we reached the heights beyond Mon Reale, we saw wonderfully beautiful districts, but tilled in traditional, rather than in a true economical style. On the right, the eye reached the sea, where, between singular-shaped headlands, and beyond a shore here covered with, and there destitute of, trees, it caught a smooth and level horizon, perfectly calm, and forming a glorious contrast with the wild and rugged limestone rocks. Kniep did not fail to make miniature outlines of several of them.

We are at present in Alcamo, a quiet and clean little town, whose well-conducted inn is highly to be commended as an excellent establishment, especially as it is most conveniently situated for those who come to see the temple of Segeste, which has a very lonely situation, out of the direct road.

ALCAMO, Thursday, April 19, 1787.

Our agreeable dwelling in this quiet town among the mountains has so charmed us that we have determined to pass a whole day here. We may then, before anything else, speak of our yesterday's adventures. In one of my earlier letters, I questioned the originality of Prince Pallagonia's bad taste. He has had fore-runners, and can adduce many a precedent. On the road toward Mon Reale stand two monstrosities, beside a fountain with some vases on a balustrade, so utterly

repugnant to good taste that one would suppose they must have been placed there by the prince himself.

After passing Mon Reale, we left behind us the beautiful road, and got into the rugged mountain country. Here some rocks appeared on the crown of the road, which, judging from their gravity and metallic incrustations, I took to be ironstone. Every level spot is cultivated, and is more or less prolific. The limestone in these parts had a reddish hue, and all the pulverised earth is of the same colour. This red argillaceous and calcareous earth extends over a great space. The subsoil is hard, no sand underneath; but it produces excellent wheat. We noticed old, very strong, but stumpy olive-trees.

Under the shelter of an *airy* room, which has been built as an addition to the wretched inn, we refreshed ourselves with a temperate luncheon. Dogs eagerly gobbled up the skins of our sausages, but a beggar-boy drove them off. He was feasting with a wonderful appetite on the parings of the apples we were eating, when he in his turn was driven away by an old beggar. Want of work is here felt everywhere. In a ragged toga, the old beggar was glad to get a job as house-servant or waiter. Thus I had formerly observed that whenever a landlord was asked for anything which he had not at the moment in the house, he would send a beggar to the shop for it.

However, we are pretty well provided against all such sorry attendance: for our *vetturino* is an excellent fellow; he is ready as ostler, cicerone, guard, courier, cook, and everything.

On the higher hills you find everywhere the olive, the caruba, and the ash. Their system of farming is also spread over three years,—beans, corn, fallow,—in which mode of culture the people say the dung does more marvels than all the saints. The grape-stock is kept down very low.

Alcamo is gloriously situated on a height, at a tolerable distance from a bay of the sea. The magnificence of the country quite enchanted us. Lofty rocks, with deep valleys at their feet, but withal wide open spaces, and great variety. Beyond Mon Reale you look upon a beautiful double valley, in the centre of which a hilly ridge again raises itself. The fruitful fields lie green and quiet: but on the broad roadway the wild bushes and shrubs are brilliant with flowers,—the broom, one mass of yellow, covered with its papilionaceous blossoms, and not a single green leaf to be seen; the white thorn, cluster on cluster; the aloes are rising high, and promising to flower; a rich tapestry of an amaranthine-red clover, of orchids, and the little Alpine roses; hyacinths, with unopened bells; asphodels, and other wild flowers.

The streams which descend from Mount Segeste leave deposits, not only of limestone, but also of pebbles of hornstone. They are very compact, dark blue, yellow, red, and brown, of various shades. I also found complete loads of horn, or firestone, in the limestone rocks, edged with lime. Of such gravel one finds whole hills just before one gets to Alcamo.

SEGESTE, April 20, 1787.

The temple of Segeste was never finished. The ground around it was never even levelled, the space only being smoothed on which the peristyle was to stand. For, in several places, the steps are from nine to ten feet in the ground; and there is no hill near, from which the stone or mould could have fallen. Besides, the stones lie in their natural position, and no ruins are found near them.

The columns are all standing: two which had fallen, have very recently been raised again. How far the columns rested on a socle is hard to say; and, without an engraving, it is difficult to give an idea of their

present state. At some points it would seem as if the pillars rested on the fourth step. In that case, to enter the temple you would have to go down a step. In other places, however, the uppermost step is cut through, and then it looks as if the columns had rested on bases; and then again these spaces have been filled up, and so we have once more the first case. An architect is necessary to determine this point.

The sides have twelve columns, not reckoning the corner ones; the back and front six, including them. The rollers on which the stones were moved along, still lie around you on the steps. They have been left, in order to indicate that the temple was unfinished. But the strongest evidence of this fact is the floor. In some spots (along the sides) the pavement is laid down. In the middle, however, the red limestone rock still projects higher than the level of the floor as partially laid; the flooring, therefore, cannot ever have been finished. Nor is there a trace of an inner temple. Still less can the temple have ever been overlaid with stucco; but that it was intended to do so, we may infer from the fact that the abaci of the capitals have projecting points, probably for the purpose of holding the plaster. The whole is built of a limestone, very similar to the travertine; only it is now much fretted. The restoration which was carried on in 1781 has done much good to the building. The cutting of the stone with which the parts have been reconnected, is simple, but beautiful. The large blocks standing by themselves, which are mentioned by Riedesel, I could not find: probably they were used for the restoration of the columns.

The site of the temple is singular. At the highest end of a broad and long valley, it stands on an isolated hill; surrounded, however, on all sides by cliffs, it commands a very distant and extensive view of the land, but it takes in only just a corner of the sea. The district

reposes in a sort of melancholy fertility, — everywhere well cultivated, but scarce a dwelling to be seen. Flowering thistles were swarming with countless butterflies ; wild fennel stood here from eight to nine feet high, dry and withered, of the last year's growth, but so rich, and in such seeming order, that one might almost take it to be an old nursery-ground ; a shrill wind whistled through the columns as if through a wood ; and screaming birds of prey hovered around the pediments.

The wearisomeness of winding through the insignificant ruins of a theatre took away from us all the pleasures we might otherwise have had in visiting the remains of the ancient city. At the foot of the temple, we found large pieces of the hornstone. Indeed, the road to Alcamo is composed of vast quantities of pebbles of the same formation. From the road a portion of a gravelly earth passes into the soil, by which means it is rendered looser. In some fennel of this year's growth, I observed the difference of the lower and upper leaves : it is still the same organisation that develops multiplicity out of unity. They are most industrious weeders in these parts. Just as beaters go through a wood for game, so here they go through the fields weeding. I have actually seen some insects here. In Palermo, however, I saw nothing but worms, lizards, leeches, and snakes, though not more finely coloured than with us : indeed, they are mostly all gray.

CASTEL VETRANO,

Saturday, April 21, 1787.

From Alcamo to the Castel Vetrano you come on the limestone, after crossing some hills of gravel. Between precipitous and barren limestone mountains, lie wide, undulating valleys, everywhere tilled, with scarcely a tree to be seen. The gravelly hills are full of large boulders, giving signs of ancient inundations of the sea.

The soil is better mixed, and lighter, than any we have hitherto seen, in consequence of its containing some sand. Leaving Salemi about fifteen miles to our right, we came upon hills of gypsum, lying on the limestone. The soil appears, as we proceed, to be better and more richly compounded. In the distance you catch a peep of the Western sea. In the foreground the country is everywhere hilly. We found the fig-trees just budding; but what most excited our delight and wonder were endless masses of flowers, which had encroached on the broad road, and flourish in large, variegated patches. Closely bordering on each other, the several sorts, nevertheless, keep themselves apart, and recur at regular intervals, — the most beautiful convolvuluses, hibiscuses, and mallows, various kinds of trefoil, here and there the garlic, and the galega-gestrauche. On horseback you may ride through this varied tapestry by following the numberless and ever-crossing narrow paths which run through it. Here and there you see, feeding, fine red-brown cattle, very clean-limbed, and with short horns of an extremely elegant form.

The mountains to the northeast stand all in a line. A single peak, Cuniglione, rises boldly from the midst of them. The gravelly hills have but few streams: very little rain seems to fall here; we did not find a single gully giving evidence of having ever overflowed.

In the night I met with a singular incident. Quite worn out, we had thrown ourselves on our beds in anything but a very elegant room. In the middle of the night I saw above me a most agreeable phenomenon, — a star, brighter, I think, than I ever saw one before. Just, however, as I began to take courage at a sight which was of good omen, my patron star suddenly disappeared, and left me in darkness again. At day-break I at last discovered the cause of the marvel: there was a hole in the roof, and at the moment of my vision one of the brightest stars must have been cross-

ing my meridian. This purely natural phenomenon was, however, interpreted by us travellers as highly favourable.

SCIACCA, April 22, 1787.

The road hither, which runs over nothing but gravelly hills, has been mineralogically uninteresting. The traveller here reaches the shore, from which, at different points, bold limestone rocks rise suddenly. All the flat land is extremely fertile; barley and oats in the finest condition. The *salsola-kali* is here cultivated. The aloes, since yesterday and the day before, have shot forth their tall spikes. The same numerous varieties of the trefoil still attended us. At last we came on a little wood, thick with brushwood, the tall trees standing very wide apart; and lastly, the cork-tree.

EVENING.

GIRGENTI, April 23, 1787.

From Sciacca to this place is a hard day's ride. We examined the baths at the last-named place. A hot stream burst from the rock with a strong smell of sulphur: the water had a strong saline flavour, but it was not at all thick. May not this sulphureous exhalation be formed at the moment of its breaking from the rock? A little higher is a spring, quite cool and without smell. Right above is the monastery, where are the vapour baths: a thick mist rises above it into the pure air.

The shingles on the shore are nothing but limestone: the quartz and hornstone have wholly disappeared. I have examined all the little streams: the *Calta Bellota*, and the *Maccasoli*, carry down with them nothing but limestone; the *Platani*, a yellow marble and flint, the invariable companion of this nobler calcareous formation. A few pieces of lava excited my attention, but I saw nothing in this country that indicated the presence of volcanic action. I

supposed, therefore, they must be fragments of millstones, or of pieces brought from a distance for some such use. Near Monte Allegro, the stone is all gypsum and selenite, — whole rocks of these occurring before and between the limestone. The wonderful strata of Bellota!

GIRGENTI,

Tuesday, April 24, 1787.

Such a glorious spring view as we enjoyed at sunset to-day will most assuredly never meet our eyes again in one lifetime. Modern Girgenti stands on the lofty site of the ancient fortifications, an extent sufficient for the present population. From our window, we looked over the broad but gentle declivity on which stood the ancient town, which is now entirely covered with gardens and vineyards, beneath whose verdure it would be long before one thought of looking for the quarters of an ancient city. However, toward the southern end of this green and flourishing spot the Temple of Concord rears itself, while on the east are a few remains of the Temple of Juno. Other ruins of some ancient buildings, which, lying in a straight line with those already spoken of, are scarcely noticed by the eye from above, while it hurries over them southwards to the shore, or ranges over the level country, which reaches at least seven miles from the sea-mark. To-day we were obliged to deny ourselves the pleasure of a stroll among the trees and wild rockets, and over this expanse so green, so flourishing, and so full of promise for the husbandman, because our guide (a good-natured little parish priest) begged of us above all things to devote this day to the town.

He first showed us the well-built streets; then he took us to the higher points, from which the view, gaining both in extent and breadth, was still more glorious; and lastly, for an artistic treat, conducted us to the principal church. In it there is an ancient sar-



cophagus in good preservation; the fact of its being used for the altar has rescued it from destruction: Hippolytus, attended by his hunting companions and horses, has just been stopped by Phædra's nurse, who wishes to deliver a letter to him. As in this piece the principal object was to exhibit beautiful youthful forms, the old woman, as a mere subordinate personage, is represented very short and dwarfish, in order not to disturb the intended effect. Of all the alto-relievos I have ever seen, I do not, I think, remember one more glorious, and at the same time so well preserved, as this. Until I meet with a better, it must pass with me as a specimen of the most graceful period of Grecian art.

We were carried back to still earlier periods of art by the examination of a costly vase, of considerable size, and in excellent condition. Moreover, many relics of ancient architecture appeared worked up here and there in the walls of the modern church.

As there is no inn or hotel in this place, a kind and worthy family made room for us, and gave up for our accommodation an alcove belonging to a large room. A green curtain separated us and our baggage from the members of the family, who, in the more spacious apartment, were employed in preparing macaroni of the whitest and smallest kind. I sat down by the side of the pretty children, and had the whole process explained to me, and was informed that it is prepared from the finest and hardest wheat, called *Grano forte*. That sort, they also told me, fetches the highest price, which, after being formed into long pipes, is twisted into coils, and, by the tip of the fair artiste's fingers, made to assume a serpentine shape. The preparation is chiefly by the hand: machines and moulds are very little used. They also prepared for us a dish of the most excellent macaroni, regretting, however, that at that moment they had not even a single dish of the

very best kind, which could not be made out of Girgenti, nor indeed, out of their house. What they did dress for me appeared to me to be unequalled in whiteness and tenderness.

By leading us once more to the heights and to the most glorious points of view, our guide contrived to appease the restlessness which during the evening kept us constantly out-of-doors. As we took a survey of the whole neighbourhood, he pointed out all the remarkable objects which on the morrow we had proposed to examine more nearly.

GIRGENTI,

Wednesday, April 25, 1787.

With sunrise we took our way toward the plain, while at every step the surrounding scenery assumed a still more picturesque appearance. With the consciousness that it was for our advantage, the little man led us, without stopping, right across the rich vegetation, over a thousand little spots, each of which might have furnished the locale for an idyllic scene. This variety of scene is greatly due to the unevenness of the country, undulating as it passes over hidden ruins which probably were very quickly covered with fertile soil, as the ancient buildings consisted of a light muschel-tufa. At last we arrived at the eastern end of the city, where are the ruins of the Temple of Juno, of which every year must have accelerated the decay, as the air and weather are constantly fretting the soft stone of which it is built. To-day we only devoted a cursory examination to it, but Kniep has already chosen the points from which to sketch it to-morrow. The temple stands on a rock which is now much worn by the weather. From this point the city walls stretched in a straight line, eastward, to a bed of limestone, that rises perpendicular from the level strand, which the sea has abandoned, after having shaped these rocks and long washed the foot of them. Hewn partly out of

the native rock, and partly built of it, were the walls of ancient Agrigentum, from behind which towered a line of temples. No wonder, then, if from the sea the lower, middle, and upper towns presented together a most striking aspect.

The Temple of Concord has withstood so many centuries. Its light style of architecture closely approximates it to our present standard of the beautiful and tasteful; so that as compared with that of Pæstum, it is, as it were, the shape of a god to that of a gigantic figure. I will not give utterance to my regrets that the recent praiseworthy design of restoring this monument should have been so tastelessly carried out, that the gaps and defects are actually filled up with a dazzling white gypsum. Consequently, this monument of ancient art stands before the eye, in a certain sense, dilapidated and disfigured. How easy it would have been to give the gypsum the same tint as the weather-eaten stone of the rest of the building! In truth, when one looks at the muschelkalk of which the walls and columns are composed, and sees how easily it crumbles away, his only surprise is that they have lasted so long. But the builders, reckoning on a posterity similar to themselves, had taken precautions against it. One observes on the pillars the remains of a fine plaster, which would at once please the eye and ensure durability.

Our next halt was at the ruins of the Temple of Jupiter. Like the bones of a gigantic skeleton, they are scattered over a large space, having several small cottages interspersed among them, and being intersected by hedgerows, while amidst them are growing plants of different sizes.

From this pile of ruins all the carved stone has disappeared, except an enormous triglyph, and a part of a round pilaster of corresponding proportions. I attempted to span it with outstretched arms, but could

not reach round it. Of the fluting of the column, however, some idea may be formed from the fact, that, standing in it as in a niche, I just filled it up and touched it on both sides with my shoulders. Two and twenty men arranged in a circle would give nearly the circumference of such a column. We went away with the disagreeable feeling that there was nothing here to tempt the draughtsman.

On the other hand, the Temple of Hercules still showed some traces of its former symmetry. The pillars of the peristyles, which ran along the temple on its upper and lower side, lie parallel, as if they had all fallen together, and at once, from north to south,—the one row lying up the hill, the other down it. The hill may possibly have been formed by the ruined cells or shrines. The columns, probably held together by the architrave, fell all at once, being suddenly thrown down, perhaps by a violent wind, and lie in regular order, only broken into the pieces of which they were originally composed. Kniep was already, in imagination, preparing his pencil for an accurate sketch of this singular phenomenon.

The Temple of Æsculapius, lying beneath the shade of a most beautiful carob-tree, and closely built upon by some mean farm-buildings, presented to our minds a most agreeable aspect.

Next we went down to Theron's Tomb, and were delighted with the actual sight of this monument, of which we had seen so many models, especially as it served for the foreground of a most rare prospect; for, from west to east, we looked on the line of rocks on which lay the fragments of the walls, while through the gaps of the latter, and over them, the remains of the temples were visible.

This view has, under Hackert's skilful hand, furnished a most delightful picture. Here, too, Kniep will not omit to make a sketch.

GIRGENTI, April 26, 1787.

When I awoke, Kniep was all ready to start on his artistic journey, with a boy to show him the way, and to carry his portfolio. I enjoyed this most glorious morning at the window, with my secret and silent, but not dumb, friend by my side. A devout reverence has hitherto kept me from mentioning the name of the mentor whom, from time to time, I have looked up and listened to. It is the excellent Von Riedesel, whose little volume I carry about with me in my bosom, like a breviary or talisman. At all times I have had great pleasure in looking up to those whom I know to be possessed of what I am most wanting in myself. And this is exactly the case here. A steady purpose, a fixed object, direct and appropriate means, due preparation and store of knowledge, an intimate connection with a masterly teacher, — he studied under Winckelmann, — of all these advantages I am devoid, as well as of all that follows from them. And yet I cannot feel angry with myself that I am obliged to gain by indirect arts and means, and to seize at once, what my previous existence had refused to grant me gradually in the ordinary way. Oh that this worthy person could, at this moment, in the midst of his bustling world, be sensible of the gratitude with which one, travelling in his footsteps, celebrates his merits, in that beautiful but solitary spot which had so many charms for him as to induce the wish that he might end his days there!

*Oblitusque suorum obliviscendus et illis.*

With my guide, the little parson, I now retraced our yesterday's walk, observing the objects from several points, and every now and then taking a peep at my industrious friend.

My guide called my attention to a beautiful institution of the once flourishing city. In the rocks and

masses of masonry which served as bulwarks to ancient Agrigentum, are found graves, probably intended for the resting-place of the brave and good. Where could they more fitly have been buried, for the sake of their own glory, or for perpetuating a vivid emulation of their great and good deeds!

In the space between the walls and the sea there are still standing the remains of an ancient temple, which are preserved as a Christian chapel. Here, also, are found round pilasters, worked up with, and beautifully united to, the square blocks of the wall, so as to produce an agreeable effect to the eye. One fancies that one here discerns the very spot where the Doric style reached its perfection.

Many an insignificant monument of antiquity was cursorily glanced at; but more attention was paid to the modern way of keeping the corn under the earth in great vaulted chambers. Of the civil and ecclesiastical condition of the city, my guide gave me much information; but I heard of nothing that showed any signs of improvement. The conversation suited well with the ruins, which the elements are still preying upon.

The strata of the muschelkalk all incline toward the sea, — banks of rock strangely eaten away from beneath and behind, while the upper and front portions still remain, looking like pendent fringes.

Great hatred is here felt against the French, because they have made peace with the people of Barbary. They are even charged with betraying the Christians to the infidels.

From the sea there was an ancient gateway, which was cut through the solid rock. The foundation of the walls, which are still standing, rests as it were on steps in the rocks.

Our cicerone is Don Michaele Vella, antiquary, residing at the house of Signore Cerio, near St. Maria's.

In the planting of marsh-beans they proceed in the following way: Holes are made in the earth at a convenient distance from each other, and a handful of dung is thrown in. They then wait for rain, after which they put in the seed. The people here burn the bean-haulms, and wash their linen with the ashes. They never make use of soap. The outer shells of almonds are likewise burnt, and used instead of soda. They first of all wash the clothes with pure water, and then with the lye of these ashes.

The succession of their crops is, beans, wheat, and tumenia. By beans I mean the marsh-bean. Their wheat is wonderfully fine. Tumenia, of which the name is derived from bimenia, or trimenia, is a glorious gift of Ceres. It is a species of spring wheat, which is matured within three months. It is sown at different times, from the first of January to June, so that for a certain period there is always a crop ripe. It requires neither much rain nor great warmth. At first it has a very delicate leaf, but in its growth it soon overtakes the wheat, and at last is very strong. Wheat is sown in October and November, and ripens in June. The barley sown in November is ripe by the first of June. Near the coast it ripens sooner, but on the mountains more slowly.

The flax is already ripe. The acanthus has unrolled its splendid leaves. The *Salsala fruticosa* is growing luxuriantly.

On the uncultivated hills grows a rich sanfoin. It is farmed out, and then carried into the town in small bundles. In the same way, the oats which are weeded out of the wheat are done up for sale.

For the sake of irrigation, they make very pretty

divisions with edgings, in the plots where they plant their cabbages.

The figs have put forth all their leaves, and the fruit is set. They are generally ripe by midsummer, when the tree sets its fruit again. The almond-trees are well loaded: a sheltered carob-tree has produced numberless pods. The grapes for the table are trained on arbours supported by high props. Melons set in March, and ripen by June. Among the ruins of Jupiter's temple they thrive vigorously without a trace of moisture.

Our *vetturino* eats with great zest raw artichokes and the turnip-cabbage. However, it is necessary to add, that they are more tender and more delicate than with us. When you walk through the fields the farmers allow you to take as many of the young beans, or other crops, as you like.

As my attention was caught by some hard, black stones, which looked like lava, my antiquary observed that they were from *Ætna*; and that at the harbour, or rather landing-place, many similar ones were to be found.

Of birds there are not many kinds native here: quails are the most common. The birds of passage are nightingales, larks, and swallows. The rinnine — small black birds, which come from the Levant — hatch their young in Sicily, and then go farther or retire. The ridene come in December or January, and after alighting, and resting awhile on *Acragas*, take their flight toward the mountains.

Of the vase in the cathedral one word more. The figures upon it are, a hero in full armour, seemingly a stranger, before an old man whom a crown and sceptre point out to be a king. Behind the latter stands a female figure, with her head slightly inclined, and



her hand under her chin,—a posture indicating thoughtful attention. Right opposite to her, and behind the hero, is an old man who also wears a crown, and is speaking to a man armed with a spear, probably one of the body-guard of the former royal personage. This old man would appear to have introduced the hero, and to be saying to the guard, “Just let him speak to the king: he is a brave man.”

Red seems to be the ground of the vase, the black to be laid on. It is only in the female’s robe that red seems to be laid on the black.

GIRGENTI,

Friday, April 27, 1787.

If Knip is to finish all he proposes, he must sketch away incessantly. In the meantime I walk about with my little antiquary. We took a walk toward the sea, from which Agrigentum must, as the ancients asserted, have looked extremely well. Our view was turned to the billowy expanse; and my guide called my attention to a broad streak of clouds, toward the south, which, like a ridge of hills, seemed to rest on the line of the horizon. “This,” he said, “indicated the coast of Africa.” About the same time another phenomenon struck me as singular. It was a rainbow, in a light cloud, which, resting with one limb on Sicily, threw its arch high against the clear sky, and appeared to rest with the other on the sea. Beautifully tinted by the setting sun, and showing but little movement, it was to the eye an object as rare as it was agreeable. This bow, I was assured, was exactly in the direction of Malta; and perhaps its other limb rested on that island. The phenomenon, I was told, was of common occurrence. It would be singular if the attractive force of these two islands should thus manifest itself even in the atmosphere.

This conversation excited again the question I had so often asked myself: whether I ought to give up all

idea of visiting Malta. The difficulties and dangers, however, which had been already well considered, remained the same; and we, therefore, resolved to engage our *vetturino* to take us to Messina.

But, in the meantime, a strange and peculiar whim was to determine our future movements. For instance, in my travels through Sicily, I had as yet seen but few districts rich in corn: moreover, the horizon had everywhere been confined by nearer or remoter lines of hills, so that the island appeared to be utterly devoid of level plains, and I found it impossible to conceive why Ceres had so highly favoured this island. As I sought for information on this point, I was answered, that, in order to see this, I ought, instead of going to Syracuse, to travel across the island, in which case I should see corn-fields in abundance. We followed this temptation of giving up Syracuse, especially as I was well aware that of this once glorious city scarcely anything but its splendid name remained. And, at any rate, it was easy to visit it from Catania.

CALTANISSETTA,

Saturday, April 28, 1787.

At last we are able to understand how Sicily gained the honourable title of the Granary of Italy. Shortly after leaving Girgenti, the fertile district commenced. It does not consist of a single great plain, but of the sides of mountains and hills, gently inclined toward each other, everywhere planted with wheat or barley, which present to the eye an unbroken mass of vegetation. Every spot of earth suited to these crops is so put to use and so jealously looked after, that not a tree is anywhere to be seen. Indeed, the little villages and farmhouses all lie on the ridges of the hills, where a row of limestone rocks (which often appear on the surface) renders the ground unfit for tillage. Here the women reside throughout the year, busily employed

in spinning and weaving; but the men, while the work in the fields is going on, spend only Saturday and Sunday at home, staying away at their work during the other days, and spending their nights under temporary straw sheds.

And so our wish was gratified — even to satiety. We almost wished for the winged car of Triptolemus to escape from the monotony of the scene.

After a long drive under the hot sun, through this wilderness of fertility, we were glad enough when, at last, we reached the well-situated and well-built Caltanissetta; where, however, we had again to look in vain for a tolerable inn. The mules are housed in fine vaulted stables; the grooms sleep on the heaps of clover which are intended for the animals' food; but the stranger has to look out for and to prepare his own lodging. If, by chance, he can hire a room, it has first of all to be swept out and cleaned. Stools or chairs, there are none; the only seats to be had are low little forms of hard wood; tables are not to be thought of.

If you wish to convert these forms into a bedstead, you must send to a joiner, and hire as many planks as you want. The large leathern bag, which Hackert lent me, was of good use now, and was, by way of anticipation, filled with cut straw.

But, above all things, provision must be made for your meals. On our road we had bought a fowl: our *vetturino* ran off to purchase some rice, salt, and spice. As, however, he had never been here before, he was for a long time in a perplexity for a place to cook our meal in, as in the post-house itself there was no possibility of doing it. At last an old man of the town agreed for a fair recompense to provide us with a hearth, together with fuel, and cooking and table utensils. While our dinner was cooking, he undertook to guide us round the town, and finally to the market-house, where the principal inhabitants, after the ancient

fashion, met to talk together, and also to hear what we or other strangers might say.

We were obliged to talk to them of Frederick the Second ; and their interest in this great king was such that we thought it advisable to keep back the fact of his death, lest our being the bearers of such untoward news should render us unwelcome to our hosts.

Geology by way of an appendix ! From Girgenti, the muschelkalk rocks. There also appeared a streak of whitish earth, which afterward we accounted for. The older limestone formation again occurs, with gypsum lying immediately upon it. Broad flat valleys, cultivated almost up to the top of the hillside, and often quite over it, the older limestone mixed with crumbled gypsum. After this appears a looser, yellowish, easily crumbling, limestone : in the arable fields you distinctly recognise its colour, which often passes into darker, indeed occasionally violet, shades. About half-way the gypsum again recurs. On it you see growing, in many places, sedum, of a beautiful violet, almost rosy red ; and on the limestone rocks, moss of a beautiful yellow.

The former crumbling limestone often shows itself ; but most prominently in the neighbourhood of Caltanissetta, where it lies in strata, containing a few fossils : there its appearance is reddish, almost of a vermilion tint, with little of the violet hue which we formerly observed near San Martino.

Pebbles of quartz I only observed at a spot about half-way on our journey, in a valley which, shut in on three sides, is open toward the east, and consequently also toward the sea.

On the left, the high mountain in the distance, near Camerata, was remarkable, as also was another, looking like a propped-up cone. For the greatest half of the way not a tree was to be seen. The crops looked

glorious, though they were not so high as they were in the neighbourhood of Girgenti and near the coast; however, as clean as possible. In the fields of corn, which stretched farther than the eye could reach, not a weed to be seen. At first we saw nothing but green fields; then some ploughed lands; and lastly, in the moister spots, little patches of wheat, close to Girgenti. We saw apples and pears everywhere else; on the heights, and in the vicinity of a few little villages, some fig-trees.

These thirty miles, together with all that I could distinguish either on the right or left of us, was limestone of earlier or later formations, with gypsum here and there. It is to the crumbling and elaboration of these three together by the atmosphere that this district is indebted for its fertility. It must contain but very little sand, for it scarcely grates between the teeth. A conjecture with regard to the river Achates must wait for the morrow to confirm it.

The valleys have a pretty form; and although they are not flat, still one does not observe any trace of rain gullies, — merely a few brooks, scarcely noticeable, ripple along them, for all of them flow direct to the sea. But little of the red clover is to be seen; the dwarf palm also disappears here, as well as all the other flowers and shrubs of the southwestern side of the island. The thistles are permitted to take possession of nothing but the waysides: every other spot is sacred to Ceres. Moreover, this region has a great similarity to the hilly and fertile parts of Germany, — for instance, the track between Erfurt and Gotha, — especially when you look out for points of resemblance. Very many things must combine in order to make Sicily one of the most fertile regions of the world.

On our whole tour we have seen but few horses: ploughing is carried on with oxen, and a law exists which forbids the killing of cows and calves. Goats,

asses, and mules, we met in abundance. The horses are mostly dapple-gray, with black feet and manes. The stables are very splendid, with well-paved and vaulted stalls. For beans and flax the land is dressed with dung: the other crops are then grown after this early one has been gathered in. Green barley in the ear, done up in bundles, and red clover in like fashion, are offered for sale to the traveller as he goes along.

On the hill above Caltanissetta I found a hard limestone with fossils: the larger shells lay lowermost, the smaller above them. In the pavement of this little town, we noticed a limestone with pectinites.

Behind Caltanissetta the hill subsided suddenly into many little valleys, all of which pour their streams into the river Salso. The soil here is reddish and very loamy, much of it unworked: what was in cultivation bore tolerably good crops, though inferior to what we had seen elsewhere.

CASTRO GIOVANNI,

Sunday, April 29, 1787.

To-day we had to observe still greater fertility, and want of population. Heavy rains had fallen, which made travelling anything but pleasant, as we had to pass through many streams which were swollen and rapid. At the Salso, where one looks round in vain for a bridge, I was struck with a very singular arrangement for passing the ford. Strong, powerful men were waiting at the riverside. Of these, two placed themselves on each side of a mule, and conducted him, rider, baggage, and all, through the deep part of the river, till they reached a great bank of gravel in the middle: when the whole of the travellers have arrived at this spot, they are again conducted in the same manner through the second arm of the stream; while the fellows, by pushing and shoving, keep the animal in the right track, and support him against the current.

On the waterside I observed bushes, which, however, do not spread far into the land. The Salso washes down rubbles of granite, — a transition of the gneiss, — and marble, both breccian and also of a single colour.

We now saw before us the isolated mountain ridge on which Castro Giovanni is situate, and which imparts to the country about it a grave and singular character. As we rode up the long road which traverses its side, we found that the rock consisted of muschelkalk; large calcined shells being huddled together in heaps. You do not see Castro Giovanni until you reach the very summit of the ridge, for it lies on the northern declivity of the mountain. The singular little town, with its tower, and the village of Caltaseibetta, at a little distance on the left, stand, as it were, solemnly gazing at each other. In the plains we saw the bean in full blossom; but who is there that could take pleasure in such a sight? The roads here were horrible, and the more so because they once were paved, and it rained incessantly. The ancient *Enna* received us most inhospitably, — a room with a paved floor, with shutters and no window, so that we had either to sit in darkness or be again exposed to the beating rain, from which we had thought to escape by putting up here. We ate some remnants of our travelling provisions, and passed a most miserable night. We made a solemn vow never to direct our course again toward never so mythological a name.

MONDAY, April 30, 1787.

The road leading from Castro Giovanni was so rough and bad, that we were obliged to lead our horses down it. The sky before us was covered with thick and low clouds, while high above them a singular phenomenon was observable. It was striped white and gray, and seemed to be something corporeal; but how could

aught corporeal get into the sky? Our guide enlightened us. This subject of our amazement was a side of Mount *Ætna*, which appeared through the opening clouds. Snow alternating with the crags formed the stripes: it was not, however, the highest peak that we saw.

The precipitous rock, on which ancient *Enna* was situated, lay behind us; and we drove through long, long, lonely valleys: there they lay, uncultivated and uninhabited, abandoned to the browsing cattle, which we observed were of a beautiful brown colour, not large, short-horned, clean-limbed, lank and lively as deer. These poor cattle had pasturage enough; but it was greatly encroached upon, and in some parts wholly taken possession of, by the thistles. These plants have here the finest opportunities to disperse their seed and to propagate their kind: they take up an incredible space, which would make pasture-land enough for two large estates. As they are not perennial, they might, if mowed down before flowering, be easily eradicated.

However, after having thus seriously meditated an agricultural campaign against the thistles, I must, to my shame, admit they are not altogether useless. At a lonely farmhouse where we pulled up to bait, there were also stopping two Sicilian noblemen, who, on account of some lawsuit, were riding straight across the country to *Palermo*. With amazement we saw both of these grave personages standing before a patch of these thistles, and with their pocket-knives cutting off the tops of the tall shoots. Then holding their prickly booty by the tips of their fingers, they peeled off the rind, and devoured the inner part with great satisfaction. In this way they occupied themselves a considerable time, while we were refreshing ourselves with wine (this time it was unmixed) and bread. The *vetturino* prepared for us some of this marrow of



thistle-stalks, and assured us that it was a wholesome, cooling food: it suited our taste, however, as little as the raw cabbage at Segeste.

ON THE ROAD, April 30, 1787.

Having reached the valley through which the rivulet of St. Pacio winds its way, we found the district consisting of a reddish-black and crumbly limestone, many brooks, a very white soil, — a beautiful valley, which the rivulet made extremely agreeable. The well-compounded, loamy soil is in some places twenty feet deep, and for the most part of similar quality throughout. The crops looked beautiful; but some of them were not very clean, and all of them very backward as compared with those on the southern side. Here there are the same little dwellings, and not a tree, as was the case immediately after leaving Castro Giovanni. On the banks of the river, plenty of pasture-land, but sadly confined by vast masses of thistles. In the gravel of the river we again found quartz, both simple and breccian.

Molimenti, quite a new village, wisely built in the centre of beautiful fields, and on the banks of the rivulet St. Paolo. The wheat in its neighbourhood was unrivalled: it will be ready for cutting as early as by the 20th of May. In the whole district I could not discover as yet a trace of volcanic influence: even the stream brings down no pebbles of that character. The soil is well mixed, heavy rather than light, and has, on the whole, a coffee-brown and slightly violet hue. All the hills on the left, which enclose the stream, are limestone, whose varieties I had no opportunity of observing. They, however, as they crumble under the influence of the weather, are evidently the causes of the great fertility that marks the district throughout.

TUESDAY, May 1, 1787.

Through a valley, which, although by nature it was throughout alike destined to fertility, was unequally cultivated, we rode along very moodily because, among so many prominent and irregular shapes, not one appeared to suit our artistic designs. Kniep had sketched a highly interesting outline; but because the foreground and intermediate space were thoroughly revolting, he had with a pleasant joke appended to it a foreground of Poussin's, which cost him nothing. However, they made together a very pretty picture. How many "picturesque tours," in all probability, contain half truths of the like kind.

Our courier, with the view of soothing our grumbling humour, promised us a good inn for the evening. And, in fact, he brought us to a hotel which had been built but a few years since, on the roadside, and, being at a considerable distance from Catania, cannot but be right welcome to all travellers. For our part, finding ourselves, after twelve days of discomfort, in a tolerable apartment, we were right glad to be so much at our ease again. But we were surprised at an inscription pencilled on the wall in beautiful English characters. The following was its purport: "Traveller, whoever you may be, be on your guard against the inn known in Catania by the sign of the Golden Lion. It is better to fall into the claws of all the Cyclops, Sirens, and Scylla together than to go there." Although we at once supposed that the well-meaning counsellor had, no doubt, by his mythological figures magnified the danger, we nevertheless determined to keep out of the reach of the "Golden Lion," which was thus proclaimed to us to be so savage a beast. When, therefore, our muleteer demanded of us where we would wish to put up in Catania, we answered, anywhere but at the "Golden Lion!" Whereupon he ventured to recommend us to stop where he put up his beasts, only he

said we should have to provide for ourselves just as we had hitherto done.

Toward Hybla Major, pebbles of lava present themselves, which the stream brings down from the north. Over the ferry you find limestone, which contains all sorts of rubble, hornstone, lava, and calx; and then hardened volcanic ashes, covered over with calcareous tufa. The hills of mixed gravel continue till you come near to Catania, at and beyond which place you find the lava flux from *Ætna*. You leave on the left what looks like a crater. (Just under Molimenti the peasants were pulling up the flax.) Nature loves a motley garb; and here you may see how she contrives gaily to deck out the dark bluish-gray lava of the mountains. A few seasons bring over it a moss of a high yellow colour, upon which a beautiful red sedum grows luxuriantly, and some other lovely violet flowers. The plantations of cactus and the vine-rows bespeak a careful cultivation. Now immense streams of lava begin to hem us in. Motta is a beautiful and striking rock. The beans are like very high shrubs. The fields vary very much in their geological features, — now very gravelly, now better mixed.

The *vetturino*, who probably had not for a long time seen the vegetation of the southeastern side of the island, burst into loud exclamations about the beauty of the crops, and with self-complaisant patriotism demanded of us if we ever saw such in our own country. Here, however, everything is sacrificed to them: you see few if any trees. But the sight that most pleased us was a young girl, of a splendid but slight form, who, evidently an old acquaintance, kept up with the mule of our *vetturino*, chatting the while, and spinning away with as much elegance as was possible.

Now yellow tints begin to predominate in the flowers. Toward Misterbianco the cactuses are again

found in the hedges; but hedges entirely of this strangely grown plant become, as you approach Catania, more and more general, and are even still more beautiful.

CATANIA, May 2, 1787.

In our quarters we found ourselves, we must confess, most uncomfortable. The meal, such as our muleteer could alone furnish, was none of the best. A fowl stewed in rice would have been tolerable, but for an immoderate spice of saffron, which made it both yellow and unpalatable. The most abominable of bad beds had almost driven me a second time to bring out Hackert's leathern bag, and we therefore next morning spoke on this subject to our obliging host. He expressed his regret that it was not in his power to provide better for us; "but," he said, "there is, above there, a house where strangers are well entertained, and have every reason to be satisfied."

Saying this, he pointed to a large corner house, of which the part that was turned toward us seemed to promise well. We immediately hurried over to it, and found a very active personage, who declared himself to be a waiter, and who, in the absence of the landlord, showed us an excellent bedroom, with a sitting-room adjoining, and assured us, at the same time, that we should be well attended to. Without delay, we demanded, according to our practice, what was the charge for dinner, for wine, for luncheon, and other particulars. The answers were all fair; and we hastily had our trifles brought over to the house, and arranged them in the spacious and gilded buffets. For the first time since we left Palermo, Kniep found an opportunity to spread out his portfolio, and to arrange his drawings, as I did my notes. Then, delighted with our fine room, we stepped out on the balcony of the sitting-room to enjoy the view. When we had

done looking at and extolling the prospect, we turned to enter our apartment, and commence our occupations, when, lo! over our head was a large golden lion, regarding us with a most threatening aspect. Quite serious we looked for a moment into one another's faces, then smiled, and laughed outright. From this moment, however, we began to look around us to see whether we could discover any of these Homeric goblins.

Nothing of the kind was to be seen. On the contrary, we found in the sitting-room a pretty young woman, who was playing about with a child, from two to three years old, who stood suddenly still on being hastily scolded by the vice-landlord. "You must take yourself off!" he testily exclaimed: "you have no business here." "It is very hard," she rejoined, "that you drive me away: the child is scarcely to be pacified in the house when you are away; and the signori will allow me, at least while you are present, to keep the child quiet." The husband made no reply, but proceeded to drive her away: at the door the child cried most miserably, and at last we did most heartily wish that the pretty young madam had stayed.

Warned by the Englishman, it was no art to see through the comedy: we played the *Neulinge*, the *Unschuldige*; he, however, with his very loving paternal feelings, prevailed very well. The child, in fact, was evidently very fond of him; and probably the seeming mother had pinched him at the door to make him cry so.

And so, too, with the greatest innocence possible she came and stayed with him as the man went out to deliver for us a letter of introduction to the domestic chaplain of Prince Biscari. She played and toyed with the child till he came back, bringing word from the abbé that he would come himself, and talk with us on the matter.

CATANIA,

Thursday, May 3, 1787.

The abbé, who had come last night and paid his respects to us, appeared this morning in good time, and conducted us to the palace, which is of one story, and built on a tolerably high socle. First of all we visited the museum, where there is a large collection of marble and bronze figures, vases, and all sorts of such like antiques. Here we had once more an opportunity of enlarging our knowledge; and the trunk of a Jupiter, with which I was already acquainted through a cast in Tischbein's studio, particularly ravished me. It possesses merits far higher than I am able to estimate. An inmate of the house gave us all necessary historical information. After this we passed into a spacious and lofty saloon. The many chairs around and against the walls indicated that a numerous company was often assembled here. We seated ourselves in hope of a favourable reception. Soon afterward two ladies entered, and walked several times up and down the room. From time to time they spoke to each other. When they observed us, the abbé rose: I did the same; and we both bowed. I asked, "Who are they?" and learned that the younger was the daughter of the prince, but the elder a noble lady of Catania. We resumed our seats, while they continued to walk up and down as people do in a market-place.

We were now conducted to the prince, who (as I had been already given to understand) honoured me with a singular mark of his confidence in showing me his collection of coins, since, by such acts of kindness, both his father and himself had lost many a rare specimen; and so his general good nature, and wish to oblige, had been naturally much contracted. On this occasion I probably appeared a little better informed than formerly, for I had learned something from the examination of Prince Torremuzza's collection. I again

contrived to enlarge my knowledge, being greatly helped by Winckelmann's never failing clues, which safely led the way through all the different epochs of art. The prince, who was well informed in all these matters, when he saw that he had before him not a connoisseur, but an attentive amateur, willingly informed me of every particular that I found it necessary to ask about.

After having given to these matters considerable time, but still far less than they deserved, we were on the point of taking our leave, when the prince conducted us to the princess, his mother, in whose apartments the smaller works of art are to be seen.

We found a venerable, naturally noble lady, who received us with the words, "Pray look round my room, gentlemen: here you still see all that my late husband collected and arranged for me. This I owe to the affection of my son, who not only allows me still to reside in his best room, but has even forbidden the least thing to be taken away or removed that his late father purchased for me and chose a place for. Thus I enjoy a double pleasure: not only have I been able these many years to live in my usual ways and habits, but have also, as formerly, the opportunity to see and form the acquaintance of those worthy strangers who come hither from widely distant places to examine our treasures."

She thereupon, with her own hands, opened for us the glass case in which the works in amber were preserved. Sicilian amber is distinguished from the northern by its passing from the transparent and non-transparent — from the wax and the honey-coloured — through all possible shades of a deep yellow, to the most beautiful hyacinthian red. In the case there were urns, cups, and other things, for executing which, large pieces of a marvellous size must have been necessary: for such objects, and also for cut shells such

as are executed at Trapani, and also for exquisitely manufactured articles in ivory, the princess had an especial taste, and about some of them she had amusing stories to tell. The prince called our attention to those of more solid value; and so several hours slipped away; not, however, without either amusement or edification.

In the course of our conversation, the princess discovered that we were Germans: she therefore asked us after Riedesel, Bartels, and Münter, all of whom she knew, and whose several characters she seemed well able to appreciate and to discriminate. We parted from her reluctantly; and she, too, seemed loath to bid us farewell. An insular life has in it something very peculiar to be thus excited and refreshed by none but passing sympathies.

From the palace the abbé led us to the Benedictine Monastery, and took us to the cell of a brother of the order, whose reserved and melancholy expression (though he was not of more than middle age) promised but little of cheerful conversation. He was, however, the skilful musician who alone could manage the enormous organ in the church of this monastery. When he had rather guessed than waited to hear our request, he complied with it in silence. We proceeded to the very spacious church, where, sitting down at the glorious instrument, he made the softest notes whisper through its remotest corners, or filled the whole of it with the crash of the loudest tones.

If you had not previously seen the organist, you would fancy that none but a giant could exercise such power: as, however, we were already acquainted with his personal appearance, we only wondered that the necessary exertion had not long since worn him out.

Soon after dinner our abbé arrived with a carriage, and proposed to show us a distant part of the city. Upon getting in we had a strange dispute about prece-



dence. Having entered first, I had seated myself on the left-hand side. As he ascended, he begged of me to move, and to take the right-hand seat. I begged him not to stand on such ceremony. "Pardon me," he replied, "and let us sit as I propose; for, if I take my place on your right, everybody will believe that I am taking a ride with you; but if I sit on your left it is thereby indicated that you are riding with me,—that is, with him who has, in the prince's name, to show you the city." To this nothing could, of course, be objected; and he was settled accordingly.

We drove up the streets where the lava, which in 1699 destroyed a great part of this city, remains visible to this day. The solid lava had been worked like any other rock: streets had even been marked out on its surface, and partly built. I placed under the seat of our carriage an undoubted specimen of the molten rock, remembering that just before my departure from Germany the dispute had arisen about the volcanic origin of basalt. And I did so in many other places, in order to have several varieties.

However, if natives had not proved themselves the friends of their own land,—had they not even laboured, either for the sake of profit or of science, to bring together whatever is remarkable in this neighbourhood,—the traveller would have had to trouble himself long and to little purpose. In Naples I had received much information from the lava dealer, but still more information got I here from the Chevalier Gioeni. In his rich and excellently arranged museum I learned more or less correctly to recognise the various phenomena of the lava of *Ætna*: the basalt at its foot, stones in a changed state,—everything, in fact, was pointed out to me in the most friendly manner. What I saw to be wondered at most were some zeolites from the rugged rocks which rise out of the sea below Jaci.

As we inquired of the chevalier which was the best

course to take in order to ascend *Ætna*, he would not hear of so dangerous an attempt as trying to reach the summit, especially in the present season of the year. "Generally," he observed, begging my pardon, however, "the strangers who come here think far too lightly of the matter: we, however, who are neighbours of the mountain, are quite contented if, twice in our life, we hit on a very good opportunity to reach the summit. Brydone, who was the first to kindle by his description a desire to see this fiery peak, did not himself ascend it. Count Borch leaves his readers in uncertainty; but, in fact, even he ascended only to a certain height: and the same may be said of many others. At present the snow comes down far too low, and presents insuperable obstacles. If you will take my advice, you will ride very early some morning for Monte Rosso, and be contented with ascending this height. From it you will enjoy a splendid view of *Ætna*, and at the same time have an opportunity of observing the old lava, which, bursting out from that point in 1697, unhappily poured down upon the city. The view is glorious and distinct: it is best to listen to a description for all the rest."

CATANIA,

Friday, May 4, 1787.

Following this good counsel, we set out early on a mule; and, continually looking behind us on our way, reached at last the region of the lava, as yet unchanged by time. Jagged lumps and slabs stared us in the face, among which a chance road had been tracked out by the beasts. We halted on the first considerable eminence. Kniep sketched with wonderful precision what lay before us. The masses of lava in the foreground, the double peak of Monte Rosso on the left, right before us the woods of Nicolosi, out of which rose the snow-capped and slightly smoking summit. We drew near to the Red Mountain. I ascended it.

It is composed entirely of red volcanic rubbish, ashes, and stones heaped together. It would have been very easy to go round the mouth of the crater, had not a violent and stormy east wind made my footing unsteady. When I wished to go a little way, I was obliged to take off my cloak; and then my hat was every moment in danger of being blown into the crater, and I after it. On this account I sat down in order to recover myself, and to take a view of the surrounding objects; but even this position did not help me at all. The wind came direct from the east, over the glorious land, which far and near, and reaching to the sea, lay before me. The outstretched strand, from Messina to Syracuse, with its bays and headlands, was before my eyes, either quite open, or else (though only in a few small points) covered with rocks. When I came down quite numbed, Kniep, under the shelter of the hill, had passed his time well, and with a few light lines on the paper had perpetuated the memory of what the wild storm had allowed me scarcely to see, and still less to fix permanently in my mind.

Returned once more to the jaws of the Golden Lion, we found the waiter, whom we had with difficulty prevented from accompanying us. He praised our prudence in giving up the thought of visiting the summit, but urgently recommended for the next day a walk by the sea to the rocks of Jaci, — it was the most delightful pleasure-trip that could be made from Catania; but it would be well to take something to eat and drink with us, and also utensils for warming our viands. His wife offered herself to perform this duty. Moreover, he spoke of the jubilee there was when some Englishmen hired a boat, with a band of music to accompany them, which made it more delightful than it was possible to form any idea of.

The rocks of Jaci had a strong attraction for me: I had a strong desire to knock off from them as fine

zeolites as I had seen in Gioeni's possession. It was true we might reduce the scale of the affair, and decline the attendance of the wife; but the warning of the Englishman prevailed over every other consideration. We gave up all thoughts of zeolites, and prided ourselves not a little on this act of self-denial.

CATANIA,

Saturday, May 5, 1787.

Our clerical companion has not failed us to-day. He conducted us to some remains of ancient architecture; in examining which, however, the visitor needs to bring with him no ordinary talent of restoration. We saw the remains of the great cisterns of a naumachy, and other similar ruins, which, however, have been filled up and depressed through the many successive destructions of the city by lava, earthquakes, and wars. It is only those who are most accurately acquainted with the architecture of the ancients that can now derive either pleasure or instruction from seeing them.

The kind abbé engaged to make our excuses for not waiting again on the prince, and we parted with lively expressions of mutual gratitude and good will.

TAORMINA,

Sunday, May 6, 1787.

God be thanked that all that we have here seen this day has been already amply described, but still more, that Kniep has resolved to spend the whole of to-morrow in the open air, taking sketches. When you have ascended to the top of the wall of rocks which rise precipitously at no great distance from the sea, you find two peaks, connected by a semicircle. Whatever shape this may have had originally from Nature has been helped by the hand of man, which has formed out of it an amphitheatre for spectators. Walls and other

buildings have furnished the necessary passages and rooms. Right across, at the foot of the semicircular range of seats, the scene was built; and by this means the two rocks were joined, and thus a most enormous work of nature and art was complete.

Now, sitting down at the spot where formerly sat the uppermost spectators, you confess at once that never did audience, in any theatre, have before them such a spectacle as you there behold: On the right, and on high rocks at the side, castles tower in the air: farther on, the city lies below you; and although its buildings are all of modern date, still, similar ones, no doubt, stood of old on the same site. After this the eye falls on the whole of the long ridge of *Ætna*; then on the left it catches a view of the seashore, as far as Catania, and even Syracuse; and then the wide and extensive view is closed by the immense smoking volcano, but not horribly, for the atmosphere, with its softening effect, makes it look more distant and milder than it really is.

If now you turn from this view toward the passage running at the back of the spectators, you have on the left the whole wall of the rocks between which and the sea runs the road to Messina. And then, again, you behold vast groups of rocky ridges in the sea itself, with the coast of Calabria in the far distance, which only a fixed and attentive gaze can distinguish from the clouds rising rapidly from it.

We descended toward the theatre, and tarried awhile among its ruins, on which an accomplished architect would do well to employ, at least on paper, his talent of restoration. After this I attempted to make a way for myself through the gardens to the city. But I soon learned by experience what an impenetrable bulwark is formed by a hedge of agaves planted close together. You can see through their interlacing leaves, and you think, therefore, it will be easy to force a way through

them ; but the prickles on their leaves are very sensible obstacles. If you step on these colossal leaves, in the hope that they will bear you, they break off suddenly ; and so, instead of getting out, you fall into the arms of the next plant. When, however, at last we had wound our way out of the labyrinth, we found but little to enjoy in the city ; though from the neighbouring country we felt it impossible to part before sunset. Infinitely beautiful was it to observe how this countryside, of which every point had its interest, was gradually enveloped in darkness.

BELOW TAORMINA : ON THE SEASHORE,  
Monday, May 7, 1787.

Kniep, whom, by good luck, I brought with me hither, cannot be praised enough for relieving me of a burden which would have been intolerable to me, and which goes directly counter to my nature. He has gone to sketch in detail the objects of which he took a general survey yesterday. He will have to point his pencil many a time, and I know not when he will have finished. I shall have it in my power to see all these sights again. At first I wished to ascend the height with him ; but then, again, I was tempted to remain here. I sought a corner like the bird about to build its nest. In a sorry and neglected peasant's garden I have seated myself on the trunk of an orange-tree, and lost myself in reveries. Orange-branches on which a traveller can sit, sounds rather strangely ; but seems quite natural when one knows that the orange-tree, left to nature, sends out, at a little distance from the root, twigs which in time become decided branches.

And so, thinking over again the plan of the "Nausicaa," I formed the idea of a dramatic concentration of the "Odyssey." I think the scheme is not impracticable, only it will be indispensable to keep clearly in view the difference of the drama and the epopee.

Kniep has come down, quite happy and delighted, and has brought back with him two large sheets of drawing-paper, covered with the clearest outlines. Both will contribute to preserve in my mind a perpetual memory of these glorious days.

It must not be left unrecorded, that on this shore, and beneath the clearest sky, we looked around us, from a little balcony, and saw roses, and heard the nightingales. These we are told sing here during at least six months of the twelve.

#### FROM MEMORY.

The activity of the clever artist who accompanies me, and my own more desultory and feeble efforts, having now assured me the possession of well-selected sketches of the country and its most remarkable points (which, either in outline, or, if I like, in well-finished paintings, will be mine for ever), I yielded all the more to an impulse which has been daily growing in strength. I have felt an irresistible impulse to animate the glorious scenes by which I am surrounded, — the sea, the island, the heavens, — with appropriate poetical beings, and here, in and out of this locality, to finish a composition in a tone and spirit such as I have not yet produced. The clear sky, the smell of the sea, the halo which merges, as it were, into one, the sky, the headlands, and the sea, — all these afforded nourishment to my purpose; and whilst I wandered in those beautiful gardens, between blossoming hedges of oleander, and through arbours of fruit-bearing orange and citron trees, and between other trees and shrubs which were unknown to me, I felt the strange influence in the most agreeable way possible.

Convinced that for me there could be no better commentary on the "Odyssey" than even this very neighbourhood, I purchased a copy, and read it, after my own fashion, with incredible interest. But I was also excited by it to produce something of my own, which,

strange as it seemed at the first look, became dearer and dearer, and at last took entire possession of me. For I entertained the idea of treating the story of Nausicaa as the subject of a tragedy.

It is impossible for me even to say what I should have been able to make of it, but I had quite settled the plan in my mind. The leading idea was to paint Nausicaa as an amiable and excellent maiden who, wooed by many suitors, but conscious of no preference, coldly rejected all advances, but falling in love with a remarkable stranger, suddenly alters her conduct, and compromises herself by an overhasty avowal of her affection, and consequently gives rise to a truly tragic situation. This simple fable might, I thought, be rendered highly interesting by an abundance of subordinate motives, and especially by the naval and insular character of the locality, and of the personages where and among whom the scene would be laid, and by the peculiar tone it would thence assume.

The first act began with the game at ball. The unexpected acquaintance is made: the scruple to lead him herself into the city is already the harbinger of her love.

The second act unfolds the characters of the household of Alcinous, and of the suitors, and ends with the arrival of Ulysses.

The third is devoted entirely to exhibiting the greatness and merits of the newcomer; and I hoped to be able, in the course of the dialogue (which was to bring out the history of his adventures), to produce a truly artistic and agreeable effect by representing the various ways in which this story was received by his several hearers. During the narrative, the passions were to be heightened, and Nausicaa's lively sympathy with the stranger to be thrown out more and more by conflicting feelings.

In the fourth act, Ulysses (off the scene) gives con-



vincing proofs of his valour; while the women remain, and give full scope to their likings, their hopes, and all other tender emotions. The high favour in which the stranger stands with all, makes it impossible for Nausicaa to restrain her own feelings, and she thus becomes irreparably compromised with her own people. Ulysses, who, partly innocent, partly to blame, is the cause of all this, now announces his intention to depart; and nothing remains for the unhappy Nausicaa, but in the fifth act to seek for an end of existence.

In this composition there was nothing but what I would have been able to depict from nature after my own experience. Even while travelling—even in peril—to excite favourable feelings, which, although they did not end tragically, might yet prove painful enough, and perhaps dangerous, and would, at all events, leave deep wounds behind; even the supposed accidents of describing in lively colours, for the entertainment of others, objects observed at a great distance from home, travelling adventures and chances of life; to be looked upon by the young as a demigod, but by the more sedate as a talker of rhodomontade, and to meet now with unexpected favour, and now with unexpected rebuffs,—all this caused me to feel so great an attachment to this plan, that, in thinking of it, I dreamed away all the time of my stay at Palermo, and, indeed, of all the rest of my Sicilian tour. It was this that made me care little for all the inconvenience and discomfort I met with; for, on this classic ground, a poetic vein had taken possession of me, causing all I saw, experienced, or observed, to be taken and regarded in a joyous mood.

After my usual habit, good or bad, I wrote down little or nothing of the play; but worked in my mind most of it with all the minutest detail. And there, in my mind, pushed out of thought by many subsequent distractions, it has remained until this moment,

when, however, I can recollect nothing but a very faint idea of it.

TUESDAY, May 8, 1787.

On the road to Messina.

High limestone rocks on the left. They become more deeply coloured as you advance, and form many beautiful caves. Presently there commences a sort of rock which may be called clay slate, or sandstone (graywacke). In the brooks you now meet pebbles of granite. The yellow apples of the solanum, the red flowers of the oleander, give beauty to the landscape. The little stream of Nisi brings down with it mica-pebbles, as do also all the streams we reached afterward.

WEDNESDAY, May 9, 1787.

Beaten by a stormy east wind, we rode between the raging sea on the right, and the wall of rocks from the top of which we were looking down yesterday; but this day we have been continually at war with the water. We had to cross innumerable brooks, of which the largest bears the honourable title of river. However, these streams, as well as the gravel which they bring down with them, were easier to buffet with than the sea, which was raging violently, and at many places dashed right over the road, against the rocks, which threw back the thick spray on the travellers. It was a glorious sight, and its rarity made us quite ready to put up with all its inconvenience.

At the same time there was no lack of objects for the mineralogical observer. Enormous masses of limestone, undermined by the wind and waves, fall from time to time; the softer particles are worn away by the continual motion of the waves, while the harder substances imbedded in them are left behind; and so the whole strand is strewn with variegated flints verging on the hornstone. I selected and carried off many a specimen.

## MESSINA,

Thursday, May 10, 1787.

And so at last we arrived in Messina, where, as we knew of no lodging, we made up our minds to pass the first night at the quarters of our *vetturino*, and look out for a more comfortable habitation in the morning. In consequence of this resolution, our first entrance gave us the terrible idea of entering a ruined city; for, during a whole quarter of an hour as we rode along we passed ruin after ruin, before we reached the auberge, which, being the only new building that has sprung up in this quarter, opens to you from its first-story window a view of nothing but a rugged waste of ruins. Beyond the circle of the stable-yard not a living being of any kind was to be seen. During the night the stillness was frightful. The doors would neither bolt nor even close. There was no more provision here for the entertainment of human guests than at any other of the similar posting-stations: however, we slept very comfortably on a mattress which our *vetturino* took away from beneath the very body of our host.

FRIDAY, May 11, 1787.

To-day our worthy muleteer left us, and a good largesse rewarded him for his attentive services. We parted very amicably, after he had first procured us a servant to take us at once to the best inn in the place, and afterward to show us whatever was at all remarkable in Messina. Our first host, in order that his wish to get rid of us might be gratified as quickly as possible, helped to carry our boxes and other packages to a pleasant lodging nearer to the inhabited portion of the city,—that is to say, beyond the city itself. The following description will give some idea of it. The terrible calamity which visited Messina, and swept away twelve thousand of its inhabitants, did not leave behind it a single dwelling for the thirty

thousand who survived. Most of the houses were entirely thrown down: the cracked and shaking walls of the others made them quite unsafe to live in. On the extensive meads, therefore, to the north of Messina, a city of planks was hastily erected, of which any one will quickly form an idea, who has ever seen the Römerberg at Frankfort during the fair, or passed through the market-place at Leipzig; for all the retail houses and workshops are open toward the street, and the chief business is carried on in front of them. Therefore, there are but few of the larger houses even that are particularly well closed against publicity. Thus they have been living for three years; and the habits engendered by such booth-like, hut-like, and, indeed, tent-like dwellings, has had a decided influence on the character of the occupants. The horror caused by this unparalleled event, the dread of its recurrence, impels them with light-hearted cheerfulness to enjoy to the utmost the passing moment. A dreadful expectation of a fresh calamity was excited on the 21st of April—only twenty days ago, that is—by an earthquake which again sensibly shook the ground. We were shown a small church where a multitude of people were crowded together at the very moment, and perceived the trembling. Some persons who were present at the time do not appear even yet to have recovered from their fright.

In seeking out and visiting these spots, we were accompanied by a friendly consul, who spontaneously put himself to much trouble on our account,—a kindness to be gratefully acknowledged in this wilderness more than in any other place. At the same time, having learned that we were soon about to leave, he informed us that a French merchantman was on the point of sailing for Naples. The news was doubly welcome, as the flag of France is a protection against the pirates.

We made our kind cicerone aware of our desire to examine the inside of one of the larger (though still one-storied) huts, and to see their plain and extemporised economy. Just at this moment we were joined by an agreeable person, who presently described himself to be a teacher of French. After finishing our walk, the consul made known to him our wish to look at one of these buildings, and requested him to take us home with him and show us his.

We entered the hut, of which the sides and roof consisted alike of planks. The impression it left on the eye was exactly that of one of the booths in a fair, where wild beasts or other curiosities are exhibited. The timber-work of the walls and the roof was quite open. A green curtain divided off the front room, which was not covered with deals, but the natural floor was left just as in a tent. There were some chairs and a table, but no other article of domestic furniture. The space was lighted from above by the openings which had been accidentally left in the roofing. We stood talking together for some time, while I contemplated the green curtain, and the roof within, which was visible over it, when all of a sudden, from the other side of the curtain, two lovely girls' heads, black-eyed and black-haired, peeped over, full of curiosity, but vanished again as soon as they saw they were perceived. However, upon being asked for by the consul, after the lapse of just so much time as was necessary to adorn themselves, they came forward, and with their well-dressed and neat little bodies crept before the green tapestry. From their questions we clearly perceived that they looked upon us as fabulous beings from another world, in which most amiable delusion our answers must have gone far to confirm them. The consul gave a merry description of our singular appearance: the conversation was so very agreeable, that we found it hard to part with them.

Not until we had got out of the door, it occurred to us that we had not seen the inner rooms, and, being entirely taken up with its fair inhabitants, had forgotten all about the construction of the house.

MESSINA,

Saturday, May 12, 1787.

Among other things, we were told by the consul, that although it was not indispensably necessary, still it would be as well to pay our respects to the governor, a strange old man, who, by his humours and prejudices, might as readily injure as benefit us: that it always told in his (the consul's) favour if he introduced distinguished personages to the governor; and besides, no stranger arriving here can tell whether sometime or other he may not somehow or other require the assistance of this personage. So, to please my friend, I went with him.

As we entered the antechamber, we heard in the inner room a most horrible hubbub. A footman, with a very Punch-like expression of countenance, whispered in the consul's ear, "An ill day—a dangerous moment!" However, we entered, and found the governor, a very old man, sitting at a table near the window, with his back turned toward us. Large piles of old discoloured letters were lying before him, from which, with the greatest sedateness, he went on cutting out the unwritten portion of the paper,—thus giving pretty strong proofs of his love of economy. During this peaceful occupation, however, he was fearfully rating and cursing away at a respectable-looking personage, who, to judge from his costume, was probably connected with Malta, and who, with great coolness and precision of manner, was defending himself, for which, however, he was afforded but little opportunity. Though thus rated and scolded, he yet with great self-possession endeavoured, by appealing to his passport

and to his well-known connections in Naples, to remove a suspicion which the governor, as it would appear, had formed against him as coming and going without any apparent business. All this, however, was of no use: the governor went on cutting his old letters, and carefully separating the clean paper, and scolding all the while.

Besides ourselves, there were about twelve other persons in the room, spectators of the bull-baiting, standing hovering in a very wide circle, and apparently envying us our proximity to the door as a desirable position, should the passionate old man seize his crutch, and strike away right and left. During this scene our good consul's face had lengthened considerably: for my part, my courage was kept up by the grimaces of a footman, who, though just outside the door, was close to me, and, as often as I turned round, made the drollest gestures to appease my alarm, by indicating that all this did not matter much.

And indeed the awful affair was quickly brought to an end. The old man suddenly closed it with observing that there was nothing to prevent him clapping the Maltese in prison, and letting him cool his heels in a cell. However, he would pass it over this time: he might stay in Messina the few days he had spoken of, but after that he must pack off, and never show his face there again. Very coolly, and without the slightest change of countenance, the object of suspicion took his leave, gracefully saluting the assembly, and ourselves in particular, as he passed through the crowd to get to the door. As the governor turned round fiercely, intending to add yet another menace, he caught sight of us, and immediately recovering himself, nodded to the consul, upon which he stepped forward to introduce me.

The governor was a person of very great age: his head bent forward on his chest, while from beneath

his gray shaggy brows, black sunken eyes cast forth stealthy glances. Now, however, he was quite different from what he had been a few moments before. He begged me to be seated; and still uninterruptedly pursuing his occupation, asked me many questions, which I duly answered, and concluded by inviting me to dine with him as long as I should remain here. The consul, as well satisfied as myself, nay, even more so, since he knew better than I the danger we had escaped, made haste to descend the stairs; and, for my part, I had no desire ever again to approach the lion's den.

MESSINA,

Sunday, May 13, 1787.

Waking this morning, we found ourselves in a much more pleasant apartment, and with the sun shining brightly, but still in poor, afflicted Messina. Singularly unpleasant is the view of the so-called Palazzata, a crescent-shaped row of real palaces, which for nearly a quarter of a league encloses and marks out the roadstead. All were built of stone, and four stories high. Of several, the whole front, up to the cornice of the roof, is still standing, while others have been thrown down as low as the first, or second, or third story; so that this once splendid line of buildings exhibits at present, with its many chasms and perforations, a strangely revolting appearance, for the blue heaven may be seen through almost every window. The interior apartments in all are utterly destroyed and fallen.

One cause of this singular phenomenon is the fact that the splendid architectural edifices erected by the rich tempted their less wealthy neighbours to vie with them, in appearance at least, and to hide, behind a new front of cut stone, the old houses, which had been built of larger and smaller rubble-stones, kneaded together and consolidated with plenty of mortar. This joining,



not much to be trusted at any time, was quickly loosened and dissolved by the terrible earthquake. The whole fell together. Among the many singular instances of wonderful preservation which occurred in this calamity, they tell the following: the owner of one of these houses had, exactly at the awful moment, entered the recess of a window, while the whole house fell together behind him; and there, suspended aloft, but safe, he calmly awaited the moment of his liberation from his airy prison. That this style of building, which was adopted in consequence of there not being any quarries in the neighbourhood, was the principal cause why the ruin of the city was so total as it was, is proved by the fact that the houses which were of a more solid masonry are still standing. The Jesuits' College and Church, which are solidly built of cut stone, are still standing uninjured, with their original substantial fabric unimpaired. But whatever may be the cause, the appearance of Messina is most oppressive, and reminds one of the times when the Sicani and Siculi abandoned this restless and treacherous district, to occupy the western coast of the island.

After passing the morning in viewing these ruins, we entered our inn to take a frugal meal. We were still sitting at table, feeling quite comfortable, when the consul's servant rushed breathless into the room, declaring that the governor had been looking for me all over the city: he had invited me to dinner, and yet I was absent. The consul earnestly entreated me to go immediately, whether I had dined or not,—whether I had allowed the hour to pass through forgetfulness or design. I now felt, for the first time, how childish and silly it was to allow my joy at my first escape to banish all further recollection of the Cyclop's invitation. The servant did not let me loiter: his representations were most urgent and most direct to the point; if I did not go the consul would be in

danger of suffering all that this furious despot might choose to inflict upon him and his countrymen.

Whilst I was arranging my hair and dress, I took courage, and, with a lighter heart, followed, invoking Ulysses as my patron saint, and begging him to intercede in my behalf with Pallas Athène.

Arrived at the lion's den, I was conducted by a fine footman into a large dining-room, where about forty people were sitting at an oval table, without, however, a word being spoken. The place on the governor's right was unoccupied, and to it was I conducted accordingly.

Having saluted the host and his guests with a low bow, I took my seat by his side, excused my delay by the vast size of the city, and by the mistakes which the unusual way of reckoning the time had so often caused me to make. With a fiery look, he replied, that if a person visited foreign countries, he ought to make a point to learn its customs, and to guide his movements accordingly. To this I answered, that such was invariably my endeavour, only I had found that, in a strange locality, and amidst totally new circumstances, one invariably fell at first, even with the very best intentions, into errors which might appear unpardonable, but for the kindness which readily accepted in excuse for them the plea of the fatigue of travelling, the distraction of new objects, the necessity of providing for one's bodily comforts, and, indeed, of preparing for one's further travels.

Hereupon he asked me how long I thought of remaining. I answered that I should like, if it were possible, to stay here for a considerable period, in order to have the opportunity of attesting, by my close attention to his orders and commands, my gratitude for the favour he had shown me. After a pause he inquired what I had seen in Messina? I detailed to him my morning's occupation, with some remarks on what I had seen, adding that what most had struck me was

the cleanness and good order in the streets of this devastated city. And, in fact, it was highly admirable to observe how all the streets had been cleared by throwing the rubbish among the fallen fortifications, and by piling up the stones against the houses, by which means the middle of the streets had been made perfectly free and open for trade and traffic. And this gave me an opportunity to pay a well-deserved compliment to his Excellency, by observing that all the Messinese thankfully acknowledged that they owed this convenience entirely to his care and forethought. "They acknowledge it, do they," he growled: "well, every one at first complained loudly enough of the hardship of being compelled to take his share of the necessary labour." I made some general remarks upon the wise intentions and lofty designs of government being only slowly understood and appreciated, and on similar topics. He asked if I had seen the Church of the Jesuits; and when I said no, he rejoined that he would cause it to be shown to me in all its splendour.

During this conversation, which was interrupted with a few pauses, the rest of the company, I observed, maintained a deep silence, scarcely moving except so far as was absolutely necessary in order to place the food in their mouths. And so, too, when dinner was over, and coffee served, they stood round the walls like so many wax dolls. I went up to the chaplain, who was to show me the church, and began to thank him in advance for the trouble. However, he moved off, after humbly assuring me that the command of his Excellency was in his eyes all-sufficient. Upon this I turned to a young stranger who stood near, who, however, Frenchman as he was, did not seem to be at all at his ease; for he, too, seemed to be struck dumb and petrified, like the rest of the company, among whom I recognised many faces who had been anything but willing witnesses of yesterday's scene.

The governor moved to a distance; and, after a little while, the chaplain observed to me that it was time to be going. I followed him: the rest of the company had silently one by one disappeared. He led me to the gate of the Jesuits' Church, which rises in the air with all the splendour and really imposing effect of the architecture of these fathers. A porter came immediately toward us, and invited us to enter; but the priest held me back, observing that we must wait for the governor. The latter presently arrived in his carriage, and, stopping in the piazza, not far from the church, nodded to us to approach, whereupon all three advanced toward him. He gave the porter to understand that it was his command that he should not only show me the church and all its parts, but should also tell me in full the histories of the several altars and chapels; and, moreover, that he should open to me all the sacristies, and show me their remarkable contents. I was a person to whom he was to show all honour, and who must have every cause to speak well and honourably of Messina on his return home. "Fail not," he then said, turning to me with as much of a smile as his features were capable of, — "Fail not as long as you are here to be at my dinner-table in good time. You shall always find a hearty welcome." I had scarcely time to make him a most respectful reply before the carriage moved on.

From this moment the chaplain became more cheerful, and we entered the church. The castellan (for so we may well name him) of this fairy palace, so little suited to the worship of God, set to work to fulfil the duty so sharply enjoined to him, when Kniep and the consul rushed into the empty sanctuary, and gave vent to passionate expressions of their joy at seeing me again, and at liberty, who, they had believed, would by this time have been in safe custody. They had sat in agonies until the roguish footman (whom

probably the consul had well feed) came and related, with a hundred grimaces, the issue of the affair; upon which excessive joy took possession of them, and they at once set out to seek me, as their informant had made known to them the governor's kind intentions with regard to the church, and thereby gave them a hope of finding me.

We now stood before the high altar, listening to the enumeration of the ancient rarities with which it was inlaid: pillars of lapis lazuli fluted, as it were, with bronzed and with gilded rods; pilasters and panelings after the Florentine fashion; gorgeous Sicilian agates in abundance; with bronze and gilding perpetually recurring and joining the whole.

And now commenced a wondrous counterpointed *fugue*. Kniep and the consul, dilating on the perplexities of the late incident, and the showman, enumerating the costly articles of the well-preserved splendour, broke in alternately, both fully possessed with their subject. This afforded a twofold gratification. I became sensible how lucky was my escape, and at the same time had the pleasure of seeing the productions of the Sicilian mountains, on which, in their native state, I had already bestowed attention, here worked up and employed for architectural purposes.

My accurate acquaintance with the several elements of which this splendour was composed, helped me to discover that what was called lapis lazuli in these columns was probably nothing but calcara, though calcara of a more beautiful colour than I remember to have ever seen, and withal most incomparably pieced together. But even such as they are, these pillars are still most highly to be prized; for it is evident that an immense quantity of this material must have been collected before so many pieces of such beautiful and similar tints could be selected; and, in the next place, considerable pains and labour must

have been expended in cutting, splitting, and polishing the stone. But what task was ever too great for the industry of these fathers?

During my inspection of these rarities, the consul never ceased enlightening me on the danger with which I had been menaced. The governor, he said, not at all pleased, that, on my very first introduction to him, I should have been a spectator of his violence toward the quasi Maltese, had resolved, within himself, to pay me especial attention; and, with this view, he had settled in his own mind a regular plan, which, however, had received a considerable check from my absence at the very moment in which it was first to be carried into effect. After waiting a long while, the despot at last sat down to dinner, without, however, being able to conceal his vexation and annoyance, so that the company were in dread lest they should witness a scene either on my arrival or on our rising from table.

Every now and then the sacristan managed to put in a word, opened the secret chambers, which are built in beautiful proportion, and elegantly, not to say splendidly, ornamented. In them were to be seen all the movable furniture and costly utensils of the church still remaining, and these corresponded in shape and decoration with all the rest. Of the precious metals I observed nothing, and just as little of genuine works of art, whether ancient or modern.

Our mixed Italian-German *fugue* (for the good father and the sacristan chaunted in the former tongue, while Kniep and the consul responded in the latter) came to an end just as we were joined by an officer whom I remembered to have seen at the dinner-table. He belonged to the governor's suite. His appearance was certainly calculated to excite anxiety, and not the less so as he offered to conduct me to the harbour, where he would take me to certain parts which gener-

ally were inaccessible to strangers. My friends looked at one another: however, I did not let myself be deterred by their suspicions from going alone with him. After some talk about indifferent matters, I began to address him more familiarly, and confessed that during dinner I had observed many of the silent party making friendly signs to me, and giving me to understand that I was not among mere strangers and men of the world, but among friends, and, indeed, brothers; and that, therefore, I had nothing to fear. I felt it a duty to thank and to request him to be the bearer of similar expressions of gratitude to the rest of the company. To all this he replied, that they had sought to calm any apprehensions I might have felt, because, well acquainted as they were with the character of their host, they were convinced that there was really no cause for alarm: for explosions like that with the Maltese were but very rare; and when they did happen, the worthy old man always blamed himself afterward, and would for a long time keep watch over his temper, and go on for awhile in the calm and assured performance of his duty, until at last some unexpected rencontre would surprise and carry him away by a fresh outbreak of passion.

My valiant friend further added, that nothing was more desired by him and his companions than to bind themselves to me by a still closer tie; and therefore he begged that I would have the great kindness of letting them know where it might be done this evening, most conveniently to myself. I courteously declined the proffered honour, and begged him to humour a whim of mine, which made me wish to be looked upon during my travels merely as a man: if as such I could excite the confidence and sympathy of others, it would be most agreeable to me, and what I wished most; but that various reasons forbade me to form other connections.

Convince him I could not, for I did not venture to tell him what was really my motive. However, it struck me as remarkable, that, under so despotic a government, these kind-hearted persons should have formed so excellent and so innocent a union for mutual protection, and for the benefit of strangers. I did not conceal from him the fact, that I was well aware of the ties subsisting between them and other German travellers, and expatiated at length on the praiseworthy objects they had in view, and so only caused him to feel still more surprised at my obstinacy. He tried every possible inducement to draw me out of my incognito. However, he did not succeed, partly, because, having just escaped one danger, I was not inclined for any object whatever to run into another; and partly because I was well aware that the views of these worthy islanders were so very different from my own, that any closer intimacy with them could lead to neither pleasure nor comfort.

On the other hand, I willingly spent a few hours with our well-wishing and active consul, who now enlightened us as to the scene with the Maltese. The latter was not really a mere adventurer: still, he was a restless person, who was never happy in one place. The governor, who was of a great family, and highly honoured for his sincerity and habits of business, and also greatly esteemed for his former important services, was, nevertheless, notorious for his illimitable self-will, his unbridled passion, and unbending obstinacy. Suspicious, both as an old man and a tyrant, more anxious lest he should have, than convinced that he really had, enemies at court, he looked upon as spies, and hated, all persons who, like this Maltese, were continually coming and going, without any ostensible business. This time the red cloak had crossed him, when, after a considerable period of quiet, it was necessary for him to give vent to his passion, in order to relieve his mind.



WRITTEN PARTLY AT MESSINA, AND PARTLY AT SEA.

Monday, May 14, 1787.

Both Kniep and myself awoke with the same feelings: both felt annoyed that we had allowed ourselves, under the first impression of disgust which the desolate appearance of Messina had excited, to form the hasty determination of leaving it with the French merchantman. The happy issue of my adventure with the governor, the acquaintance which I had formed with certain worthy individuals, and which it only remained for me to render more intimate, and a visit I had paid to my banker, whose country-house was situated in a most delightful spot, — all this afforded a prospect of our being able to spend most agreeably a still longer time in Messina. Kniep, quite taken up with two pretty little children, wished for nothing more than that the adverse wind, which in any other case would be disagreeable enough, might still last for some time. Meanwhile, however, our position was disagreeable enough: all had to remain packed up, and we ourselves to be ready for starting at a moment's warning.

And so, at last, about midday the summons came; and we hastened on board, and found among the crowd collected on the shore our worthy consul, from whom we took our leave with many thanks. The sallow footman, also, pressed forward to receive his *douceur*. He was accordingly duly rewarded, and charged to mention to his master the fact of our departure, and excuse our absence from dinner. "He who sails away is at once excused," exclaimed he; and then turning round with a very singular spring, quickly disappeared.

In the ship itself things looked very different from what they had done in the Neapolitan corvette. However, as we gradually stood off from the shore, we were quite taken up with the glorious view presented by the circular line of the Palazzata, the citadel, and by the mountains which rose behind the city. Calabria was

on the other side. And then the wide prospect northwards and southwards over the straits, — a broad expanse indeed, but still shut in on both sides by a beautiful shore. While we were admiring these objects, one after another, our attention was diverted to a certain commotion in the water, at a tolerable distance on the left hand, and still nearer on the right, to a rock distinctly separate from the shore. They were Scylla and Charybdis. These remarkable objects, which in nature stand so wide apart, but which the poet has brought so close together, have furnished occasion to many to make grave complaints of the fabling of poetry. Such grumblers, however, do not duly consider that the imaginative faculty invariably depicts the objects it would represent as grand and impressive, with a few striking touches rather than in fulness of detail, and that thereby it lends to the image more of character, solemnity, and dignity. A thousand times have I heard the complaint that the objects for a knowledge of which we are originally indebted to description, invariably disappoint us when we see them with our own eyes. The cause is, in every case, the same. Imagination and reality stand in the same relation to each other as poetry and prose do: the former invariably conceives of its objects as powerful and elevated, the latter loves to dilate and expand them. A comparison of the landscape painters of the sixteenth century with those of our own day will strikingly illustrate my meaning. A drawing of Iodocus Momper, by the side of one of Kniep's outlines, would at once make the contrast intelligible.

With such and similar discourses we contrived to amuse ourselves; as the coasts were not attractive enough even for Kniep, notwithstanding his having prepared everything for sketching.

As to myself, however, I was again attacked with seasickness; but this time the unpleasant feeling was

not relieved by separation and privacy, as it was on our passage over. However, the cabin was large enough to hold several persons, and there was no lack of good mattresses. I again resumed the horizontal position, in which I was diligently tended by Kniep, who administered to me plenty of red wine and good bread. In this position our Sicilian expedition presented itself to my mind in no very agreeable light. On the whole, we had really seen nothing but traces of the utterly vain struggle which the human race makes to maintain itself against the violence of Nature, against the malicious spite of Time, and against the rancour of its own unhappy divisions. The Carthaginians, the Greeks, the Romans, and the many other races which followed in succession, built and destroyed. Selinus lies methodically overthrown by art and skill; two thousand years have not sufficed to throw down the temples of Girgenti; a few hours — nay, a few minutes — were sufficient to overwhelm Catania and Messina. These seasick fancies, however, I did not allow to take possession of a mind tossed up and down on the waves of life.

AT SEA,

Tuesday, May 15, 1787.

My hope of having a quicker passage back to Naples, or at least of recovering sooner from my seasickness, has been disappointed. Several times I attempted, at Kniep's recommendation, to go up on deck: however, all enjoyment of the varying beauty of the scene was denied me. Only one or two incidents had power to make me forget awhile my giddiness. The whole sky was overcast with a thin, vapoury cloud, through which the sun (whose disk, however, was not discernible) illuminated the sea, which was of the most beautiful blue colour that ever was seen. A troop of dolphins accompanied the ship: swimming or leaping they managed to keep up with it. I could not help fancying,

that in the deep water, and at the distance, our floating edifice must have seemed to them a black point, and that they had hurried toward it as to a welcome piece of booty and consumption. However that may be, the sailors did not treat them as kind guides, but rather as enemies: one was hit with a harpoon, but not hauled on deck.

The wind continued unfavourable; and, by continually tacking and manœuvring, we only just managed not to lose way. Our impatience at this only increased when some experienced persons among the passengers declared that neither the captain nor the steersman understood their business. The one might do very well as captain, and the other as a mariner: they were, however, not fit to be trusted with the lives of so many passengers and such a valuable freight.

I begged these otherwise most doughty personages to keep their fears to themselves. The number of passengers was very great, and among them were several women and children of all ages; for every one had crowded on board the French merchantman, without a thought of anything but of the protection from the pirates which the white flag assured to them. I therefore represented to these parties that the expression of their distrust and anxiety would plunge in the greatest alarm those poor folks who had hitherto placed all their hopes of safety in the piece of uncoloured and unemblazoned linen.

And in reality, between sky and sea this white streamer, as a decided talisman, is singular enough. As parting friends greet each other with their white waving handkerchiefs, and so excite in their bosoms a mutual feeling — which nothing else could call forth — of love and affection divided for awhile, so here in this simple flag the custom is consecrated. It is even as if one had fixed a handkerchief on the mast to proclaim to all the world, “Here comes a friend from across the sea.”

Revived from time to time with a little wine and bread, to the annoyance of the captain, who said that I ought to eat what was bargained for, I was able at last to sit on deck, and occasionally take part in the conversation. Kniep managed to cheer me, for he could not this time, by boasting of the excellent fare, excite my energy: on the contrary, he was obliged to extol my good luck in having no appetite.

WEDNESDAY, May 16,

and THURSDAY, May 17, 1787.

And thus midday passed without our being able, as we wished, to get into the Bay of Naples. On the contrary, we were continually driven more and more to the west; and our vessel, nearing the island of Capri, kept getting farther from Cape Minerva. Every one was annoyed and impatient: we two, however, who could contemplate the world with a painter's eye, had enough to content us, when the setting sun presented for our enjoyment the most beautiful prospect that we had yet witnessed during our whole tour. Cape Minerva, with the mountains which abut on it, lay before our eyes in the brilliant colouring of sunset; while the rocks which stretched southwards from the headland had already assumed a bluish tint. The whole coast, stretching from the cape to Sorrento, was gloriously lit up. Vesuvius was visible: an immense cloud of smoke stood above it like a tower, and sent out a long streak southward,—the result, probably, of a violent eruption. On the left lay Capri, rising perpendicularly in the air; and, by the help of the transparent blue halo, we were able distinctly to trace the forms of its rocky walls. Beneath a perfectly clear and cloudless sky, glittered the calm, scarcely rippling sea, which at last, when the wind died away, lay before us exactly like a clear pool. We were enraptured with the sight. Kniep regretted that all the colours of art were inadequate to

convey an idea of this harmony, and that not even the finest of English pencils would enable the most practised hand to give the delicacy of the outline. I, for my part, convinced that to possess even a far poorer memorial of the scene than this clever artist could produce, would greatly contribute to my future enjoyment, exhorted him to strain both his hand and eye for the last time. He allowed himself to be persuaded, and produced a most accurate drawing (which he afterward coloured); and so bequeathed to me a proof, that to truly artistic powers of delineation, the impossible becomes the possible. With equally attentive eyes we watched the transition from evening to night. Capri now lay quite black before us; and, to our astonishment, the smoke of Vesuvius turned into flame, as, indeed, did the whole streak, which, the longer we observed it, became brighter and brighter. At last we saw a considerable region of the atmosphere, forming, as it were, the background of our natural picture, lit up, and, indeed, lightening.

We were so entirely occupied with these welcome scenes, that we did not notice that we were in great danger. However, the commotion among the passengers did not allow us to continue long in ignorance of it. Those who were better acquainted with maritime affairs than ourselves were bitterly reproaching the captain and his steersman. By their bungling, they said, they had not only missed the mouth of the straits, but they were very nigh losing the lives of all the passengers entrusted to them, cargo and all. We inquired into the grounds of these apprehensions, especially as we could not conceive how, during a perfect calm, there could be any cause for alarm. But it was this very calm that rendered these people so inconsolable. "We are," they said, "in the current which runs round the island, and which, by a slow but irresistible ground-swell, will draw us against the rugged

rocks, where there is neither the slightest footing, nor the least cove to save ourselves by.

Made more attentive by these declarations, we contemplated our fate with horror. For, although the deepening night did not allow us to distinguish the approach of danger, still we observed that the ship, as it rolled and pitched, was gradually nearing the rocks, which grew darker and darker upon the eye, while a light evening glow was still playing on the water. Not the slightest movement was to be discerned in the air. Handkerchiefs and light ribbons were constantly being held up, but not the slightest indication of the much desired breath of wind was discernible. The tumult became every moment louder and wilder. The women with their children were on deck praying, not indeed on their knees, for there was scarcely room for them to move, but lying close pressed one upon another. Every now and then, too, they would rate and scold the captain more harshly and more bitterly than the men, who were calmer, thinking over every chance of helping and saving the vessel. They reproached him with everything, which, during the passage up to this point, had been borne with silence,—the bad accommodation; the high passage-money; the scanty bill of fare; his own manners, which, if not absolutely surly, were certainly forbidding enough. He would not give an account of his proceedings to any one: indeed, ever since the evening before he had maintained a most obstinate silence as to his plans, and what he was doing with his vessel. He and the steersman were called mere money-making adventurers, who, having no knowledge at all of navigation, had managed to buy a packet with a mere view to profit, and now, by their incapacity and bungling, were on the point of losing all that had been entrusted to their care. The captain, however, maintained his usual silence under all these reproaches, and appeared to be giving all his thoughts

to the chances of saving his ship. As for myself, since I had always felt a greater horror of anarchy than of death itself, I found it quite impossible to hold my tongue any longer. I went up to the noisy railers, and addressed them with almost as much composure of mind as the rogues of Malsesine. I represented to them, that, by their shrieking and bawling, they must confound both the ears and the brains of those on whom all at this moment depended for our safety, so that they could neither think nor communicate with one another. All you have to do, I said, is to calm yourselves, and then to offer up a fervent prayer to the Mother of God, asking her to intercede with her blessed Son to do for you what he did for his apostles when on Lake Tiberias. The waves broke over the boat while the Lord slept, but who, when, helpless and inconsolable, they awoke him, commanded the winds to be still, and who, if it is only his heavenly will, can even now command the winds to rise.

These few words had the best effect. One of the men, with whom I had previously had some conversation on moral and religious subjects, exclaimed, "*Ah, il Balarmé! Benedetto il Balarmé!*" and they actually began, as they were already prostrate on their knees, to go over their rosaries with more than usual fervour. They were able to do this with the greater calmness, as the sailors were now trying an expedient, the object of which was, at any rate, apparent to every eye. The boat (which would not, however, hold more than six or eight men) was let down, and fastened by a long rope to the ship, which, by dint of hard rowing, they hoped to be able to tow after them. And, indeed, it was thought that they did move it within the current; and hopes began to be entertained of soon seeing the vessel towed entirely out of it. But whether their efforts increased the counter-action of the current, or whatever it was, the boat with its crew at the end of



the hawser was suddenly drawn in a kind of a bow toward the vessel, forming with the long rope a kind of bow, — or just like the lash of a whip when the driver gives a blow with it. This plan, therefore, was soon given up. Prayer now began to alternate with weeping, — for our state began to appear alarming indeed, — when from the deck we could clearly distinguish the voices of the goatherds (whose fires on the rocks we had long seen), crying to one another, “There is a vessel stranding below.” They also said something else, but the sounds were unintelligible to me: those, however, who understood their patois, interpreted them as exclamations of joy, to think of the rich booty they would reap in the morning. Thus the doubt we had entertained whether the ship was actually nearing the rocks, and in any immediate danger, was unfortunately too soon dispelled; and we saw the sailors preparing boat-poles and fenders, in order, should it come to the worst, to be ready to hold the vessel off the rocks, — so long, at least, as their poles did not break, in which case all would be inevitably lost. The ship now rolled more violently than ever, and the breakers seemed to increase upon us. And my sickness returning upon me in the midst of it all, made me resolve to return to the cabin. Half stupefied, I threw myself down on my mattress, still with a somewhat pleasant feeling, which seemed to me to come over from the sea of Tiberias, for the picture in Merian’s pictorial Bible kept floating before my mind’s eye. And so it is: our moral impressions invariably prove strongest in those moments when we are most driven back upon ourselves. How long I lay in this sort of half stupor I know not, for I was awakened by a great noise overhead: I could distinctly make out that it was caused by great ropes being dragged along the deck, and this gave me a hope that they were going to make use of the sails. A little while after this Kniep hurried down into the cabin to

tell me that we were out of danger, for a gentle breeze had sprung up; that all hands had just been at work in hoisting the sails, and that he himself had not hesitated to lend a hand. We were visibly getting clear off the rocks; and, although we were not entirely out of the current, there was now good hope of our being able to make way against it. All was now still again overhead; and soon several more of the passengers came below to announce the happy turn of affairs, and to lie down.

When, on the fourth day of our voyage, I awoke early in the morning, I found myself quite fresh and well, just as I had been at the same period of the passage from Naples; so that on a longer voyage I may hope to get off free, after paying to the sea a three days' tribute of sickness.

From the deck I saw with no little delight the island of Capri, at a tolerable distance on our lee, and perceived that the vessel was holding such a course as afforded a hope of our being able ere long to enter the gulf, which, indeed, we very soon afterward accomplished. And now, after passing a hard night, we had the satisfaction of seeing the same objects as had charmed us so greatly the evening before, in a reversed light. We soon left this dangerous insular rock far behind us. While yesterday we had admired the right hand coast from a distance, now we had straight before us the castle and the city, with Posilippo on the left, together with the tongues of land which run out into the sea toward Procida and Ischia. Every one was on deck: foremost among them was a Greek priest, enthusiastic in the praises of his own dear East, but who, when the Neapolitans on board, who were rapturously greeting their glorious country, asked him what he thought of Naples as compared with Constantinople? very pathetically replied, "*Anche questa è una città!*" (This, too, is a city.)

We reached the harbour just at the right time, when it was thronged with people. No sooner were our trunks and the rest of our baggage unshipped and put on shore, when they were seized by two lusty porters, who, scarcely giving us time to say that we were going to put up at Moriconi's, ran off with the load as if with a prize, so that we had difficulty in keeping them in view as they darted through the crowded streets and bustling piazzas. Kniep kept his portfolio under his arm; and we consoled ourselves with thinking that the drawings at least were safe, should these porters, less honest than the poor Neapolitan devils, strip us of what the breakers had spared.

THE END.

The first part of the paper is devoted to a discussion of the general theory of the subject. It is shown that the theory is based on the principle of least action, and that the equations of motion can be derived from this principle. The second part of the paper is devoted to a discussion of the special case of the theory, and the third part to a discussion of the applications of the theory.

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DRAMAS OF GOETHE



# Iphigenia in Tauris

A Drama in Five Acts

Translated by Anna Swanwick

Like Torquato Tasso, Iphigenia was originally written in prose, and in that form was acted at the Weimar Court Theatre about 1779. Goethe himself took the part of Orestes.

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## Introduction

THE drama of "Iphigenia in Tauris" has been considered Goethe's masterpiece: it is conceived in the spirit of Greek ideality, and is characterised throughout by moral beauty and dignified repose. Schlegel<sup>1</sup> styles it an echo of Greek song, an epithet as appropriate as it is elegant; for, without any servile imitation of classic models, this beautiful drama, through the medium of its polished verse, reproduces in softened characters the graceful and colossal forms of the antique.

The destiny of Agamemnon and his race was a favourite theme of the ancients. It has been dramatised in a variety of forms by the three great masters of antiquity; and from these various sources Goethe has gathered the materials for his drama, enriching it with touches of sublimity and beauty selected indiscriminately from the works of each. The description of the Furies in the third act is worthy of Æschylus, and in the spirit of the same great writer is the exclusion of these terrific powers from the consecrated grove symbolical of the peace which religion can alone afford to the anguish of a wounded conscience. The prominence given to the idea of destiny, together with the finished beauty of the whole, reminds us of Sophocles; while the passages conveying general moral truths, scattered throughout the poem, not unfrequently recall to our recollection those of a similar character in the dramas of Euripides.

The two dramas of Euripides are founded upon the well-known story of Iphigenia. In the "Iphigenia in

<sup>1</sup> "Dramatic Literature," Bohn's edition, p. 518.

Aulis," we are introduced to the assembled hosts of Greece, detained by contrary winds in consequence of Diana's anger against Agamemnon. An oracle had declared that the goddess could only be propitiated by the sacrifice of Iphigenia, who is accordingly allured with her mother to the camp. On discovering the fearful doom which awaits her, she is at first overwhelmed with grief. She implores her father to spare her life, endeavours to touch his heart by recalling the fond memories of bygone times, and holds up her infant brother, Orestes, that he may plead for her with his tears. Learning, however, that the glory of her country depends upon her death, she rises superior to her fears, subdues her womanly weakness, and devotes herself a willing sacrifice for Greece. She is conducted to the altar: the sacred garlands are bound around her head. Calchas lifts the knife to deal the fatal stroke, when Iphigenia suddenly vanishes, and a hind of uncommon beauty lies bleeding at his feet.

In the "Iphigenia in Tauris," our heroine reappears in the temple of Diana, situated in the Tauric Chersonese, a savage region washed by the Euxine Sea, where, according to the ancients, all strangers were sacrificed at the altar of Diana. To this wild shore Iphigenia had been conveyed by the pitying goddess; and there, in her character of priestess, she presided over the bloody rites of the barbarians. The incidents in this drama have been adopted by Goethe as the groundwork of his poem, the chief interest in which, as in the drama of Euripides, turns upon the departure of Iphigenia and Orestes from the Taurian shore. A brief outline of the Grecian drama will show in what particulars the modern poet has adhered to his classic model, and where he has deviated from it.

The scene of both is in the vicinity of the temple of Diana. In the opening soliloquy of the Grecian drama, Iphigenia, after lamenting her unhappy destiny, relates

her dream of the previous night, from which she infers the death of Orestes. She determines to offer a libation to his memory; and, while engaged in performing this pious rite, she is informed that two strangers have been captured on the shore, for whose sacrifice she is commanded to prepare. Orestes and Pylades are shortly after introduced; and learning from the former that he is a native of Argos, she offers to spare his life provided he will carry a letter for her to Mycene. He refuses to abandon his friend; Pylades is equally disinterested; a generous contest ensues; and the latter, yielding at length to the entreaties of Orestes, consents to accept life on the proposed conditions. The letter addressed to Orestes is produced, and Iphigenia discovers her brother in the intended victim. They anxiously consider how they may escape; and Iphigenia suggests, that, in her character of priestess, she lead them, together with the image of Diana, to the sea, there to be purified in the ocean waves, where they may find safety in the attendant bark. With all the wily subtlety of a Greek, she imposes upon the credulity of the barbarian monarch, and induces him, not only to sanction her project, but to assist in its execution, which she at length successfully achieves. In this drama, Iphigenia, though exhibiting some noble traits, offends us by her unscrupulous violation of the truth, and by the cunning artifice which Goethe, with admirable art, has attributed to Pylades. We are the more displeased with this portrait, because we are unwilling to recognise in the crafty priestess the innocent victim who so strongly awakens our sympathy in the beautiful drama of "Iphigenia in Aulis." In the Iphigenia of Goethe, on the contrary, we discover with pleasure the same filial tenderness, and the same touching mixture of timidity and courage, which characterised that interesting heroine.

In the drama of Euripides we are chiefly interested

in the generous friendship of Orestes and Pylades; in that of Goethe the character of Iphigenia constitutes the chief charm, and awakens our warmest sympathy. While contemplating her, we feel as if some exquisite statue of Grecian art had become animated by a living soul, and moved and breathed before us: though exhibiting the severe simplicity which characterises the creations of antiquity, she is far removed from all coldness and austerity; and her character, though cast in a classic mould, is free from that harsh and vindictive spirit which darkened the heroism of those barbarous times when religion lent her sanction to hatred and revenge.

The docility with which, in opposition to her own feelings, she at first consents to the stratagem of Pylades, though apparently inconsistent with her reverence for truth, is in reality a beautiful and touching trait. The conflict in her mind between intense anxiety for her brother's safety, and detestation of the artifice by which alone she thinks it can be secured, amounts almost to agony: in her extremity she calls upon the gods, and implores them to save their image in her soul. The struggle finally subsides: she remains faithful to her high convictions, reveals the project of escape, and thus saves her soul from treachery. From the commencement of the fifth act she assumes a calm and lofty tone, as if feeling the inspiration of a noble purpose. The dignity and determination with which she opposes the cruel project of the barbarian king, remind us of the similar qualities displayed by the Antigone of Sophocles, who is perhaps the noblest heroine of antiquity. Thus, when called upon by the king to reverence the law, Iphigenia appeals to that law written in the heart, more ancient and more sacred than the ordinances of man; and Antigone, when, by the interment of her brother Polynices, she has incurred the anger of the tyrant Creon and become subjected to

a cruel death, justifies herself by an appeal to the same sacred authority.

The remaining characters of the drama, though subordinate to the central figure, are in admirable keeping with it; the poet having softened down the harsh features of the barbarians, so as not to form too abrupt a contrast with the more polished Greeks, and thereby interfere with the harmony of the piece. The colossal figures of the Titans appearing in the background, and the dread power of Destiny overarching all, impart a character of solemn grandeur to the whole.

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### Dramatis Personæ

IPHIGENIA.

THOAS, *King of the Taurians.*

ARKAS.

ORESTES.

PYLADES.

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# Iphigenia in Tauris

## ACT I.

### SCENE I. — *A Grove before the Temple of Diana.*

#### IPHIGENIA.

BENEATH your leafy gloom, ye waving boughs  
Of this old, shady, consecrated grove,  
As in the goddess' silent sanctuary,  
With the same shuddering feeling forth I step,  
As when I trod it first; nor ever here  
Doth my unquiet spirit feel at home.  
Long as a higher will, to which I bow,  
Hath kept me here concealed, still, as at first,  
I feel myself a stranger. For the sea  
Doth sever me, alas! from those I love:  
And day by day upon the shore I stand,  
The land of Hellas seeking with my soul;  
But, to my sighs, the hollow-sounding waves  
Bring, save their own hoarse murmurs, no reply.  
Alas for him! who, friendless and alone,  
Remote from parents and from brethren dwells:  
From him grief snatches every coming joy  
Ere it doth reach his lip. His yearning thoughts  
Throng back for ever to his father's halls,  
Where first to him the radiant sun unclosed

The gates of heaven ; where closer, day by day,  
 Brothers and sisters, leagued in pastime sweet,  
 Around each other twined love's tender bonds.  
 I will not reckon with the gods ; yet truly  
 Deserving of lament is woman's lot.  
 Man rules alike at home and in the field,  
 Nor is in foreign climes without resource :  
 Him conquest crowneth, him possession gladdens,  
 And him an honourable death awaits.  
 How circumscribed is woman's destiny !  
 Obedience to a harsh, imperious lord,  
 Her duty and her comfort : sad her fate,  
 Whom hostile fortune drives to lands remote !  
 Thus Thoas holds me here, a noble man,  
 Bound with a heavy though a sacred chain. i  
 Oh, how it shames me, goddess, to confess  
 That with repugnance I perform these rites  
 For thee, divine protectress ! unto whom  
 I would in freedom dedicate my life.  
 In thee, Diana, I have always hoped ;  
 And still I hope in thee, who didst infold  
 Within the holy shelter of thine arm  
 The outcast daughter of the mighty king.  
 Daughter of Jove ! hast thou from ruined Troy  
 Led back in triumph to his native land  
 The mighty man, whom thou didst sore afflict,  
 His daughter's life in sacrifice demanding, —  
 Hast thou for him, the godlike Agamemnon,  
 Who to thine altar led his darling child,  
 Preserved his wife, Electra, and his son,  
 His dearest treasures ? — then at length restore  
 Thy suppliant also to her friends and home,  
 And save her, as thou once from death didst save,  
 So now, from living here, a second death.



## SCENE II. — IPHIGENIA, ARKAS.

ARKAS.

The king hath sent me hither, bade me greet  
With hail, and fair salute, Diana's priestess.  
For new and wondrous conquest, this the day,  
When to her goddess Tauris renders thanks.  
I hasten on before the king and host,  
Himself to herald, and its near approach.

IPHIGENIA.

We are prepared to give them worthy greeting:  
Our goddess doth behold with gracious eye  
The welcome sacrifice from Thoas' hand.

ARKAS.

Would that I also found the priestess' eye,  
Much honoured, much revered one, found thine eye,  
O consecrated maid, more calm, more bright,  
To all a happy omen! Still doth grief,  
With gloom mysterious, shroud thy inner mind:  
Vainly, through many a tedious year, we wait  
For one confiding utterance from thy breast.  
Long as I've known thee in this holy place,  
That look of thine hath ever made me shudder;  
And, as with iron bands, thy soul remains  
Locked in the deep recesses of thy breast.

IPHIGENIA.

As doth become the exile and the orphan.

ARKAS.

Dost thou, then, here seem exiled and an orphan?

IPHIGENIA.

Can foreign scenes our fatherland replace ?

ARKAS.

Thy fatherland is foreign now to thee.

IPHIGENIA.

Hence is it that my bleeding heart ne'er heals.  
 In early youth, when first my soul, in love,  
 Held father, mother, brethren fondly twined,  
 A group of tender germs, in union sweet,  
 We sprang in beauty from the parent stem,  
 And heavenward grew : alas ! a foreign curse  
 Then seized and severed me from those I loved,  
 And wrenched with iron grasp the beauteous bands.  
 It vanished then, the fairest charm of youth,  
 The simple gladness of life's early dawn ;  
 Though saved, I was a shadow of myself,  
 And life's fresh joyance blooms in me no more.

ARKAS.

If thou wilt ever call thyself unblest,  
 I must accuse thee of ingratitude.

IPHIGENIA.

Thanks have you ever.

ARKAS.

Not the honest thanks  
 Which prompt the heart to offices of love ;  
 The joyous glance, revealing to the host  
 A grateful spirit, with its lot content.  
 When thee a deep mysterious destiny

Brought to this sacred fane, long years ago,  
To greet thee, as a treasure sent from heaven,  
With reverence and affection, Thoas came.  
Benign and friendly was this shore to thee,  
To every stranger else with horror fraught ;  
For, till thy coming, none e'er trod our realm  
But fell, according to an ancient rite,  
A bloody victim at Diana's shrine.

## IPHIGENIA.

Freely to breathe alone is not to live.  
Say, is it life, within this holy fane,  
Like a poor ghost around its sepulchre  
To linger out my days? Or call you that  
A life of conscious happiness and joy,  
When every hour, dreamed listlessly away,  
Still leadeth onward to those gloomy days  
Which the sad troop of the departed spend  
In self-forgetfulness on Lethe's shore?  
A useless life is but an early death:  
This woman's destiny hath still been mine.

## ARKAS.

I can forgive, though I must needs deplore,  
The noble pride which underrates itself:  
It robs thee of the happiness of life.  
But hast thou, since thy coming here, done nought?  
Who hath the monarch's gloomy temper cheered?  
Who hath with gentle eloquence annulled,  
From year to year, the usage of our sires,  
By which, a victim at Diana's shrine,  
Each stranger perished, thus from certain death  
Sending so oft the rescued captive home?  
Hath not Diana, harbouring no revenge  
For this suspension of her bloody rites,  
In richest measure heard thy gentle prayer?

On joyous pinions o'er the advancing host,  
 Doth not triumphant conquest proudly soar?  
 And feels not every one a happier lot,  
 Since Thoas, who so long hath guided us  
 With wisdom and with valour, swayed by thee,  
 The joy of mild benignity approves,  
 Which leads him to relax the rigid claims  
 Of mute submission? Call thyself useless! Thou,  
 When, from thy being, o'er a thousand hearts,  
 A healing balsam flows? when to a race,  
 To whom a god consigned thee, thou dost prove  
 A fountain of perpetual happiness,  
 And from this dire, inhospitable coast,  
 Dost to the stranger grant a safe return?

IPHIGENIA.

The little done doth vanish to the mind  
 Which forward sees how much remains to do.

ARKAS.

Him dost thou praise, who underrates his deeds?

IPHIGENIA.

Who weigheth his own deeds is justly blamed.

ARKAS.

He too, real worth too proudly who condemns,  
 As who, too vainly, spurious worth o'errateth.  
 Trust me, and heed the counsel of a man  
 With honest zeal devoted to thy service:  
 When Thoas comes to-day to speak with thee,  
 Lend to his purposed words a gracious ear.

IPHIGENIA.

Thy well-intentioned counsel troubles me:  
 His offer I have ever sought to shun.

ARKAS.

Thy duty and thy interest calmly weigh.  
Sithence King Thoas lost his son and heir,  
Among his followers he trusts but few,  
And trusts those few no more as formerly.  
With jealous eye he views each noble's son  
As the successor of his realm : he dreads  
A solitary, helpless age — perchance  
Sudden rebellion and untimely death.  
A Scythian studies not the rules of speech,  
And least of all the king. He who is used  
To act and to command, knows not the art,  
From far, with subtle tact, to guide discourse  
Through many windings to its destined goal.  
Thwart not his purpose by a cold refusal,  
By an intended misconception. Meet,  
With gracious mien, half-way the royal wish.

IPHIGENIA.

Shall I, then, speed the doom that threatens me?

ARKAS.

His gracious offer canst thou call a threat?

IPHIGENIA.

'Tis the most terrible of all to me.

ARKAS.

For his affection grant him confidence.

IPHIGENIA.

If he will first redeem my soul from fear.

ARKAS.

Why dost thou hide from him thy origin?

IPHIGENIA.

A priestess secrecy doth well become.

ARKAS.

Nought to a monarch should a secret be ;  
 And, though he doth not seek to fathom thine,  
 His noble nature feels, ay, deeply feels,  
 That thou with care dost hide thyself from him.

IPHIGENIA.

Ill-will and anger harbours he against me ?

ARKAS.

Almost it seems so. True, he speaks not of thee ;  
 But casual words have taught me that the wish  
 Thee to possess hath firmly seized his soul :  
 Oh, leave him not a prey unto himself,  
 Lest his displeasure, ripening in his breast,  
 Should work thee woe, so with repentance thou  
 Too late may thy faithful counsel shalt recall !

IPHIGENIA.

How ! doth the monarch purpose what no man  
 Of noble mind, who loves his honest name,  
 Whose bosom reverence for the gods restrains,  
 Would ever think of ? Will he force employ  
 To drag me from the altar to his bed ?  
 Then will I call the gods, and chiefly thee,  
 Diana, goddess resolute, to aid me :  
 Thyself a virgin, wilt a virgin shield.  
 And to thy priestess gladly render aid.

ARKAS.

Be tranquil ! Passion, and youth's fiery blood,  
 Impel not Thoas rashly to commit

A deed so lawless. In his present mood,  
 I fear from him another harsh resolve,  
 Which (for his soul is steadfast and unmoved)  
 He then will execute without delay.  
 Therefore I pray thee, canst thou grant no more,  
 At least be grateful — give thy confidence.

IPHIGENIA.

Oh, tell me what is further known to thee.

ARKAS.

Learn it from him. I see the king approach:  
 Him thou dost honour, thine own heart enjoins  
 To meet him kindly and with confidence.  
 A man of noble mind may oft be led  
 By woman's gentle word.

IPHIGENIA (*alone*).

How to observe  
 His faithful counsel see I not in sooth.  
 But willingly the duty I perform  
 Of giving thanks for benefits received,  
 And much I wish that to the king my lips  
 With truth could utter what would please his ear.

SCENE III. — IPHIGENIA, THOAS.

IPHIGENIA.

Her royal gifts the goddess shower on thee,  
 Imparting conquest, wealth, and high renown,  
 Dominion, and the welfare of thy house;  
 With the fulfilment of each pious wish,  
 That thou, whose sway for multitudes provides,  
 Thyself mayest be supreme in happiness!

THOAS.

Contented were I with my people's praise ;  
 My conquests others more than I enjoy.  
 Oh! be he king or subject, he's most blest,  
 Whose happiness is centred in his home.  
 My deep affliction thou didst share with me  
 What time, in war's encounter, the fell sword  
 Tore from my side my last, my dearest son :  
 So long as fierce revenge possessed my heart,  
 I did not feel my dwelling's dreary void ;  
 But now, returning home, my rage appeased,  
 Their kingdom wasted, and my son avenged,  
 I find there nothing left to comfort me.  
 The glad obedience I was wont to see  
 Kindling in every eye, is smothered now  
 In discontent and gloom : each, pondering, weighs  
 The changes which a future day may bring,  
 And serves the childless king because he must.  
 To-day I come within this sacred fane,  
 Which I have often entered to implore  
 And thank the gods for conquest. In my breast  
 I bear an old and fondly cherished wish,  
 To which methinks thou canst not be a stranger :  
 I hope, a blessing to myself and realm,  
 To lead thee to my dwelling as my bride.

IPHIGENIA.

Too great thine offer, king, to one unknown :  
 Abashed the fugitive before thee stands,  
 Who on this shore sought only what thou gavest, —  
 Safety and peace.

THOAS.

Thus still to shroud thyself  
 From me, as from the lowest, in the veil  
 Of mystery which wrapped thy coming here,  
 Would in no country be deemed just or right.



Strangers this shore appalled : 'twas so ordained,  
Alike by law and stern necessity.  
From thee alone, — a kindly welcomed guest,  
Who hast enjoyed each hallowed privilege,  
And spent thy days in freedom unrestrained, —  
From thee I hoped that confidence to gain  
Which every faithful host may justly claim.

## IPHIGENIA.

If I concealed, O king! my name, my race,  
It was embarrassment, and not mistrust.  
For didst thou know who stands before thee now,  
And what accursed head thine arm protects,  
Strange horror would possess thy mighty heart;  
And, far from wishing me to share thy throne,  
Thou, ere the time appointed, from thy realm  
Wouldst banish me; wouldst thrust me forth, per  
    chance,  
Before a glad reunion with my friends  
And period to my wanderings is ordained,  
To meet that sorrow, which, in every clime,  
With cold, inhospitable, fearful hand,  
Awaits the outcast, exiled from his home.

## THOAS.

Whate'er respecting thee the gods decree,  
Whate'er their doom for thee and for thy house,  
Since thou hast dwelt amongst us, and enjoyed  
The privilege the pious stranger claims,  
To me hath failed no blessing sent from heaven;  
And to persuade me, that protecting thee  
I shield a guilty head, were hard indeed.

## IPHIGENIA.

Thy bounty, not the guest, draws blessings down.

## THOAS.

The kindness shown the wicked is not blest.  
 End, then, thy silence, priestess: not unjust  
 Is he who doth demand it. In my hands  
 The goddess placed thee; thou hast been to me  
 As sacred as to her, and her behest  
 Shall for the future also be my law:  
 If thou canst hope in safety to return  
 Back to thy kindred, I renounce my claims;  
 But is thy homeward path for ever closed,  
 Or doth thy race in hopeless exile rove,  
 Or lie extinguished by some mighty woe,  
 Then may I claim thee by more laws than one.  
 Speak openly: thou knowest I keep my word.

## IPHIGENIA.

Its ancient bands reluctantly my tongue  
 Doth loose, a long-hid secret to divulge,  
 For once imparted, it resumes no more  
 The safe asylum of the inmost heart,  
 But thenceforth, as the Powers above decree,  
 Doth work its ministry of weal or woe.  
 Attend! I issue from the Titan's race.

## THOAS.

A word momentous calmly hast thou spoken  
 Him namest thou ancestor whom all the world  
 Knows as a sometime favourite of the gods?  
 Is it that Tantalus, whom Jove himself  
 Drew to his council and his social board?  
 On whose experienced words, with wisdom fraught,  
 As on the language of an oracle,  
 E'en gods delighted hung?

## IPHIGENIA.

'Tis even he :

But the immortal gods with mortal men  
Should not, on equal terms, hold intercourse ;  
For all too feeble is the human race,  
Not to grow dizzy on unwonted heights.  
Ignoble was he not, and no betrayer ;  
To be the Thunderer's slave, he was too great ;  
To be his friend and comrade, — but a man.  
His crime was human, and their doom severe ;  
For poets sing, that treachery and pride  
Did from Jove's table hurl him headlong down  
To grovel in the depths of Tartarus.  
Alas ! and his whole race must bear their hate.

## THOAS.

Bear they their own guilt, or their ancestor's ?

## IPHIGENIA.

The Titan's mighty breast and nervous frame  
Was his descendants' certain heritage ;  
But round their brow Jove forged a band of brass.  
Wisdom and patience, prudence and restraint,  
He from their gloomy, fearful eye concealed ;  
In them each passion grew to savage rage,  
And headlong rushed with violence unchecked.  
Already Pelops, Tantalus' loved son,  
Mighty of will, obtained his beauteous bride,  
Hippodamia, child of CEnomaus,  
Through treachery and murder : she, ere long,  
To glad her consort's heart, bare him two sons,  
Thyest and Atreus. They with envy marked  
The ever-growing love their father bare  
To his first-born, sprung from another union.  
Hate leagued the pair ; and secretly they wrought,

In fratricide, the first dread crime. The sire  
 Hippodamia held as murderess :  
 With savage rage he claimed from her his son,  
 And she in terror did destroy herself —

THOAS.

Thou'rt silent ? Pause not in thy narrative,  
 Repent not of thy confidence — say on !

IPHIGENIA.

How blest is he who his progenitors  
 With pride remembers, to the listener tells  
 The story of their greatness, of their deeds,  
 And, silently rejoicing, sees himself  
 The latest link of this illustrious chain !  
 For seldom does the self-same stock produce  
 The monster and the demigod : a line  
 Or good or evil ushers in, at last,  
 The glory or the terror of the world. —  
 After the death of Pelops, his two sons  
 Ruled o'er the city with divided sway.  
 But such an union could not long endure.  
 His brother's honour first Thyestes wounds.  
 In vengeance Atreus drove him from the realm.  
 Thyestes, planning horrors, long before  
 Had stealthily procured his brother's son,  
 Whom he in secret nurtured as his own.  
 Revenge and fury in his breast he poured,  
 Then to the royal city sent him forth,  
 That in his uncle he might slay his sire.  
 The meditated murder was disclosed,  
 And by the king most cruelly avenged,  
 Who slaughtered, as he thought, his brother's son.  
 Too late he learned whose dying tortures met  
 His drunken gaze ; and, seeking to assuage  
 The insatiate vengeance that possessed his soul,

He planned a deed unheard of. He assumed  
 A friendly tone; seemed reconciled, appeased;  
 And lured his brother, with his children twain,  
 Back to his kingdom; these he seized and slew,  
 Then placed the loathsome and abhorrent food  
 At his first meal before the unconscious sire.  
 And when Thyestes had his hunger stilled  
 With his own flesh, a sadness seized his soul:  
 He for his children asked, — their steps, their voice,  
 Fancied he heard already at the door;  
 And Atreus, grinning with malicious joy,  
 Threw in the members of the slaughtered boys. —  
 Shuddering, O king, thou dost avert thy face!  
 So did the sun his radiant visage hide,  
 And swerve his chariot from the eternal path.  
 These, monarch, are thy priestess' ancestors;  
 And many a dreadful fate of mortal doom,  
 And many a deed of the bewildered brain,  
 Dark night doth cover with her sable wing,  
 Or shroud in gloomy twilight.

THOAS.

Hidden there  
 Let them abide. A truce to horror now,  
 And tell me by what miracle thou sprangest  
 From race so savage.

IPHIGENIA.

Atreus' eldest son  
 Was Agamemnon, — he, O king, my sire!  
 But I may say with truth, that, from a child,  
 In him the model of a perfect man  
 I witnessed ever. Clytemnestra bore  
 To him, myself, the firstling of their love,  
 Electra then. Peaceful the monarch ruled,

And to the house of Tantalus was given  
 A long-withheld repose. A son alone  
 Was wanting to complete my parents' bliss:  
 Scarce was this wish fulfilled, and young Orestes,  
 The household's darling, with his sisters grew,  
 When new misfortunes vexed our ancient house.  
 To you hath come the rumour of the war,  
 Which, to avenge the fairest woman's wrongs,  
 The force united of the Grecian kings  
 Round Ilion's walls encamped. Whether the town  
 Was humbled, and achieved their great revenge,  
 I have not heard. My father led the host.  
 In Aulis vainly for a favouring gale  
 They waited; for, enraged against their chief,  
 Diana stayed their progress, and required,  
 Through Calchas' voice, the monarch's eldest daughter.  
 They lured me with my mother to the camp:  
 They dragged me to the altar, and this head  
 There to the goddess doomed. — She was appeased;  
 She did not wish my blood, and shrouded me  
 In a protecting cloud: within this temple  
 I first awakened from the dream of death;  
 Yes, I myself am she, Iphigenia,  
 Grandchild of Atreus, Agamemnon's child,  
 Diana's priestess, I who speak with thee.

## THOAS.

I yield no higher honour or regard  
 To the king's daughter than the maid unknown:  
 Once more my first proposal I repeat;  
 Come, follow me, and share what I possess.

## IPHIGENIA.

How dare I venture such a step, O king?  
 Hath not the goddess who protected me

Alone a right to my devoted head ?  
 'Twas she who chose for me this sanctuary,  
 Where she perchance reserves me for my sire,  
 By my apparent death enough chastised,  
 To be the joy and solace of his age.  
 Perchance my glad return is near ; and how,  
 If I, unmindful of her purposes,  
 Had here attached myself against her will ?  
 I asked a signal, did she wish my stay.

THOAS.

The signal is, that still thou tarriest here.  
 Seek not evasively such vain pretexts.  
 Not many words are needed to refuse,  
 The *no* alone is heard by the refused.

IPHIGENIA.

Mine are not words meant only to deceive :  
 I have to thee my inmost heart revealed.  
 And doth no inward voice suggest to thee,  
 How I with yearning soul must pine to see  
 My father, mother, and my long-lost home ?  
 Oh, let thy vessels bear me thither, king !  
 That in the ancient halls, where sorrow still  
 In accents low doth fondly breathe my name,  
 Joy, as in welcome of a new-born child,  
 May round the columns twine the fairest wreath.  
 New life thou wouldst to me and mine impart.

THOAS.

Then, go ! Obey the promptings of thy heart,  
 And to the voice of reason and good counsel  
 Close thou thine ear. Be quite the woman, give  
 To every wish the rein, that, bridleless,  
 May seize on thee, and whirl thee here and there.  
 When burns the fire of passion in her breast,

No sacred tie withholds her from the wretch  
 Who would allure her to forsake for him  
 A husband's or a father's guardian arms ;  
 Extinct within her heart its fiery glow,  
 The golden tongue of eloquence in vain  
 With words of truth and power assails her ear.

## IPHIGENIA.

Remember now, O king, thy noble words !  
 My trust and candour wilt thou thus repay ?  
 Thou seemest, methinks, prepared to hear the truth.

## THOAS.

For this unlooked-for answer not prepared.  
 Yet 'twas to be expected : knew I not  
 That with a woman I had now to deal ?

## IPHIGENIA.

Upbraid not thus, O king, our feeble sex !  
 Though not in dignity to match with yours,  
 The weapons woman wields are not ignoble.  
 And trust me, Thoas, in thy happiness  
 I have a deeper insight than thyself.  
 Thou thinkest, ignorant alike of both,  
 A closer union would augment our bliss ;  
 Inspired with confidence and honest zeal  
 Thou strongly urgest me to yield consent :  
 And here I thank the gods, who give me strength  
 To shun a doom unratified by them.

## THOAS.

'Tis not a god, 'tis thine own heart, that speaks.



IPHIGENIA.

'Tis through the heart alone they speak to us.

THOAS.

To hear them have I not an equal right ?

IPHIGENIA.

The raging tempest drowns the still small voice.

THOAS.

This voice no doubt the priestess hears alone.

IPHIGENIA.

Before all others should the prince attend it.

THOAS.

Thy sacred office, and ancestral right  
To Jove's own table, place thee with the gods  
In closer union than an earth-born savage.

IPHIGENIA.

Thus must I now the confidence atone  
Thyself didst wring from me !

THOAS.

I am a man.

And better 'tis we end this conference.  
Hear, then, my last resolve. Be priestess still  
Of the great goddess who selected thee ;  
And may she pardon me, that I from her,  
Unjustly, and with secret self-reproach,  
Her ancient sacrifice so long withheld !  
From olden time no stranger neared our shore  
But fell a victim at her sacred shrine.

But thou, with kind affection (which at times  
 Seemed like a gentle daughter's tender love,  
 At times assumed to my enraptured heart  
 The modest inclination of a bride),  
 Didst so enthrall me, as with magic bonds,  
 That I forgot my duty. Thou didst rock  
 My senses in a dream: I did not hear  
 My people's murmurs; now they cry aloud,  
 Ascribing my poor son's untimely death  
 To this my guilt. No longer for thy sake  
 Will I oppose the wishes of the crowd,  
 Who urgently demand the sacrifice.

## IPHIGENIA.

For mine own sake I ne'er desired it from thee.  
 Who to the gods ascribe a thirst for blood  
 Do misconceive their nature, and impute  
 To them their own inhuman dark desires.  
 Did not Diana snatch me from the priest,  
 Holding my service dearer than my death?

## THOAS.

'Tis not for us, on reason's shifting grounds,  
 Lightly to guide and construe rites divine.  
 Perform thy duty: I'll accomplish mine.  
 Two strangers, whom in caverns of the shore  
 We found concealed, and whose arrival here  
 Bodes to my realm no good, are in my power.  
 With them thy goddess may once more resume  
 Her ancient, pious, long-suspended rites!  
 I send them here, — thy duty not unknown. [Exit.

IPHIGENIA (*alone*).

Gracious protectress! thou hast clouds  
 To shelter innocence distressed,

And from the arms of iron fate,  
 Gently to waft her o'er the sea,  
 O'er the wide earth's remotest realms,  
 Where'er it seemeth good to thee.  
 Wise art thou, — thine all-seeing eye  
 The future and the past surveys:  
 Thy glance doth o'er thy children rest,  
 E'en as thy light, the life of night,  
 Keeps o'er the earth its silent watch.  
 O Goddess! keep my hands from blood!  
 Blessing it never brings, and peace;  
 And still in evil hours the form  
 Of the chance-murdered man appears  
 To fill the unwilling murderer's soul  
 With horrible and gloomy fears.  
 For fondly the Immortals view  
 Man's widely scattered, simple race;  
 And the poor mortal's transient life  
 Gladly prolong, that he may lift  
 Awhile to their eternal heavens  
 His sympathetic joyous gaze.

## ACT II.

## SCENE I. — ORESTES, PYLADES.

ORESTES.

It is the path of death that now we tread:  
 At every step my soul grows more serene.  
 When I implored Apollo to remove  
 The grisly band of Furies from my side,  
 He seemed, with hope-inspiring, godlike words,  
 To promise aid and safety in the fane  
 Of his loved sister, who o'er Tauris rules.  
 Thus the prophetic word fulfils itself,

That with my life shall terminate my woe.  
 How easy 'tis for me, whose heart is crushed,  
 Whose sense is deadened by a hand divine,  
 Thus to renounce the beauteous light of day!  
 And must the son of Atreus not entwine  
 The wreath of conquest round his dying brow?  
 Must I, as my forefathers, as my sire,  
 Bleed like a victim, — an ignoble death?  
 So be it! Better at the altar here,  
 Than in a nook obscure, where kindred hands  
 Have spread assassination's wily net.  
 Yield me this brief repose, infernal Powers!  
 Ye, who, like loosened hounds, still scent the blood  
 Which, trickling from my feet, betrays my path.  
 Leave me! ere long I come to you below.  
 Nor you, nor I, should view the light of day.  
 The soft green carpet of the beauteous earth  
 Is no arena for unhallowed fiends.  
 Below I seek you, where an equal fate  
 Binds all in murky, never-ending night.  
 Thee only, thee, my Pylades, my friend,  
 The guiltless partner of my crime and curse,  
 Thee am I loath, before thy time, to take  
 To yonder cheerless shore! Thy life or death  
 Alone awakens in me hope or fear.

## PYLADES.

Like thee, Orestes, I am not prepared  
 Downwards to wander to yon realm of shade.  
 I purpose still, through the entangled paths,  
 Which seem as they would lead to blackest night,  
 Again to wind our upward way to life.  
 Of death I think not: I observe and mark  
 Whether the gods may not perchance present  
 Means and fit moment for a joyful flight.  
 Dreaded or not, the stroke of death must come,

And though the priestess stood with hand upraised,  
Prepared to cut our consecrated locks,  
Our safety still should be my only thought :  
Uplift thy soul above this weak despair ;  
Desponding doubts but hasten on our peril.  
Apollo pledged to us his sacred word,  
That in his sister's holy fane for thee  
Were comfort, aid, and glad return prepared.  
The words of Heaven are not equivocal,  
As in despair the poor oppressed one thinks.

## ORESTES.

The mystic web of life my mother cast  
Around my infant head, and so I grew  
An image of my sire ; and my mute look  
Was aye a bitter and a keen reproof  
To her and base Ægisthus. Oh, how oft,  
When silently within our gloomy hall  
Electra sat, and mused beside the fire,  
Have I with anguished spirit climbed her knee,  
And watched her bitter tears with sad amaze !  
Then would she tell me of our noble sire :  
How much I longed to see him — be with him !  
Myself at Troy one moment fondly wished,  
My sire's return the next. The day arrived —

## PYLADES.

Oh, of that awful hour let fiends of hell  
Hold nightly converse ! Of a time more fair  
May the remembrance animate our hearts  
To fresh heroic deeds. The gods require  
On this wide earth the service of the good,  
To work their pleasure. Still they count on thee ;  
For in thy father's train they sent thee not,  
When he to Orcus went unwilling down.

ORESTES.

Would I had seized the border of his robe,  
And followed him!

PYLADES.

They kindly cared for me  
Who held thee here: for, hadst thou ceased to live,  
I know not what had then become of me;  
Since I with thee, and for thy sake alone,  
Have from my childhood lived, and wish to live.

ORESTES.

Remind me not of those delightsome days  
When me thy home a safe asylum gave:  
With fond solicitude thy noble sire  
The half-nipped tender floweret gently reared;  
While thou, a friend and playmate always gay,  
Like to a light and brilliant butterfly  
Around a dusky flower, didst day by day  
Around me with new life thy gambols urge,  
And breathe thy joyous spirit in my soul,  
Until, my cares forgetting, I with thee  
Was lured to snatch the eager joys of youth.

PYLADES.

My very life began when thee I loved.

ORESTES.

Say, then thy woes began, and thou speakest truly.  
This is the sharpest sorrow of my lot,  
That, like a plague-infected wretch, I bear  
Death and destruction hid within my breast;  
That, where I tread, e'en on the healthiest spot,  
Ere long the blooming faces round betray  
The anguished features of a lingering death.

## PYLADES.

Were thy breath venom, I had been the first  
To die that death, Orestes. Am I not,  
As ever, full of courage and of joy?  
And love and courage are the spirit's wings  
Wafting to noble actions.

## ORESTES.

Noble actions?

Time was, when fancy painted such before us!  
When oft, the game pursuing, on we roamed  
O'er hill and valley; hoping, that ere long,  
Like our great ancestors in heart and hand,  
With club and weapon armed, we so might track  
The robber to his den, or monster huge.  
And then at twilight, by the boundless sea,  
Peaceful we sat, reclined against each other;  
The waves came dancing to our very feet,  
And all before us lay the wide, wide world;  
Then on a sudden one would seize his sword,  
And future deeds shone round us like the stars,  
Which gemmed in countless throngs the vault of night.

## PYLADES.

Endless, my friend, the projects which the soul  
Burns to accomplish. We would every deed  
At once perform as grandly as it shows  
After long ages, when from land to land  
The poet's swelling song hath rolled it on.  
It sounds so lovely what our fathers did,  
When, in the silent evening-shade reclined,  
We drink it in with music's melting tones;  
And what we do is, as their deeds to them,  
Toilsome and incomplete!  
Thus we pursue what always flies before:  
We disregard the path in which we tread,

Scarce see around the footsteps of our sires,  
Or heed the trace of their career on earth.  
We ever hasten on to chase their shades,  
Which, god-like, at a distance far remote,  
On golden clouds, the mountain summits crown.  
The man I prize not who esteems himself  
Just as the people's breath may chance to raise him.  
But thou, Orestes, to the gods give thanks,  
That they through thee have early done so much.

## ORESTES.

When they ordain a man to noble deeds,  
To shield from dire calamity his friends,  
Extend his empire, or protect its bounds,  
Or put to flight its ancient enemies,  
Let him be grateful! For to him a god  
Imparts the first, the sweetest, joy of life.  
Me have they doomed to be a slaughterer,  
To be an honoured mother's murderer,  
And, shamefully a deed of shame avenging,  
Me through their own decree they have o'erwhelmed.  
Trust me, the race of Tantalus is doomed;  
And I, his last descendant, may not perish,  
Or crowned with honour or unstained by crime.

## PYLADES.

The gods avenge not on the son the deeds  
Done by their father. Each, or good or bad,  
Of his own actions reaps the due reward.  
The parents' blessing, not their curse, descends.

## ORESTES.

Methinks their blessing did not lead us here.



PYLADES.

It was at least the mighty gods' decree.

ORESTES.

Then is it their decree which doth destroy us.

PYLADES.

Perform what they command, and wait the event.  
 Do thou Apollo's sister bear from hence,  
 That they at Delphi may united dwell,  
 There by a noble-thoughted race revered ;  
 Thee, for this deed, the lofty pair will view  
 With gracious eye, and from the hateful grasp  
 Of the infernal Powers will rescue thee.  
 E'en now none dares intrude within this grove.

ORESTES.

So shall I die at least a peaceful death.

PYLADES.

Far other are my thoughts, and not unskilled  
 Have I the future and the past combined  
 In quiet meditation. Long, perchance,  
 Hath ripened in the counsel of the gods  
 The great event. Diana yearns to leave  
 The savage coast of these barbarians,  
 Foul with their sacrifice of human blood.  
 We were selected for the high emprise :  
 To us it is assigned, and strangely thus  
 We are conducted to the threshold here.

ORESTES.

My friend, with wondrous skill thou linkest thy wish  
 With the predestined purpose of the gods.

PYLADES.

Of what avail is prudence, if it fail  
 Heedful to mark the purposes of Heaven?  
 A noble man, who much hath sinned, some god  
 Doth summon to a dangerous enterprise,  
 Which to achieve appears impossible.  
 The hero conquers, and atoning servès  
 Mortals and gods, who thenceforth honour him.

ORESTES.

Am I foredoomed to action and to life,  
 Would that a god from my distempered brain  
 Might chase this dizzy fever, which impels  
 My restless steps along a slippery path,  
 Stained with a mother's blood, to direful death  
 And, pitying, dry the fountain, whence the blood,  
 For ever spouting from a mother's wounds,  
 Eternally defiles me!

PYLADES.

Wait in peace!

Thou dost increase the evil, and dost take  
 The office of the Furies on thyself.  
 Let me contrive — be still! And when at length  
 The time for action claims our powers combined,  
 Then will I summon thee, and on we'll stride,  
 With cautious boldness to achieve the event.

ORESTES.

I hear Ulysses speak.

PYLADES.

Nay, mock me not.  
 Each must select the hero after whom

To climb the steep and difficult ascent  
Of high Olympus. And to me it seems  
That him nor stratagem nor art defiles  
Who consecrates himself to noble deeds.

ORESTES.

I most esteem the brave and upright man.

PYLADES.

And therefore have I not desired thy counsel.  
One step's already taken. From our guards  
E'en now I this intelligence have gained, —  
A strange and godlike woman holds in check  
The execution of that bloody law :  
Incense and prayer, and an unsullied heart, —  
These are the gifts she offers to the gods.  
Rumour extols her highly : it is thought  
That from the race of Amazon she springs,  
And hither fled some great calamity.

ORESTES.

Her gentle sway, it seems, lost all its power  
When hither came the culprit whom the curse,  
Like murky night, envelops and pursues.  
Our doom to seal, the pious thirst for blood  
The ancient cruel rite again unchains :  
The monarch's savage will decrees our death ;  
A woman cannot save when he condemns.

PYLADES.

That 'tis a woman, is a ground for hope !  
A man, the very best, with cruelty  
At length may so familiarise his mind,  
His character through custom so transform,  
That he shall come to make himself a law

Of what at first his very soul abhorred.  
 But woman doth retain the stamp of mind  
 She first assumed. On her we may depend  
 In good or evil with more certainty.  
 She comes: leave us alone. I dare not tell  
 At once our names, nor unreserved confide  
 Our fortunes to her. Now, retire awhile;  
 And ere she speaks with thee we'll meet again.

SCENE II. — IPHIGENIA, PYLADES.

IPHIGENIA.

Whence art thou? Stranger, speak! To me thy bearing  
 Stamps thee of Grecian, not of Scythian, race.  
*(She unbinds his chains.)*  
 The freedom that I give is dangerous:  
 The gods avert the doom that threatens you!

PYLADES.

Delicious music! dearly welcome tones  
 Of our own language in a foreign land!  
 With joy my captive eye once more beholds  
 The azure mountains of my native coast.  
 Oh, let this joy that I too am a Greek  
 Convince thee, priestess! How I need thine aid,  
 A moment I forget, my spirit rapt  
 In contemplation of so fair a vision.  
 If fate's dread mandate doth not seal thy lips,  
 From which of our illustrious races say,  
 Dost thou thy god-like origin derive?

IPHIGENIA.

The priestess whom the goddess hath herself  
 Selected and ordained doth speak with thee.

Let that suffice ; but tell me, who art thou,  
 And what unblessed o'erruling destiny  
 Hath hither led thee with thy friend ?

PYLADES.

The woe,

Whose hateful presence ever dogs our steps,  
 I can with ease relate. Oh, would that thou  
 Couldst with like ease, divine one, shed on us  
 One ray of cheering hope ! We are from Crete,  
 Adrastus' sons, and I, the youngest born,  
 Named Cephalus ; my eldest brother, he,  
 Laodamus. Between us stood a youth  
 Savage and wild, who severed e'en in sport  
 The joy and concord of our early youth.  
 Long as our father led his powers at Troy,  
 Passive our mother's mandate we obeyed ;  
 But when, enriched with booty, he returned,  
 And shortly after died, a contest fierce,  
 Both for the kingdom and their father's wealth,  
 His children parted. I the eldest joined ;  
 He slew our brother ; and the Furies hence  
 For kindred murder dog his restless steps.  
 But to this savage shore the Delphian god  
 Hath sent us, cheered by hope. He bade us wait  
 Within his sister's consecrated fane  
 The blessed hand of aid. Captives we are ;  
 And, hither brought, before thee now we stand  
 Ordained for sacrifice. My tale is told.

IPHIGENIA.

Fell Troy ! Dear man, assure me of its fall.

PYLADES.

Prostrate it lies. Oh, unto us ensure  
 Deliverance ! The promised aid of heaven

More swiftly bring. Take pity on my brother.  
 Oh, say to him a kind, a gracious word :  
 But spare him when thou speakest, — earnestly  
 This I implore ; for all too easily,  
 Through joy and sorrow and through memory,  
 Torn and distracted is his inmost being.  
 A feverish madness oft doth seize on him,  
 Yielding his spirit, beautiful and free,  
 A prey to Furies.

IPHIGENIA.

Great as is thy woe,  
 Forget it, I conjure thee, for awhile,  
 Till I am satisfied.

PYLADES.

The stately town,  
 Which ten long years withstood the Grecian host,  
 Now lies in ruins, ne'er to rise again ;  
 Yet many a hero's grave will oft recall  
 Our sad remembrance to that barbarous shore.  
 There lies Achilles and his noble friend.

IPHIGENIA.

So are ye god-like forms reduced to dust !

PYLADES.

Nor Palamede, nor Ajax, e'er again  
 The daylight of their native land beheld.

IPHIGENIA.

He speaks not of my father, doth not name  
 Him with the fallen. He may yet survive !  
 I may behold him ! still hope on, fond heart !

## PYLADES.

Yet happy are the thousands who received  
Their bitter death-blow from a hostile hand !  
For terror wild, and end most tragical,  
Some hostile, angry deity prepared,  
Instead of triumph, for the home-returning.  
Do human voices never reach this shore ?  
Far as their sound extends, they bear the fame  
Of deeds unparalleled. And is the woe  
Which fills Mycene's halls with ceaseless sighs  
To thee a secret still ? — And knowest thou not  
That Clytemnestra, with Ægisthus' aid,  
Her royal consort artfully ensnared,  
And murdered on the day of his return ? —  
The monarch's house thou honourest ! I perceive  
Thy breast with tidings vainly doth contend  
Fraught with such monstrous and unlooked-for woe.  
Art thou the daughter of a friend ? art born  
Within the circuit of Mycene's walls ?  
Conceal it not, nor call me to account  
That here the horrid crime I first announce.

## IPHIGENIA.

Proceed, and tell me how the deed was done.

## PYLADES.

The day of his return, as from the bath  
Arose the monarch, tranquil and refreshed,  
His robe demanding from his consort's hand,  
A tangled garment, complicate with folds,  
She o'er his shoulders flung and noble head :  
And when, as from a net, he vainly strove  
To extricate himself, the traitor, base  
Ægisthus, smote him ; and, enveloped thus,  
Great Agamemnon sought the shades below.

IPHIGENIA.

And what reward received the base accomplice ?

PYLADES.

A queen and kingdom he possessed already.

IPHIGENIA.

Base passion prompted, then, the deed of shame ?

PYLADES.

And feelings, cherished long, of deep revenge.

IPHIGENIA.

How had the monarch injured Clytemnestra ?

PYLADES.

By such a dreadful deed, that, if on earth  
 Aught could exculpate murder, it were this :  
 To Aulis he allured her, when the fleet  
 With unpropitious winds the goddess stayed ;  
 And there, a victim on Diana's shrine,  
 The monarch, for the welfare of the Greeks,  
 Her eldest daughter doomed, Iphigenia.  
 And this, so rumour saith, within her heart  
 Planted such deep abhorrence, that forthwith  
 She to Ægisthus hath resigned herself,  
 And round her husband flung the web of death.

IPHIGENIA (*veiling herself*).

It is enough ! Thou wilt again behold me.

PYLADES (*alone*).

The fortune of this royal house, it seems,  
 Doth move her deeply. Whosoe'er she be,



She must herself have known the monarch well ;—  
For our good fortune, from a noble house,  
She hath been sold to bondage. Peace, my heart !  
And let us steer our course with prudent zeal  
Toward the star of hope which gleams upon us.

## ACT III.

## SCENE I. — IPHIGENIA, ORESTES.

## IPHIGENIA.

UNHAPPY man, I only loose thy bonds  
In token of a still severer doom.  
The freedom which the sanctuary imparts,  
Like the last life-gleam o'er the dying face,  
But heralds death. I cannot, dare not, say  
Your doom is hopeless ; for, with murderous hand,  
Could I inflict the fatal blow myself ?  
And, while I here am priestess of Diana,  
None, be he who he may, dare touch your heads.  
But the incensed king, should I refuse  
Compliance with the rites himself enjoined,  
Will choose another virgin from my train  
As my successor. Then, alas ! with nought,  
Save ardent wishes, can I succour you,  
Much-honoured countrymen ! The humblest slave,  
Who had but neared our sacred household hearth,  
Is dearly welcome in a foreign land :  
How with proportioned joy and blessing, then,  
Shall I receive the man who doth recall  
The image of the heroes, whom I learned  
To honour from my parents, and who cheers  
My inmost heart with flattering gleams of hope !

ORESTES.

Does prudent forethought prompt thee to conceal  
Thy name and race? or may I hope to know  
Who, like a heavenly vision meets me thus?

IPHIGENIA.

Yes, thou shalt know me. Now conclude the tale  
Of which thy brother only told me half:  
Relate their end, who, coming home from Troy,  
On their own threshold met a doom severe  
And most unlooked-for. Young I was in sooth  
When first conducted to this foreign shore,  
Yet well I recollect the timid glance  
Of wonder and amazement which I cast  
On those heroic forms. When they went forth,  
It seemed as though Olympus had sent down  
The glorious figures of a bygone world,  
To frighten Ilium; and, above them all,  
Great Agamemnon towered preëminent!  
Oh, tell me! Fell the hero in his home,  
Through Clytemnestra's and Ægisthus' wiles?

ORESTES.

He fell!

IPHIGENIA.

Unblest Mycene! Thus the sons  
Of Tantalus, with barbarous hands, have sown  
Curse upon curse; and, as the shaken weed  
Scatters around a thousand poison-seeds,  
So they assassins ceaseless generate,  
Their children's children ruthless to destroy. —  
Now tell the remnant of thy brother's tale,  
Which horror darkly hid from me before.  
How did the last descendant of the race, —

## IPHIGENIA.

Thou shalt not perish! Would that I might hear  
 One quiet word from thee! dispel my doubts,  
 Make sure the bliss I have implored so long.  
 A wheel of joy and sorrow in my heart  
 Ceaseless revolves. I from a man unknown  
 With horror turn, but with resistless might  
 My inmost heart impels me to my brother.

## ORESTES.

Is this Lyæus' temple? Doth the glow  
 Of holy rage unbridled thus possess  
 The sacred priestess?

## IPHIGENIA.

Hear me! Oh, look up!  
 See how my heart, which hath been closed so long,  
 Doth open to the bliss of seeing thee,  
 The dearest treasure that the world contains, —  
 Of falling on thy neck, and folding thee  
 Within my longing arms, which have till now  
 Met the embraces of the empty wind.  
 Do not repulse me, — the eternal spring,  
 Whose crystal waters from Parnassus flow,  
 Bounds not more gaily on from rock to rock,  
 Down to the golden vale, than from my heart  
 The waters of affection freely gush,  
 And round me form a circling sea of bliss.  
 Orestes! O my brother!

## ORESTES.

Lovely nymph!  
 Nor thy caresses, nor thyself, I trust:  
 Diana claims attendants more severe,

And doth avenge her desecrated fane.  
 Remove thy circling arm! Wilt thou indeed  
 Safety and love upon a youth bestow,  
 And fondly tender him earth's fairest joy?  
 Unto my friend, more worthy than myself,  
 Impart thy favours; 'mong yon rocks he roves:  
 Go, seek him, guide him hence, and heed not me.

## IPHIGENIA.

Brother, command thyself, and better know  
 Thy sister, newly found! Misconstrue not  
 Her pure and heavenly rapture, blaming it  
 As lustful heat unbridled. O ye gods,  
 Remove delusion from his rigid gaze,  
 Lest that this moment, fraught with bliss supreme,  
 Should make us trebly wretched! She is here,  
 Thine own, thy long-lost sister! From the altar  
 The goddess rescued me, and placed me here,  
 Secure within her consecrated fane —  
 A captive thou, prepared for sacrifice,  
 And findest here a sister in the priestess.

## ORESTES.

Unblessèd one! So may the radiant sun  
 The final horror of our house behold!  
 Is not Electra here? That she with us  
 May also perish, nor her life prolong  
 For heavier destiny and direr woe.  
 'Tis well — I follow, priestess! Fratricide  
 Is an old custom of our ancient house;  
 And you, ye gods, I thank, that ye resolve  
 Childless to root me hence. Thee let me counsel  
 To view too fondly neither sun nor stars.  
 Comè, follow to the gloomy realms below!  
 As dragons, gendered in the sulphur pool,

Swallow each other with voracious rage,  
 So our accursed race destroys itself.  
 Childless and guiltless come below with me!  
 There's pity in thy look! oh, gaze not so!—  
 'Twas with such looks that Clytemnestra sought  
 An entrance to her son Orestes' heart,  
 And yet his upraised arm her bosom pierced.  
 His mother fell!— Appear, indignant shade!  
 Within the circle step, ye fiends of hell,  
 Be present at the welcome spectacle,  
 The last, most horrible, that ye prepare!  
 Nor hate, nor vengeance whets the poniard now:  
 A loving sister is constrained to deal  
 The fatal blow. Weep not! Thou hast no guilt.  
 From earliest infancy I nought have loved,  
 As thee I could have loved, my sister. Come,  
 The weapon raise, spare not, this bosom rend,  
 And make an outlet for its boiling streams!

*(He sinks exhausted.)*

IPHIGENIA.

Alone I cannot bear this bliss and woe.  
 Where art thou, Pylades? Thine aid I need.

*(IPHIGENIA retires.)*

SCENE II.

ORESTES *(recovering from his swoon and standing up)*.

Give yet another! reach from Lethe's stream  
 The last reviving draught of cool refreshment!  
 Soon shall its waters in my bosom still  
 Life's fitful fever; and my spirit then  
 Adown oblivion's stream shall glide to you,  
 Ye spirits shrouded in eternal mist.

With tranquil pleasure in your deep repose,  
A weary son of earth may lave his soul!—  
What whispering sounds pervade the dreary grove?  
What hollow murmurs haunt its twilight gloom?—  
They gather round to view the stranger guest!  
Who are yon troop in high communion met,  
Like an assembled family of princes?  
They mingle peacefully, of every age,  
Of either sex: godlike, of kindred mould,  
Appear the gliding figures. Yes, 'tis they,  
The fathers of my race! With Atreus,  
In friendly converse glides Thyestes' shade;  
And children playfully around them sport.  
Is there no enmity among you now?  
And is revenge extinguished with the sun?  
So am I also welcome, and may hope  
To mingle in your solemn company.  
Welcome, my sires! Orestes bids you hail!  
The seed that ye have sowed, that hath he reaped.  
Laden with curses he descends to you.  
But burdens here are lighter far to bear.  
Receive him, oh, receive him in your circle!  
Thee, Atreus, I revere, and thee, Thyestes:  
Here all are free from enmity and hate.—  
Show me my father, whom I only once  
In life beheld.—Art thou my father, thou,  
My mother leading thus familiarly?  
Dares Clytemnestra reach her hand to thee?  
Then may Orestes also draw near her,  
And say, Behold thy son!—my ancestors,  
Behold your son, and bid him welcome here.  
Among the sons of ancient Tantalus,  
A kind salute on earth was murder's watchword;  
And all their joys commence beyond the grave.  
Ye welcome me! Ye bid me join your circle!  
Oh, lead me to my honoured ancestor!  
Where is our aged sire? Let me behold

The dear, the venerable head of him  
 Who with the immortal gods in council sat.  
 Ye seem to shudder, and to turn away!  
 What may this mean? Suffers the godlike man?  
 Alas! the mighty gods, with ruthless hate,  
 To his heroic breast, with brazen chains,  
 Have cruel pangs indissolubly bound.

SCENE III. — ORESTES, IPHIGENIA, PYLADES.

ORESTES.

How! Are ye come already here below?  
 Welcome, my sister! Still Electra fails:  
 Oh, that some kindly god, with gentle arrow,  
 Her too, full speedily, would downward send!  
 Thee, hapless friend, I must compassionate!  
 Come with me! Come! To Pluto's gloomy throne,  
 There to salute our hosts like stranger guests.

IPHIGENIA.

Celestial pair, who from the realms above  
 By night and day shed down the beauteous light  
 To cheer mankind, but who may not illumine  
 Departed spirits, save a mortal pair,  
 A brother's and a sister's anguish pity!  
 For thou, Diana, lovest thy gentle brother  
 Beyond what earth and heaven can offer thee;  
 And dost, with quiet yearning, ever turn  
 Thy virgin face to his eternal light.  
 Let not my only brother, found so late,  
 Rave in the darkness of insanity!  
 And is thy will, when thou didst here conceal me,  
 At length fulfilled, — wouldst thou to me through him,  
 To him through me, thy gracious aid extend, —

Oh, free him from the fetters of this curse,  
Lest vainly pass the precious hours of safety.

## PYLADES.

Dost thou not know us, and this sacred grove,  
And this blest light, which shines not on the dead ?  
Dost thou not feel thy sister and thy friend,  
Who hold the living in their firm embrace ?  
Us firmly grasp : we are not empty shades.  
Mark well my words ! Collect thy scattered thoughts !  
Attend ! Each moment is of priceless worth ;  
And our return hangs on a slender thread,  
Which, as it seems, some gracious fate doth spin.

ORESTES (*to* IPHIGENIA).

My sister, let me for the first time taste,  
With open heart, pure joy within thine arms !  
Ye gods, who charge the heavy clouds with dread,  
And, sternly gracious, send the long-sought rain  
With thunder and the rush of mighty winds,  
A horrid deluge on the trembling earth,  
Yet dissipate at length man's dread suspense,  
Exchanging timid wonder's anxious gaze  
For grateful looks and joyous songs of praise,  
When, in each sparkling drop which gems the leaves,  
Apollo, thousand-fold, reflects his beam,  
And Iris colours with a magic hand  
The dusty texture of the parting clouds,  
Oh, let me also in my sister's arms,  
And on the bosom of my friend, enjoy  
With grateful thanks the bliss ye now bestow ;  
My heart assures me that your curses cease.  
The dread Eumenides at length retire :  
The brazen gates of Tartarus I hear  
Behind them closing with a thunderous clang.  
A quickening odour from the earth ascends,







Inviting me to chase, upon its plains,  
The joys of life and deeds of high emprise.

PYLADES.

Lose not the moments which are limited !  
The favouring gale, which swells our parting sail,  
Must to Olympus waft our perfect joy.  
Quick counsel and resolve the time demands.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

IPHIGENIA.

WHEN the Powers on high decree  
For a feeble child of earth  
Dire perplexity and woe,  
And his spirit doom to pass  
With tumult wild from joy to grief,  
And back again from grief to joy,  
In fearful alternation,  
They in mercy then provide,  
In the precincts of his home,  
Or upon the distant shore,  
That to him may never fail  
Ready help in hours of need,  
A tranquil, faithful friend.  
Oh, bless, ye heavenly Powers, our Pylades,  
And whatsoever he may undertake !  
He is in fight the vigorous arm of youth,  
And his the thoughtful eye of age in counsel :  
For tranquil is his soul ; he guardeth there  
Of calm a sacred and exhaustless dower,  
And from its depths, in rich supply, outpours

Comfort and counsel for the sore distressed.  
 He tore me from my brother, upon whom,  
 With fond amaze, I gazed and gazed again :  
 I could not realise my happiness,  
 Nor loose him from my arms, and heeded not  
 The danger's near approach that threatens us.  
 To execute their project of escape,  
 They hastened to the sea, where, in a bay,  
 Their comrades in the vessel lie concealed,  
 Waiting a signal. Me they have supplied  
 With artful answers, should the monarch send  
 To urge the sacrifice. Alas ! I see  
 I must consent to follow like a child :  
 I have not learned deception, nor the art  
 To gain with crafty wiles my purposes.  
 Detested falsehood ! it doth not relieve  
 The breast like words of truth : it comforts not,  
 But is a torment in the forger's heart,  
 And, like an arrow which a god directs,  
 Flies back and wounds the archer. Through my heart  
 One fear doth chase another : perhaps with rage,  
 Again on the unconsecrated shore,  
 The Furies' grisly band my brother seize.  
 Perchance they are surprised. Methinks I hear  
 The tread of armèd men. A messenger  
 Is coming from the king, with hasty steps.  
 How throbs my heart, how troubled is my soul,  
 Now that I gaze upon the face of one  
 Whom with a word untrue I must encounter !

SCENE II. — IPHIGENIA, ARKAS.

ARKAS.

Priestess, with speed conclude the sacrifice !  
 Impatiently the king and people wait.

IPHIGENIA.

I had performed my duty and thy will,  
Had not an unforeseen impediment  
The execution of my purpose thwarted.

ARKAS.

What is it that obstructs the king's commands ?

IPHIGENIA.

Chance, which from mortals will not brook control.

ARKAS.

Possess me with the reason, that with speed  
I may inform the king, who hath decreed  
The death of both.

IPHIGENIA.

The gods have not decreed it.  
The elder of these men doth bear the guilt  
Of kindred murder: on his steps attend  
The dread Erinnys. In the inner fane  
They seized upon their prey, polluting thus  
The holy sanctuary. I hasten now,  
Together with my virgin-train, to bathe  
The goddess' image in the sea, and there  
With solemn rites its purity restore.  
Let none presume our silent march to follow !

ARKAS.

This hindrance to the monarch I'll announce:  
Commence not thou the rite till he permit.

IPHIGENIA.

The priestess interferes alone in this.

ARKAS.

An incident so strange the king should know.

IPHIGENIA.

Here nor his counsel nor command avails.

ARKAS.

Oft are the great consulted out of form.

IPHIGENIA.

Do not insist on what I must refuse.

ARKAS.

A needful and a just demand refuse not.

IPHIGENIA.

I yield, if thou delay not.

ARKAS.

I with speed

Will bear these tidings to the camp, and soon  
Acquaint thee, priestess, with the king's reply.  
There is a message I would gladly bear him, —  
'Twould quickly banish all perplexity:  
Thou didst not heed thy faithful friend's advice.

IPHIGENIA.

I willingly have done whate'er I could.

ARKAS.

E'en now 'tis not too late to change thy purpose.

IPHIGENIA.

To do so is, alas! beyond our power.

ARKAS.

What thou wouldst shun, thou deemest impossible.

IPHIGENIA.

Thy wish doth make thee deem it possible.

ARKAS.

Wilt thou so calmly venture everything?

IPHIGENIA.

My fate I have committed to the gods.

ARKAS.

The gods are wont to save by human means.

IPHIGENIA.

By their appointment everything is done.

ARKAS.

Believe me, all doth now depend on thee.  
The irritated temper of the king  
Alone condemns these men to bitter death.  
The soldiers from the cruel sacrifice  
And bloody service long have been disused ;  
Nay, many, whom their adverse fortunes cast  
In foreign regions, there themselves have felt  
How godlike to the exiled wanderer  
The friendly countenance of man appears.  
Do not deprive us of thy gentle aid !  
With ease thou canst thy sacred task fulfil ;  
For nowhere doth benignity, which comes  
In human form from heaven, so quickly gain  
An empire o'er the heart, as where a race,  
Gloomy and savage, full of life and power,

Without external guidance, and oppressed  
With vague forebodings, bear life's heavy load.

IPHIGENIA.

Shake not my spirit, which thou canst not bend  
According to thy will.

ARKAS.

While there is time,  
Nor labour nor persuasion shall be spared.

IPHIGENIA.

Thy labour but occasions pain to me;  
Both are in vain: therefore, I pray, depart.

ARKAS.

I summon pain to aid me: 'tis a friend  
Who counsels wisely.

IPHIGENIA.

Though it shakes my soul,  
It doth not banish thence my strong repugnance.

ARKAS.

Can, then, a gentle soul repugnance feel  
For benefits bestowed by one so noble?

IPHIGENIA.

Yes, when the donor, for those benefits,  
Instead of gratitude, demands myself.

ARKAS.

Who no affection feels doth never want  
Excuses. To the king I will relate



What hath befallen. Oh that in thy soul  
Thou wouldst revolve his noble conduct to thee  
Since thy arrival to the present day!

## SCENE III.

IPHIGENIA (*alone*).

These words at an unseasonable hour  
Produce a strong revulsion in my breast:  
I am alarmed!— For as the rushing tide  
In rapid currents eddies o'er the rocks  
Which lie among the sand upon the shore,  
E'en so a stream of joy o'erwhelmed my soul.  
I grasped what had appeared impossible.  
It was as though another gentle cloud  
Around me lay, to raise me from the earth,  
And rock my spirit in the same sweet sleep  
Which the kind goddess shed around my brow,  
What time her circling arm from danger snatched me.  
My brother forcibly engrossed my heart;  
I listened only to his friend's advice;  
My soul rushed eagerly to rescue them;  
And as the mariner with joy surveys  
The lessening breakers of a desert isle,  
So Tauris lay behind me. But the voice  
Of faithful Arkas wakes me from my dream,  
Reminding me that those whom I forsake  
Are also men. Deceit doth now become  
Doubly detested. O my soul, be still!  
Beginnest thou now to tremble and to doubt?  
Thy lonely shelter on the firm-set earth  
Must thou abandon, and, embarked once more,  
At random drift upon tumultuous waves,  
A stranger to thyself and to the world?

## SCENE IV. — IPHIGENIA, PYLADES.

PYLADES.

Where is she? that my words with speed may tell  
The joyful tidings of our near escape!

IPHIGENIA.

Oppressed with gloomy care, I much require  
The certain comfort thou dost promise me.

PYLADES.

Thy brother is restored! The rocky paths  
Of this unconsecrated shore we trod  
In friendly converse; while behind us lay,  
Unmarked by us, the consecrated grove;  
And ever with increasing glory shone  
The fire of youth around his noble brow.  
Courage and hope his glowing eye inspired;  
And his exultant heart resigned itself  
To the delight, the joy, of rescuing  
Thee, his deliverer, also me, his friend.

IPHIGENIA.

The gods shower blessings on thee, Pylades!  
And from those lips which breathe such welcome news,  
Be the sad note of anguish never heard!

PYLADES.

I bring yet more; for fortune, like a prince,  
Comes not alone, but well accompanied.  
Our friends and comrades we have also found.  
Within a bay they had concealed the ship,

And mournful sat expectant. They beheld  
 Thy brother, and a joyous shout upraised,  
 Imploring him to haste the parting hour.  
 Each hand impatient longed to grasp the oar ;  
 While from the shore a gently murmuring breeze,  
 Perceived by all, unfurled its wings auspicious.  
 Let us then hasten : guide me to the fane,  
 That I may tread the sanctuary, and win  
 With sacred awe the goal of our desires.  
 I can unaided on my shoulder bear  
 The goddess' image : how I long to feel  
 The precious burden !

*(While speaking the last words, he approaches the  
 Temple, without perceiving that he is not fol-  
 lowed by IPHIGENIA : at length he turns  
 round.)*

Why thus lingering stand ?  
 Why art thou silent ? wherefore thus confused ?  
 Doth some new obstacle oppose our bliss ?  
 Inform me, hast thou to the king announced  
 The prudent message we agreed upon ?

## IPHIGENIA.

I have, dear Pylades ; yet wilt thou chide.  
 Thy very aspect is a mute reproach.  
 The royal messenger arrived ; and I,  
 According to thy counsel, framed my speech.  
 He seemed surprised, and urgently besought,  
 That to the monarch I should first announce  
 The rite unusual, and attend his will.  
 I now await the messenger's return.

## PYLADES.

Danger again doth hover o'er our heads !  
 Alas ! Why hast thou failed to shroud thyself  
 Within the veil of sacerdotal rites ?

IPHIGENIA.

I never have employed them as a veil.

PYLADES.

Pure soul! thy scruples will destroy alike  
Thyself and us. Why did I not foresee  
Such an emergency, and tutor thee  
This counsel also wisely to elude?

IPHIGENIA.

Chide only me, for mine alone the blame.  
Yet other answer could I not return  
To him, who strongly and with reason urged  
What my own heart acknowledged to be right.

PYLADES.

The danger thickens; but let us be firm,  
Nor with incautious haste betray ourselves.  
Calmly await the messenger's return,  
And then stand fast, whatever his reply;  
For the appointment of such sacred rites  
Doth to the priestess, not the king, belong.  
Should he demand the stranger to behold,  
Who is by madness heavily oppressed,  
Evasively pretend, that in the fane,  
Well guarded, thou retainest him and me.  
Thus you secure us time to fly with speed,  
Bearing the sacred treasure from this race,  
Unworthy its possession. Phœbus sends  
Auspicious omens, and fulfils his word,  
Ere we the first conditions have performed.  
Free is Orestes, from the curse absolved!  
Oh, with the freed one, to the rocky isle  
Where dwells the god, waft us, propitious gales!  
Thence to Mycene, that she may revive;

## IPHIGENIA.

If to this cruel deed thy heart is steeled,  
Thou shouldst not come! A king, who meditates  
A deed inhuman, may find slaves enow,  
Willing for hire to bear one-half the curse,  
And leave the monarch's presence undefiled.  
Enrapt in gloomy clouds he forges death:  
Flaming destruction then his ministers  
Hurl down upon his wretched victim's head;  
While he abideth high above the storm,  
Calm and untroubled, an impassive god.

## THOAS.

A wild song, priestess, issued from thy lips.

## IPHIGENIA.

No priestess, king, but Agamemnon's daughter!  
While yet unknown, thou didst respect my words!  
A princess now, — and thinkest thou to command me?  
From youth I have been tutored to obey,  
My parents first and then the deity;  
And, thus obeying, ever hath my soul  
Known sweetest freedom. But nor then nor now  
Have I been taught compliance with the voice  
And savage mandates of a man.

## THOAS.

Not I:  
An ancient law doth thy obedience claim.

## IPHIGENIA.

Our passions eagerly catch hold of laws  
Which they can wield as weapons. But to me  
Another law, one far more ancient, speaks,

And doth command me to withstand thee, **king!**  
That law declaring sacred every **stranger.**

THOAS.

These men, methinks, lie very near thy heart,  
When sympathy with them can lead thee thus  
To violate discretion's primal law,  
That those in power should never be provoked.

IPHIGENIA.

Speaking or silent, thou canst always know  
What is, and ever must be, in my heart.  
Doth not remembrance of a common doom  
To soft compassion melt the hardest heart?  
How much more mine? in them I see myself.  
I trembling kneeled before the altar once,  
And solemnly the shade of early death  
Environed me. Aloft the knife was raised  
To pierce my bosom, throbbing with warm life;  
A dizzy horror overwhelmed my soul;  
My eyes grew dim; — I found myself in safety.  
Are we not bound to render the distressed  
The gracious kindness from the gods received?  
Thou knowest we are, and yet wilt thou compel me?

THOAS.

Obey thine office, priestess, not the **king.**

IPHIGENIA.

Cease! nor thus seek to cloak the savage force  
Which triumphs o'er a woman's feebleness.  
Though woman, I am born as free as man.  
Did Agamemnon's son before thee stand,

And thou requiredst what became him not,  
His arm and trusty weapon would defend  
His bosom's freedom. I have only words;  
But it becomes a noble-minded man  
To treat with due respect the words of woman.

THOAS.

I more respect them than a brother's sword.

IPHIGENIA.

Uncertain ever is the chance of arms;  
No prudent warrior doth despise his foe;  
Nor yet defenceless 'gainst severity  
Hath nature left the weak, — she gives him craft  
And wily cunning: artful he delays,  
Evades, eludes, and finally escapes.  
Such arms are justified by violence.

THOAS.

But circumspection countervails deceit.

IPHIGENIA.

Which a pure spirit doth abhor to use.

THOAS.

Do not incautiously condemn thyself.

IPHIGENIA.

Oh, couldst thou see the struggle of my soul,  
Courageously to ward the first attack  
Of an unhappy doom, which threatens me!  
Do I, then, stand before thee weaponless?

Prayer, lovely prayer, fair branch in woman's hand,  
 More potent far than instruments of war,  
 Thou dost thrust back. What now remains for me  
 Wherewith my inborn freedom to defend?  
 Must I implore a miracle from heaven?  
 Is there no power within my spirit's depths?

THOAS.

Extravagant thy interest in the fate  
 Of these two strangers. Tell me who they are  
 For whom thy heart is thus so deeply moved.

IPHIGENIA.

They are — they seem at least — I think them Greeks.

THOAS.

Thy countrymen: no doubt they have renewed  
 The pleasing picture of return.

IPHIGENIA (*after a pause*).

Doth man

Lay undisputed claim to noble deeds?  
 Doth he alone to his heroic breast  
 Clasp the impossible? What call we great?  
 What deeds, though oft narrated, still uplift  
 With shuddering horror the narrator's soul,  
 But those which, with improbable success,  
 The valiant have attempted? Shall the man  
 Who all alone steals on his foes by night,  
 And, raging like an unexpected fire,  
 Destroys the slumbering host, and, pressed at length  
 By roused opponents on his foemen's steeds,  
 Retreats with booty, be alone extolled?  
 Or he who, scorning safety, boldly roams



Through woods and dreary wilds, to scour the land  
Of thieves and robbers? Is nought left for us?  
Must gentle woman quite forego her nature,  
Force against force employ, — like Amazons, —  
Usurp the sword from man, and bloodily  
Revenge oppression? In my heart I feel  
The stirrings of a noble enterprise;  
But if I fail — severe reproach, alas!  
And bitter misery will be my doom.  
Thus on my knees I supplicate the gods!  
Oh, are ye truthful, as men say ye are,  
Now prove it by your countenance and aid!  
Honour the truth in me! Attend, O king!  
A secret plot deceitfully is laid:  
Touching the captives thou dost ask in vain;  
They have departed hence, and seek their friends,  
Who, with the ship, await them on the shore.  
The eldest, — whom dire madness lately seized,  
And hath abandoned now, — he is Orestes,  
My brother, and the other Pylades,  
His early friend and faithful confidant.  
From Delphi, Phœbus sent them to this shore  
With a divine command to steal away  
The image of Diana, and to him  
Bear back the sister thither; and for this  
He promised to the blood-stained matricide,  
The Fury-haunted son, deliverance.  
I have surrendered now into thy hands  
The remnants of the house of Tantalus.  
Destroy us — if thou canst.

THOAS.

And dost thou think  
That the uncultured Scythian will attend  
The voice of truth and of humanity  
Which Atreus, the Greek, heard not?

IPHIGENIA.

'Tis heard

By every one, born 'neath whatever clime,  
 Within whose bosom flows the stream of life,  
 Pure and unhindered. — What thy thought? O king!  
 What silent purpose broods in thy deep soul?  
 Is it destruction? Let me perish first!  
 For now, deliverance hopeless, I perceive  
 The dreadful peril into which I have  
 With rash precipitancy plunged my friends.  
 Alas! I soon shall see them bound before me!  
 How to my brother shall I say farewell? —  
 I, the unhappy author of his death.  
 Ne'er can I gaze again in his dear eyes!

THOAS.

The traitors have contrived a cunning web,  
 And cast it round thee, who, secluded long,  
 Givest willing credence to thine own desires.

IPHIGENIA.

No, no! I'd pledge my life these men are true.  
 And shouldst thou find them otherwise, O king,  
 Then let them perish both, and cast me forth,  
 That on some rock-girt island's dreary shore  
 I may atone my folly! Are they true,  
 And is this man indeed my dear Orestes,  
 My brother, long implored, release us both,  
 And o'er us stretch the kind protecting arm  
 Which long hath sheltered me. My noble sire  
 Fell through his consort's guilt, — she by her son:  
 On him alone the hope of Atreus' race  
 Doth now repose. Oh, with pure heart, pure hand,  
 Let me depart to purify our house!  
 Yes, thou wilt keep thy promise: thou didst swear,  
 That, were a safe return provided me,

I should be free to go. The hour is come.  
 A king doth never grant like common men,  
 Merely to gain a respite from petition;  
 Nor promise what he hopes will ne'er be claimed.  
 Then first he feels his dignity supreme  
 When he can make the long-expecting happy.

THOAS.

As fire opposes water, and doth seek  
 With hissing rage to overcome its foe,  
 So doth my anger strive against thy words.

IPHIGENIA.

Let mercy, like the consecrated flame  
 Of silent sacrifice, encircled round  
 With songs of gratitude and joy and praise,  
 Above the tumult gently rise to heaven.

THOAS.

How often hath this voice assuaged my soul?

IPHIGENIA.

Extend thy hand to me in sign of peace.

THOAS.

Large thy demand within so short a time.

IPHIGENIA.

Beneficence doth no reflection need.

THOAS.

'Tis needed oft, for evil springs from good.

IPHIGENIA.

'Tis doubt which good doth oft to evil turn.  
Consider not: act as thy feelings prompt thee.

SCENE IV. — ORESTES (*armed*), IPHIGENIA, THOAS.ORESTES (*addressing his followers*).

Redouble your exertions! hold them back!  
Few moments will suffice: maintain your ground,  
And keep a passage open to the ship  
For me and for my sister.

(To IPHIGENIA, *without perceiving* THOAS.)

Come with speed!

We are betrayed, — brief time remains for flight.

*(He perceives the king.)*THOAS (*laying his hand on his sword*).

None in my presence with impunity  
His naked weapon wears.

IPHIGENIA.

Do not profane  
Diana's sanctuary with rage and blood.  
Command your people to forbear awhile,  
And listen to the priestess, to the sister.

ORESTES.

Say, who is he that threatens us?

IPHIGENIA.

In him

Revere the king, who was my second father.  
Forgive me, brother, that my childlike heart  
Hath placed our fate thus wholly in his hands.

I have betrayed your meditated flight,  
And thus from treachery redeemed my soul.

ORESTES.

Will he permit our peaceable return ?

IPHIGENIA.

Thy gleaming sword forbids me to reply.

ORESTES (*sheathing his sword*).

Then, speak ! thou seest I listen to thy words.

SCENE V. — ORESTES, IPHIGENIA, THOAS.

*Enter PYLADES, soon after him ARKAS, both with drawn swords.*

PYLADES.

Do not delay ! our friends are putting forth  
Their final strength, and, yielding step by step,  
Are slowly driven backward to the sea. —  
A conference of princes find I here ?  
Is this the sacred person of the king ?

ARKAS.

Calmly, as doth become thee, thou dost stand,  
O king, surrounded by thine enemies !  
Soon their temerity shall be chastised :  
Their yielding followers fly, — their ship is ours :  
Speak but the word, and it is wrapt in flames.

THOAS.

Go, and command my people to forbear !  
Let none annoy the foe while we confer.

(ARKAS *retires.*)

ORESTES.

I willingly consent. Go, Pylades!  
Collect the remnant of our friends, and wait  
The appointed issue of our enterprise.

(PYLADES *retires.*)

SCENE VI. — IPHIGENIA, THOAS, ORESTES.

IPHIGENIA.

Relieve my cares ere ye begin to speak.  
I fear contention, if thou wilt not hear  
The voice of equity, O king, — if thou  
Wilt not, my brother, curb thy headstrong youth!

THOAS.

I, as becomes the elder, check my rage.  
Now answer me: how dost thou prove thyself  
The priestess' brother, Agamemnon's son?

ORESTES.

Behold the sword with which the hero slew  
The valiant Trojans. From his murderer  
I took the weapon, and implored the gods  
To grant me Agamemnon's mighty arm,  
Success, and valour, with a death more noble.  
Select one of the leaders of thy host,  
And place the best as my opponent here.  
Where'er on earth the sons of heroes dwell,  
This boon is to the stranger ne'er refused.

THOAS.

This privilege hath ancient custom here  
To strangers ne'er accorded.

ORESTES.

Then from us  
Commence the novel custom! A whole race  
In imitation soon will consecrate  
Its monarch's noble action into law.  
Nor let me only for our liberty, —  
Let me, a stranger, for all strangers fight.  
If I should fall, my doom be also theirs ;  
But, if kind fortune crown me with success,  
Let none e'er tread this shore, and fail to meet  
The beaming eye of sympathy and love,  
Or unconsolated depart !

THOAS.

Thou dost not seem  
Unworthy of thy boasted ancestry.  
Great is the number of the valiant men  
Who wait upon me ; but I will myself,  
Although advanced in years, oppose the foe,  
And am prepared to try the chance of arms.

IPHIGENIA.

No, no! such bloody proofs are not required.  
Unhand thy weapon, king! my lot consider ;  
Rash combat oft immortalises man ;  
If he should fall, he is renowned in song :  
But after-ages reckon not the tears  
Which ceaseless the forsaken woman sheds ;  
And poets tell not of the thousand nights  
Consumed in weeping, and the dreary days,  
Wherein her anguished soul, a prey to grief,  
Doth vainly yearn to call her loved one back.  
Fear warned me to beware lest robbers' wiles  
Might lure me from this sanctuary, and then  
Betray me into bondage. Anxiously

I questioned them, each circumstance explored,  
 Demanded proofs; now is my heart assured.  
 See here, the mark on his right hand impressed  
 As of three stars, which on his natal day  
 Were by the priest declared to indicate  
 Some dreadful deed therewith to be performed.  
 And then this scar, which doth his eyebrow cleave,  
 Redoubles my conviction. When a child,  
 Electra, rash and inconsiderate, —  
 Such was her nature, — loosed him from her arms:  
 He fell against a tripos. Oh, 'tis he! —  
 Shall I adduce the likeness to his sire,  
 Or the deep rapture of my inmost heart,  
 In further token of assurance, king?

## THOAS.

E'en though thy words had banished every doubt,  
 And I had curbed the anger in my breast,  
 Still must our arms decide. I see no peace.  
 Their purpose, as thou didst thyself confess,  
 Was to deprive me of Diana's image.  
 And think ye I will look contented on?  
 The Greeks are wont to cast a longing eye  
 Upon the treasures of barbarians, —  
 A golden fleece, good steeds, or daughters fair; —  
 But force and guile not always have availed  
 To lead them, with their booty, safely home.

## ORESTES.

The image shall not be a cause of strife!  
 We now perceive the error which the god,  
 Our journey here commanding, like a veil,  
 Threw o'er our minds. His counsel I implored,  
 To free me from the Furies' grisly band.  
 He answered, "Back to Greece the sister bring,



Who in the sanctuary on Tauris' shore  
Unwillingly abides; so ends the curse!"  
To Phœbus' sister we applied the words,  
And he referred to thee. The bonds severe,  
Which held thee from us, holy one, are rent;  
And thou art ours once more. At thy blest touch,  
I felt myself restored. Within thine arms,  
Madness once more around me coiled its folds,  
Crushing the marrow in my frame, and then  
For ever, like a serpent, fled to hell.  
Through thee the daylight gladdens me anew:  
The counsel of the goddess now shines forth  
In all its beauty and beneficence.  
Like to a sacred image, unto which  
An oracle immutably hath bound  
A city's welfare, thee she bore away,  
Protectress of our house, and guarded here  
Within this holy stillness, to become  
A blessing to thy brother and thy race.  
Now when each passage to escape seems closed,  
And safety hopeless, thou dost give us all.  
O king, incline thine heart to thoughts of peace!  
Let her fulfil her mission, and complete  
The consecration of our father's house;  
Me to their purified abode restore,  
And place upon my brow the ancient crown!  
Requite the blessing which her presence brought thee,  
And let me now my nearer right enjoy!  
Cunning and force, the proudest boast of man,  
Fade in the lustre of her perfect truth;  
Nor unrequited will a noble mind  
Leave confidence, so childlike and so pure.

## IPHIGENIA.

Think on thy promise: let thy heart be moved  
By what a true and honest tongue hath spoken!

Look on us, king! an opportunity  
 For such a noble deed not oft occurs.  
 Refuse thou canst not, — give thy quick consent.

THOAS.

Then, go!

IPHIGENIA.

Not so, my king! I cannot part  
 Without thy blessing, or in anger from thee:  
 Banish us not! the sacred right of guests  
 Still let us claim: so not eternally  
 Shall we be severed. Honoured and beloved  
 As mine own father was, art thou by me;  
 And this impression in my soul abides.  
 Let but the least among thy people bring  
 Back to mine ear the tones I heard from thee,  
 Or should I on the humblest see thy garb,  
 I will with joy receive him as a god,  
 Prepare his couch myself, beside our hearth  
 Invite him to a seat, and only ask  
 Touching thy fate and thee. Oh, may the gods  
 To thee the merited reward impart  
 Of all thy kindness and benignity!  
 Farewell! Oh, turn thou not away, but give  
 One kindly word of parting in return!  
 So shall the wind more gently swell our sails,  
 And from our eyes with softened anguish flow  
 The tears of separation. Fare thee well!  
 And graciously extend to me thy hand,  
 In pledge of ancient friendship.

THOAS (*extending his hand*).

Fare thee well!

# Torquato Tasso

A Drama in Five Acts

Translated by Anna Swanwick

This drama was written first in prose : during Goethe's residence at Rome in 1786-88 he began to versify it, and completed it on his journey home.



## Introduction

THE annals of biography offer no page the perusal of which awakens a greater variety of emotions than that which records the fate of Torquato Tasso. This great poet, distinguished alike by his genius and his misfortunes, concentrates in his own person the deepest interests of humanity; while the mystery which broods over his derangement and his love imparts to his story the air rather of poetic fiction than of sober truth. Goethe's poem, founded upon the residence of Tasso at the court of Ferrara, is justly celebrated for its fine delineations of character and its profound insight into the depths of the human heart. It exhibits a striking picture of the great bard at the most momentous period of his existence, which was signalised by the completion of his immortal work; and though the action of the drama embraces only a few hours, by skilfully availing himself of retrospect and anticipation, Goethe has presented us with a beautiful epitome of the poet's life.

Thus, in the third scene of the drama, Tasso alludes to his early childhood, the sorrows of which he has so pathetically sung: we accompany the youthful bard, in his twenty-second year, to the brilliant court of Ferrara, where he arrived at a period when the nuptials of the duke with the emperor's sister were celebrated with unrivalled splendour. At the conclusion of these festivities, he was presented by the Princess Lucretia to her sister, Leonora, who was destined to exert such a powerful influence over his future life: we behold him the honoured and cherished inmate of Belriguardo,

a magnificent palace, surrounded by beautiful gardens, where the Dukes of Ferrara were accustomed to retire with their most favoured courtiers, and where, under the inspiring influences of love, beauty, and court favour, he completed his "Gerusalemme Liberata," one of the proudest monuments of human genius.

Goethe has with great skill made us acquainted with some of the circumstances, which, acting upon the peculiar temperament of the poet, at length induced the mental disorder which cast so dark a shadow over his later years. His hopeless love for Leonora no doubt conspired with other causes to unsettle his fine intellect, — a calamity which in him appears like the bewilderment of a mind suddenly awakened from the visions of poetry and love passionately cherished for so many years, into the cold realities of actual life, where his too sensitive ear was stunned by the harsh and discordant voices of envy and superstition. We are thus prepared for his distracted flight from Ferrara; and Goethe has introduced prospectively the touching incident related by Manso, — how, in the disguise of a shepherd, he presented himself to his sister Cornelia, to whom he related his story in language so pathetic, that she fainted from the violence of her grief.

His return to Ferrara, his imprisonment in the Hospital of Santa Anna, and his subsequent miserable wanderings from city to city, are not mentioned in the drama; but the allusion of Alphonso to the crown which should adorn him on the Capitol, brings to our remembrance the affecting circumstances of his death.

It appears from his letters, that, at one period of his life, he earnestly desired a triumph similar to that which Petrarca had enjoyed; but when at length this honour was accorded him, when a period was assigned for this splendid pageant, a change had come over his spirit. His long sufferings had weaned his thoughts from earth: he felt that the hand of death was upon

him, and hoped — to use his own words — “to go crowned, not as a poet to the Capitol, but with glory as a saint to heaven.” On the eve of the day appointed for the ceremony, he expired at the monastery of St. Onofrio; and his remains, habited in a magnificent toga, and adorned with a laurel crown, were carried in procession through the streets of Rome.

Goethe has faithfully portrayed the times in which Tasso lived; and circumstances apparently trivial have an historical significance, and impart an air of reality to the drama. Thus the fanciful occupation and picturesque attire of the princess and countess at the opening of the piece transport us at once to that graceful court where the pastoral drama was invented and refined, and where, not long before, Tasso’s “Aminta,” which is considered one of the most beautiful specimens of this species of composition, had been performed for the first time with enthusiastic applause.

The crown adorning the bust of Ariosto, together with the enthusiastic admiration expressed for that poet by Antonio, is likewise characteristic of the age. The “Orlando Furioso” had been composed at the same court about fifty years before, and had become so universally popular, that, according to Bernardo Tasso, the father of Torquato, “neither learned man nor artisan, no youth, no maid, no old man could be satisfied with a single perusal: passengers in the streets, sailors in their boats, and virgins in their chambers sang for their disport the stanzas of Ariosto.”<sup>1</sup>

The project of dethroning this monarch of Parnassus, or, at least, of placing upon his own brow a crown as glorious, appears from his own letters early to have awakened the ambition of Tasso.

The subordinate characters of the drama are also historical portraits. Alphonso II. is represented by his biographers as the liberal patron of the arts, and as

<sup>1</sup> Black’s “Life of Tasso.”

treating Tasso at this period with marked consideration; nor had he yet manifested that implacable and revengeful spirit which has rendered his memory justly hateful to posterity. In the relation which subsisted between this prince and Tasso, Goethe has exhibited the evils resulting from the false spirit of patronage prevalent at that period throughout Italy, when talent was regarded as the necessary appendage of rank, and works of genius were considered as belonging rather to the patron than to the individual by whom they had been produced.

Antonio Montecatino, the duke's secretary, is also drawn from life. He is an admirable personification of that spirit of worldly wisdom which looks principally to material results and contemplates promotion and court favour as the highest object of ambition. This "earth-born prudence," having little sympathy with poetic genius, affects to treat it with contempt, resents as presumptuous its violation of ordinary rules, holds up its foibles and eccentricities to ridicule, and at the same time envies the homage paid to it by mankind.

At the period of the drama, the court of Ferrara was graced by the presence of Leonora, Countess of Scandiano, in whom Goethe has portrayed a woman eminently graceful and accomplished, but who fails to win our sympathy because her ruling sentiment is vanity. Tasso paid to this young beauty the tribute of public homage, and addressed to her some of his most beautiful sonnets: according to Ginguéné, however, his sentiment for her was merely poetical, and could easily ally itself with the more genuine, deep, and constant affection which he entertained for Leonora of Este.

Lucretia and Leonora of Este were the daughters of Renée of France, celebrated for her insatiable thirst for knowledge, and for the variety and depth of her studies. She became zealously attached to the tenets of the Re-



formers, in consequence of which she was deprived of her children and closely imprisoned for twelve years.

To the intellectual power, the knowledge, heresy, and consequent misfortunes of her unhappy mother, the Princess Leonora twice alludes in the course of the drama. The daughters of this heroic woman inherited her mental superiority; and Leonora, the younger, is celebrated by various writers for her genius, learning, beauty, and early indifference to the pleasures of the world.

## Dramatis Personæ

ALPHONSO II., *Duke of Ferrara.*

LEONORA D'ESTE, *Sister to the Duke.*

LEONORA SANVITALE, *Countess of Scandiano.*

TORQUATO TASSO.

ANTONIO MONTECATINO, *Secretary of State.*

# Torquato Tasso

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## ACT I.

SCENE I. — *A Garden adorned with busts of the Epic Poets. To the right a bust of Virgil ; to the left, one of Ariosto.* PRINCESS and LEONORA, habited as shepherdesses.

PRINCESS.

SMILING thou dost survey me, Leonora ;  
And with a smile thou dost survey thyself.  
What is it ? Let a friend partake thy thought !  
Thou seemest pensive, yet thou seemest pleased.

LEONORA.

Yes, I am pleased, my princess, to behold  
Us twain in rural fashion thus attired.  
Two happy shepherd-maidens we appear,  
And like the happy we are both employed.  
Garlands we wreath : this one, so gay with flowers,  
Beneath my hand in varied beauty grows ;  
Thou hast with higher taste and larger heart  
The slender pliant laurel made thy choice.

PRINCESS.

The laurel wreath, which aimlessly I twined,  
 Hath found at once a not unworthy head :  
 I place it gratefully on Virgil's brow.

*(She crowns the bust of Virgil.)*

LEONORA.

With my full joyous wreath the lofty brow  
 Of Master Ludovico thus I crown —

*(She crowns the bust of Ariosto.)*

Let him whose sportive sallies never fade  
 Receive his tribute from the early spring.

PRINCESS.

My brother is most kind, to bring us here  
 In this sweet season to our rural haunts :  
 Here, by the hour, in freedom unrestrained,  
 We may dream back the poet's golden age.  
 I love this Belriguardo : in my youth  
 Full many a joyous day I lingered here ;  
 And this bright sunshine, and this verdant green,  
 Bring back the feelings of that bygone time.

LEONORA.

Yes : a new world surrounds us ! Grateful now  
 The cooling shelter of these evergreens.  
 The tuneful murmur of this gurgling spring  
 Once more revives us. In the morning wind  
 The tender branches waver to and fro.  
 The flowers look upwards from their lowly beds,  
 And smile upon us with their childlike eyes.  
 The gardener, fearless grown, removes the roof  
 That screened his citron and his orange trees ;  
 The azure dome of heaven above us rests ;

And, in the far horizon, from the hills  
The snow in balmy vapour melts away.

PRINCESS.

Most welcome were to me the genial spring,  
Did it not lead my friend away from me.

LEONORA.

My princess, in these sweet and tranquil hours,  
Remind me not how soon I must depart.

PRINCESS.

Yon mighty city will restore to thee,  
In double measure, what thou leavest here.

LEONORA.

The voice of duty and the voice of love  
Both call me to my lord, forsaken long.  
I bring to him his son, who rapidly  
Hath grown in stature, and matured in mind,  
Since last they met: I share his father's joy.  
Florence is great and noble, but the worth  
Of all her treasured riches doth not reach  
The prouder jewels that Ferrara boasts.  
That city to her people owes her power:  
Ferrara grew to greatness through her princes.

PRINCESS.

More through the noble men whom chance led here,  
And who in sweet communion here remained.

LEONORA.

Chance doth again disperse what chance collects:  
A noble nature can alone attract

The noble, and retain them, as ye do.  
 Around thy brother, and around thyself,  
 Assemble spirits worthy of you both ;  
 And ye are worthy of your noble sires.  
 Here the fair light of science and free thought  
 Was kindled first, while o'er the darkened world  
 Still hung barbarian gloom. E'en when a child  
 The names resounded loudly in mine ear,  
 Of Hercules and Hippolyte of Este.  
 My father oft with Florence and with Rome  
 Extolled Ferrara ! Oft in youthful dream  
 Hither I fondly turned : now am I here.  
 Here was Petrarca kindly entertained,  
 And Ariosto found his models here.  
 Italia boasts no great, no mighty name,  
 This princely mansion hath not called its guest.  
 In fostering genius we enrich ourselves :  
 Dost thou present her with a friendly gift,  
 One far more beautiful she leaves with thee.  
 The ground is hallowed where the good man treads :  
 When centuries have rolled, his sons shall hear  
 The deathless echo of his words and deeds.

PRINCESS.

Yes, if those sons have feelings quick as thine :  
 This happiness full oft I envy thee.

LEONORA.

Which purely and serenely thou, my friend,  
 As few beside thee, dost thyself enjoy.  
 When my full heart impels me to express  
 Promptly and freely what I keenly feel,  
 Thou feelest the while more deeply, and — art silent.  
 Delusive splendour doth not dazzle thee,  
 Nor wit beguile ; and flattery strives in vain

With fawning artifice to win thine ear :  
 Firm is thy temper, and correct thy taste,  
 Thy judgment just ; and, truly great thyself,  
 With greatness thou dost ever sympathise.

PRINCESS.

Thou shouldst not to this highest flattery  
 The garment of confiding friendship lend.

LEONORA.

Friendship is just : she only estimates  
 The full extent and measure of thy worth.  
 Let me ascribe to opportunity,  
 To fortune too, her portion in thy culture,  
 Still in the end thou hast it, it is thine ;  
 And all extol thy sister and thyself  
 Before the noblest women of the age.

PRINCESS.

That can but little move me, Leonora,  
 When I reflect how poor at best we are,  
 To others more indebted than ourselves.  
 My knowledge of the ancient languages,  
 And of the treasures by the past bequeathed,  
 I owe my mother, who, in varied lore  
 And mental power, her daughters far excelled.  
 Might either claim comparison with her,  
 'Tis undeniably Lucretia's right.  
 Besides, what nature and what chance bestowed  
 As property or rank I ne'er esteemed.  
 'Tis pleasure to me when the wise converse,  
 That I their scope and meaning comprehend,  
 Whether they judge a man of bygone times  
 And weigh his actions, or of science treat,  
 Which, when extended and applied to life,

At once exalts and benefits mankind.  
 Where'er the converse of such men may lead,  
 I follow gladly, for with ease I follow.  
 Well pleased the strife of argument I hear,  
 When, round the powers that sway the human breast,  
 Waking alternately delight and fear,  
 With grace the lip of eloquence doth play ;  
 And listen gladly when the princely thirst  
 Of fame, of wide dominion, forms the theme,  
 When of an able man, the thought profound,  
 Developed skilfully with subtle tact,  
 Doth not perplex and dazzle, but instruct.

## LEONORA.

And then, this grave and serious converse o'er,  
 Our ear and inner mind with tranquil joy  
 Upon the poet's tuneful verse repose,  
 Who, through the medium of harmonious sounds,  
 Infuses sweet emotions in the soul.  
 Thy lofty spirit grasps a wide domain :  
 Content am I to linger in the isle  
 Of poesy, her laurel groves among.

## PRINCESS.

In this fair land, I'm told, the myrtle blooms  
 In richer beauty than all other trees :  
 Here, too, the Muses wander ; yet we seek  
 A friend and playmate 'mong their tuneful choir  
 Less often than we seek to meet the bard,  
 Who seems to shun us, — nay, appears to flee  
 In quest of something that we know not of,  
 And which, perchance, is to himself unknown.  
 How charming were it, if, in happy hour  
 Encountering us, he should with ecstasy  
 In our fair selves the treasure recognise,  
 Which in the world he long had sought in vain !



## LEONORA.

To your light raillery I must submit :  
 So light its touch it passeth harinless by.  
 I honour all men after their desert,  
 And am in truth toward Tasso only just.  
 His eye scarce lingers on this earthly scene  
 To nature's harmony his ear is tuned.  
 What history offers, and what life presents,  
 His bosom promptly and with joy receives :  
 The widely scattered is by him combined,  
 And his quick feeling animates the dead.  
 Oft he ennobles what we count for nought :  
 What others treasure is by him despised.  
 Thus moving in his own enchanted sphere,  
 The wondrous man doth still allure us on  
 To wander with him and partake his joy :  
 Though seeming to approach us, he remains  
 Remote as ever ; and perchance his eye,  
 Resting on us, sees spirits in our place.

## PRINCESS.

Thou hast with taste and truth portrayed the bard,  
 Who hovers in the shadowy realm of dreams.  
 And yet reality, it seems to me,  
 Hath also power to lure him and enchain.  
 In the sweet sonnets, scattered here and there,  
 With which we sometimes find our trees adorned,  
 Creating like the golden fruit of old  
 A new Hesperia, perceivest thou not  
 The gentle tokens of a genuine love ?

## LEONORA.

In these fair leaves I also take delight.  
 With all his rich diversity of thought  
 He glorifies one form in all his strains.  
 Now he exalts her to the starry heavens

In radiant glory, and before that form  
 Bows down, like angels in the realms above.  
 Then, stealing after her through silent fields,  
 He garlands in his wreath each beauteous flower ;  
 And, should the form he worships disappear,  
 Hallows the path her gentle foot hath trod.  
 Thus like the nightingale, concealed in shade,  
 From his love-laden breast he fills the air  
 And neighbouring thickets with melodious plaints :  
 His blissful sadness and his tuneful grief  
 Charm every ear, enrapture every heart —

## PRINCESS.

And Leonora is the favoured name  
 Selected for the object of his strains.

## LEONORA.

Thy name it is, my princess, as 'tis mine.  
 It would displease me were it otherwise.  
 Now I rejoice that under this disguise  
 He can conceal his sentiment for thee,  
 And am no less contented with the thought  
 That this sweet name should also picture me.  
 Here is no question of an ardent love,  
 Seeking possession, and with jealous care  
 Screening its object from another's gaze.  
 While he enraptured contemplates thy worth,  
 He in my lighter nature may rejoice.  
 He loves not us, — forgive me what I say, —  
 His loved ideal from the spheres he brings,  
 And doth invest it with the name we bear :  
 His feeling we participate ; we seem  
 To love the man, yet only love in him  
 The highest object that can claim our love.

PRINCESS.

In this deep science thou art deeply versed,  
My Leonora ; and thy words in truth  
Play on my ear, yet scarcely reach my soul.

LEONORA.

Thou Plato's pupil ! and not comprehend  
What a mere novice dares to prattle to thee ?  
It must be, then, that I have widely erred ;  
Yet well I know I do not wholly err.  
For love doth in this graceful school appear  
No longer as the spoilt and wayward child :  
He is the youth whom Psyche hath espoused,  
Who sits in council with the assembled gods.  
He hath relinquished passion's fickle sway :  
He clings no longer with delusion sweet  
To outward form and beauty, to atone  
For brief excitement by disgust and hate.

PRINCESS.

Here comes my brother ! let us not betray  
Whither our converse hath conducted us ;  
Else we shall have his raillery to bear,  
As in our dress he found a theme for jest.

SCENE II. — PRINCESS, LEONORA, ALPHONSO.

ALPHONSO.

Tasso I seek, whom nowhere I can find ;  
And even here, with you, I meet him not.  
Can you inform me where he hides himself ?

PRINCESS.

I have scarce seen him for the last two days.

ALPHONSO.

'Tis his habitual failing that he seeks  
 Seclusion rather than society.  
 I can forgive him when the motley crowd  
 Thus studiously he shuns, and loves to hold  
 Free converse with himself in solitude ;  
 Yet can I not approve, that he should thus  
 Also the circle of his friends avoid.

LEONORA.

If I mistake not, thou wilt soon, O prince !  
 Convert this censure into joyful praise.  
 To-day I saw him from afar : he held  
 A book and scroll, in which at times he wrote,  
 And then resumed his walk, then wrote again.  
 A passing word, which yesterday he spoke,  
 Seemed to announce to me his work complete :  
 His sole anxiety is now to add  
 A finished beauty to minuter parts,  
 That to your Grace, to whom he owes so much,  
 A worthy offering he at length may bring.

ALPHONSO.

A welcome, when he brings it, shall be his,  
 And long immunity from all restraint.  
 Great, in proportion to the lively joy  
 And interest which his noble work inspires,  
 Is my impatience at its long delay.  
 After each slow advance he leaves his task :  
 He ever changeth, and can ne'er conclude,  
 Till baffled hope is weary ; for we see  
 Reluctantly postponed to times remote  
 A pleasure we had fondly deemed so near.

## PRINCESS.

I rather praise the modesty, the caré,  
With which thus, step by step, he nears the goal.  
His aim is not to string amusing tales,  
Or weave harmonious numbers, which at length,  
Like words delusive, die upon the ear.  
His numerous rhymes he labours to combine  
Into one beautiful, poetic whole ;  
And he whose soul this lofty aim inspires,  
Must pay devoted homage to the Muse.  
Disturb him not, my brother : time alone  
Is not the measure of a noble work ;  
And, is the coming age to share our joy,  
We of the present must forget ourselves.

## ALPHONSO.

Let us, dear sister, work together here,  
As for our mutual good we oft have done.  
Am I too eager — thou must then restrain ;  
Art thou too gentle — I will urge him on.  
Then we perchance shall see him at the goal,  
Where to behold him we have wished in vain.  
His fatherland, the world, shall then admire  
And view with wonder his completed work.  
I shall receive my portion of the fame,  
And Tasso will be ushered into life.  
In a contracted sphere, a noble man  
Cannot develop all his mental powers.  
On him his country and the world must work.  
He must endure both censure and applause,  
Must be compelled to estimate aright  
Himself and others. Solitude no more  
Lulls him delusively with flattering dreams.  
Opponents will not, friendship dare not, spare :  
Then in the strife the youth puts forth his powers,  
Knows what he is, and feels himself a man.

LEONORA.

Thus will he, prince, owe everything to *thee*,  
 Who hast already done so much for *him*.  
 Talents are nurtured best in solitude, —  
 A character on life's tempestuous sea.  
 Oh that according to thy rules he would  
 Model his temper as he forms his taste,  
 Cease to avoid mankind, nor in his breast  
 Nurture suspicion into fear and hate!

ALPHONSO.

He only fears mankind who knows them not,  
 And he will soon misjudge them who avoids.  
 This is his case, and so by slow degrees  
 His noble mind is trammelled and perplexed.  
 Thus to secure my favour he betrays,  
 At times, unseemly ardour; against some,  
 Who, I am well assured, are not his foes,  
 He cherishes suspicion; if by chance  
 A letter go astray, a hireling leave  
 His service, or a paper be mislaid,  
 He sees deception, treachery, and fraud,  
 Working insidiously to sap his peace.

PRINCESS.

Let us, beloved brother, not forget  
 That his own nature none can lay aside.  
 And should a friend, who with us journeyeth,  
 Injure by chance his foot, we would in sooth  
 Rather relax our speed, and lend our hand  
 Gently to aid the sufferer on his way.

ALPHONSO.

Better it were to remedy his pain,  
 With the physician's aid attempt a cure,

Then with our healed and renovated friend  
 A new career of life with joy pursue.  
 And yet, dear friends, I hope that I may ne'er  
 The censure of the cruel leech incur.  
 I do my utmost to impress his mind  
 With feelings of security and trust.  
 Oft purposely, in presence of the crowd,  
 With marks of favour I distinguish him.  
 Should he complain of aught, I sift it well,  
 As lately when his chamber he supposed  
 Had been invaded; then, should nought appear,  
 I calmly show him how I view the affair.  
 And, as we ought to practise every grace  
 With Tasso, seeing he deserves it well,  
 I practise patience: you, I'm sure, will aid.  
 I now have brought you to your rural haunts,  
 And must myself at eve return to town.  
 For a few moments you will see Antonio:  
 He calls here for me on his way from Rome.  
 We have important business to discuss,  
 Resolves to frame, and letters to indite,  
 All which compels me to return to town.

PRINCESS.

Wilt thou permit that we return with thee?

ALPHONSO.

Nay: rather linger here in Belriguardo,  
 Or go together to Consandoli;  
 Enjoy these lovely days as fancy prompts.

PRINCESS.

Thou canst not stay with us? Not here arrange  
 All these affairs as well as in the town?

LEONORA.

So soon, thou takest hence Antonio, too,  
Who hath so much to tell us touching Rome.

ALPHONSO.

It may not be, ye children : but with him  
So soon as possible will I return ;  
Then shall he tell you all ye wish to hear,  
And ye shall help me to reward the man,  
Who, in my cause, hath laboured with such zeal.  
And, when we shall once more have talked our fill,  
Hither the crowd may come, that mirth and joy  
May in our gardens revel, that for me,  
As is but meet, some fair one in the shade  
May, if I seek her, gladly meet me there.

LEONORA.

And we meanwhile will kindly shut our eyes.

ALPHONSO.

Ye know that I can be forbearing too.

PRINCESS (*turned toward the scene*).

I long have noticed Tasso ; hitherward  
Slowly he bends his footsteps ; suddenly,  
As if irresolute, he standeth still ;  
Anon, with greater speed he draweth near,  
Then lingers once again.

ALPHONSO.

Disturb him not,  
Nor, when the poet dreams and versifies,  
Intrude upon his musings : let him roam.



LEONORA.

No: he has seen us, and he comes this way.

SCENE III. — PRINCESS, LEONORA, ALPHONSO, TASSO  
(*with a volume bound in parchment*).

TASSO.

Slowly I come to bring my work to thee,  
And yet I linger ere presenting it.  
Although apparently it seems complete,  
Too well I know, it is unfinished still.  
But, if I cherished once an anxious fear  
Lest I should bring thee an imperfect work,  
A new solicitude constrains me now:  
I would not seem ungrateful, nor appear  
Unduly anxious; and as to his friends,  
A man can say but simply, "Here I am!"  
That they, with kind forbearance, may rejoice,  
So I can only say, "Receive my work!"  
(*He presents the volume.*)

ALPHONSO.

Thou hast surprised me, Tasso, with thy gift,  
And made this lovely day a festival.  
I hold it, then, at length within my hands,  
And in a certain sense can call it mine.  
Long have I wished that thou couldst thus resolve,  
And say at length, "'Tis finished! here it is."

TASSO.

Are you contented? then it is complete,  
For it belongs to you in every sense.  
Were I to contemplate the pains bestowed,  
Or dwell upon the written character,

I might, perchance, exclaim, "This work is mine!"  
 But when I mark what 'tis that to my song  
 Its inner worth and dignity imparts,  
 I humbly feel I owe it all to you.  
 If Nature from her liberal stores on me  
 The genial gift of poesy bestowed,  
 Capricious Fortune, with malignant power,  
 Had thrust me from her; though this beauteous world  
 With all its varied splendour lured the boy,  
 Too early was his youthful eye bedimmed  
 By his loved parents' undeserved distress.  
 Forth from my lips, when I essayed to sing,  
 There ever flowed a melancholy song;  
 And I accompanied, with plaintive tones,  
 My father's sorrow and my mother's grief.  
 'Twas thou alone, who, from this narrow sphere,  
 Raised me to glorious liberty, relieved  
 From each depressing care my youthful mind,  
 And gave me freedom, in whose genial air  
 My spirit could unfold in harmony:  
 Then, whatsoever the merit of the work,  
 Thine be the praise, for it belongs to thee.

ALPHONSO.

A second time thou dost deserve applause,  
 And honourest modestly thyself and us.

TASSO.

Fain would I say how sensibly I feel  
 That what I bring is all derived from thee!  
 The inexperienced youth — could he produce  
 The poem from his own unfurnished mind?  
 Could he invent the conduct of the war,  
 The gallant bearing and the martial skill  
 Which every hero on the field displayed,





The leader's prudence, and his followers' zeal,  
 How vigilance the arts of cunning foiled,  
 Hadst thou not, valiant prince, infused it all,  
 As if my guardian genius thou hadst been,  
 Through a mere mortal deigning to reveal  
 His nature high and inaccessible ?

PRINCESS.

Enjoy the work in which we all rejoice !

ALPHONSO.

Enjoy the approbation of the good !

LEONORA.

Rejoice, too, in thy universal fame !

TASSO.

This single moment is enough for me.  
 Of you alone I thought while I composed :  
 You to delight was still my highest wish,  
 You to enrapture was my final aim.  
 Who doth not in his friends behold the world,  
 Deserves not that of him the world should hear.  
 Here is my fatherland, and here the sphere  
 In which my spirit fondly loves to dwell ;  
 Here I attend and value every hint ;  
 Here speak experience, knowledge, and true taste ;  
 Here stand the present and the future age.  
 With shy reserve the artist shuns the crowd :  
 Its judgment but perplexes. Those alone  
 With minds like yours can understand and feel,  
 And such alone should censure and reward !

ALPHONSO.

If thus the present and the future age  
 We represent, it is not meet that we

Receive the poet's song unrecompensed.  
 The laurel wreath, fit chaplet for the bard,  
 Which e'en the hero, who requires his verse,  
 Sees without envy round his temples twined,  
 Adorns, thou seest, thy predecessor's brow.

*(Pointing to the bust of Virgil.)*

Hath chance, hath some kind genius, twined the wreath,  
 And brought it hither? Not in vain it thus  
 Presents itself: Virgil I hear exclaim,  
 "Wherefore confer this honour on the dead?  
 They in their lifetime had reward and joy:  
 Do ye indeed revere the bards of old?  
 Then, to the living bard accord his due.  
 My marble statue hath been amply crowned,  
 And the green laurel branch belongs to life."

*(Alphonso makes a sign to his sister; she takes  
 the crown from the bust of Virgil, and ap-  
 proaches TASSO; he steps back.)*

LEONORA.

Thou dost refuse? Seest thou what hand the wreath,  
 The fair, the never-fading wreath, presents?

TASSO.

Oh, let me pause! I scarce can comprehend  
 How after such an hour I still can live.

ALPHONSO.

Live in enjoyment of the high reward  
 From which thy inexperience shrinks with fear.

PRINCESS *(raising the crown)*.

Thou dost afford me, Tasso, the rare joy  
 Of giving silent utterance to my thought.

TASSO.

The beauteous burden from thy honoured hands,  
On my weak head, thus kneeling I receive.

*(He kneels down: the PRINCESS places the crown  
upon his head.)*

LEONORA *(applauding)*.

Long live the poet, for the first time crowned!  
How well the crown adorns the modest man!

*(TASSO rises.)*

ALPHONSO.

It is an emblem only of that crown  
Which shall adorn thee on the Capitol.

PRINCESS.

There louder voices will salute thine ear:  
Friendship with lower tones rewards thee here.

TASSO.

Take it, oh, take it quickly, from my brow!  
Pray thee remove it! It doth scorch my locks:  
And like a sunbeam, that with fervid heat  
Falls on my forehead, burneth in my brain  
The power of thought; while fever's fiery glow  
Impels my blood. Forgive! it is too much.

LEONORA.

This garland rather doth protect the head  
Of him who treads the burning realm of fame,  
And with its grateful shelter cools his brow.

TASSO.

I am not worthy to receive its shade,  
Which only round the hero's brow should wave.  
Ye gods, exalt it high among the clouds,  
To float in glory inaccessible,  
That through eternity my life may be  
An endless striving to attain this goal!

ALPHONSO.

He who in youth acquires life's noblest gifts,  
Learns early to esteem their priceless worth;  
He who in youth enjoys, resigneth not  
Without reluctance what he once possessed;  
And he who would possess, must still be armed.

TASSO.

And who would arm himself, within his breast  
A power must feel that ne'er forsaketh him.  
Ah, it forsakes me now! In happiness  
The inborn power subsides, which tutored me  
To meet injustice with becoming pride,  
And steadfastly to face adversity.  
Hath the delight, the rapture, of this hour,  
Dissolved the strength and marrow in my limbs?  
My knees sink feebly! yet a second time  
Thou seest me, princess, here before thee bowed:  
Grant my petition, and remove the crown,  
That, as awakened from a blissful dream,  
A new and fresh existence I may feel.

PRINCESS.

If thou with quiet modesty canst wear  
The glorious talent from the gods received,



Learn also now the laurel wreath to wear,  
The fairest gift that friendship can bestow.  
The brow it once hath worthily adorned,  
It shall encircle through eternity.

TASSO.

Oh, let me, then, ashamed from hence retire !  
Let me in deepest shades my joy conceal,  
As there my sorrow I was wont to shroud.  
There will I range alone : no eye will there  
Remind me of a bliss so undeserved.  
And if perchance I should behold a youth  
In the clear mirror of a crystal spring,  
Who in the imaged heaven, 'midst rocks and trees,  
Absorbed in thought appears, his brow adorned  
With glory's garland, — there, methinks, I see  
Elysium mirrored in the magic flood.  
I pause and calmly ask, Who may this be ?  
What youth of bygone times so fairly crowned ?  
Whence can I learn his name ? his high desert ?  
I linger long, and musing fondly think :  
Oh, might there come another, and yet more,  
To join with him in friendly intercourse !  
Oh, could I see assembled round this spring  
The bards, the heroes, of the olden time !  
Could I behold them still united here  
As they in life were ever firmly bound !  
As with mysterious power the magnet binds  
Iron with iron, so do kindred aims  
Unite the souls of heroes and of bards.  
Himself forgetting, Homer spent his life  
In contemplation of two mighty men ;  
And Alexander in the Elysium fields  
Doth Homer and Achilles haste to seek.  
Oh, would that I were present to behold  
Those mighty spirits in communion met.

LEONORA.

Awake! awake! let us not feel that thou  
The present quite forgettest in the past.

TASSO.

It is the present that inspireth me :  
Absent I seem alone, I am entranced !

PRINCESS.

When thou dost speak with spirits, I rejoice  
The voice is human, and I gladly hear.

*(A page steps to the PRINCE.)*

ALPHONSO.

He is arrived! and in a happy hour :  
Antonio! Bring him hither, — here he comes!

SCENE IV. — PRINCESS, LEONORA, ALPHONSO, TASSO,  
ANTONIO.

ALPHONSO.

Thou'rt doubly welcome! thou who bringest at once  
Thyself and welcome tidings.

PRINCESS.

Welcome here!

ANTONIO.

Scarce dare I venture to express the joy  
Which in your presence quickens me anew.  
In your society I find restored  
What I have missed so long. You seem content  
With what I have accomplished, what achieved ;

So am I recompensed for every care,  
For many days impatiently endured,  
And many others wasted purposely.  
At length our wish is gained, — the strife is o'er.

LEONORA.

I also greet thee, though in sooth displeas'd :  
Thou dost arrive when I must hence depart.

ANTONIO.

As if to mar my perfect happiness,  
One lovely part forthwith thou takest hence.

TASSO.

My greetings too ! I also shall rejoice  
In converse with the much-experienced man.

ANTONIO.

Thou'lt find me true, whenever thou wilt deign  
To glance awhile from thy world into mine.

ALPHONSO.

Though thou by letter hast announced to me  
The progress and the issue of our cause,  
Full many questions I have yet to ask  
Touching the course thou hast pursued therein.  
In that strange region a well-measured step  
Alone conducts us to our destined goal.  
Who doth his sovereign's interest purely seek,  
In Rome a hard position must maintain ;  
For Rome gives nothing, while she grasps at all :  
Let him who thither goes some boon to claim,  
Go well provided, and esteem himself  
Most happy, if e'en then he gaineth aught.

ANTONIO.

'Tis neither my demeanour nor my art  
 By which thy will hath been accomplished, prince.  
 For where the skill which at the Vatican  
 Would not be overmastered? Much conspired  
 Which I could use in furtherance of our cause.  
 Pope Gregory salutes and blesses thee.  
 That aged man, that sovereign most august,  
 Who on his brow the load of empire bears,  
 Recalls the time when he embraced thee last  
 With pleasure. He who can distinguish men  
 Knows and extols thee highly. For thy sake  
 He hath done much.

ALPHONSO.

So far as 'tis sincere,  
 His good opinion cannot but rejoice me.  
 But well thou knowest, from the Vatican  
 The Pope sees empires dwindled at his feet;  
 Princes and men must needs seem small indeed.  
 Confess what was it most assisted thee.

ANTONIO.

Good! if thou will'st: the Pope's exalted mind.  
 To him the small seems small, the great seems great.  
 That he may wield the empire of the world,  
 He to his neighbour yields with kind good will.  
 The strip of land, which he resigns to thee,  
 He knoweth, like thy friendship, well to prize.  
 Italia must be tranquil, friends alone  
 Will he behold around him, peace must reign  
 Upon his borders, that of Christendom  
 The might, which he so potently directs,  
 May smite at once the Heretic and Turk.

PRINCESS.

And is it known what men he most esteems,  
And who approach him confidentially ?

ANTONIO.

The experienced man alone can win his ear,  
The active man his favour and esteem.  
He, who from early youth has served the state,  
Commands it now, ruling those very courts  
Which, in his office of ambassador,  
He had observed and guided years before.  
The world lies spread before his searching gaze,  
Clear as the interests of his own domain.  
In action we must yield him our applause.  
And mark with joy, when time unfolds the plans  
Which his deep forethought fashioned long before.  
There is no fairer prospect in the world  
Than to behold a prince who wisely rules ;  
A realm where every one obeys with pride,  
Where each imagines that he serves himself,  
Because 'tis justice only that commands.

LEONORA.

How ardently I long to view that realm !

ALPHONSO.

Doubtless that thou mayst play thy part therein,  
For Leonora never could remain  
A mere spectator : meet it were, fair friend,  
If now and then we let your gentle hands  
Join in the mighty game — say, is't not so ?

LEONORA (*to* ALPHONSO).

Thou wouldst provoke me, — thou shalt not succeed.

ALPHONSO.

I am already deeply in thy debt.

LEONORA.

Good: then to-day I will remain in thine!  
 Forgive, and do not interrupt me now.

(To ANTONIO.)

Say, hath he for his relatives done much?

ANTONIO.

Nor more nor less than equity allows.  
 The potentate who doth neglect his friends  
 Is even by the people justly blamed.  
 With wise discretion Gregory employs  
 His friends as trusty servants of the state,  
 And thus fulfils at once two kindred claims.

TASSO.

Doth science, do the liberal arts, enjoy  
 His fostering care? and doth he emulate  
 The glorious princes of the olden time?

ANTONIO.

He honours science when it is of use, —  
 Teaching to govern states, to know mankind:  
 He prizes art when it embellishes, —  
 When it exalts and beautifies his Rome,  
 Erecting palaces and temples there,  
 Which rank among the marvels of this earth.  
 Within his sphere of influence he admits  
 Nought inefficient, and alone esteems  
 The active cause and instrument of good.

ALPHONSO.

Thou thinkest, then, that we may soon conclude  
The whole affair? that no impediments  
Will finally be scattered in our way?

ANTONIO.

Unless I greatly err, 'twill but require  
A few brief letters and thy signature,  
To bring this contest to a final close.

ALPHONSO.

This day with justice, then, I may proclaim  
A season of prosperity and joy.  
My frontiers are enlarged and made secure:  
Thou hast accomplished all without the sword,  
And hence deservest well a civic crown.  
Our ladies on some beauteous morn shall twine  
A wreath of oak to bind around thy brow.  
Meanwhile our poet hath enriched us too:  
He, by his conquest of Jerusalem,  
Hath put our modern Christendom to shame.  
With joyous spirit and unwearied zeal,  
A high and distant goal he had attained;  
For his achievement thou beholdest him crowned.

ANTONIO.

Thou solvest an enigma. Two crowned heads  
I saw with wonder on arriving here.

TASSO.

While thou dost gaze upon my happiness,  
With the same glance, oh, couldst thou view my heart,  
And witness there my deep humility!

ANTONIO.

How lavishly Alphonso can reward  
 I long have known : thou only provest now  
 What all enjoy who come within its sphere.

PRINCESS.

When thou shalt see the work he hath achieved,  
 Thou wilt esteem us moderate and just.  
 The first, the silent, witnesses are we  
 Of praises which the world and future years  
 In tenfold measure will accord to him.

ANTONIO.

Through you his fame is certain. Who so bold  
 To entertain a doubt when you commend ?  
 But tell me, who on Ariosto's brow  
 Hath placed this wreath ?

LEONORA.

This hand.

ANTONIO.

It hath donè well.

It more becomes him than a laurel crown.  
 As o'er her fruitful bosom Nature throws  
 Her variegated robe of beauteous green,  
 So he enshrouds in Fable's flowery garb  
 Whatever can conspire to render man  
 Worthy of love and honour. Power and taste,  
 Experience, understanding, and content,  
 And a pure feeling for the good and true,  
 Pervade the spirit of his every song,  
 And there appear in person, to repose  
 'Neath blossoming trees, besprinkled by the snow  
 Of lightly falling flowers, their heads entwined



With rosy garlands ; while the sportive Loves  
 With frolic humour weave their magic spells.  
 A copious fountain, gurgling near, displays  
 Strange variegated fish ; and all the air  
 Is vocal with the song of wondrous birds ;  
 Strange cattle pasture in the bowers and glades ;  
 Half hid in verdure, Folly slyly lurks ;  
 At times, resounding from a golden cloud,  
 The voice of Wisdom utters lofty truth ;  
 While Madness, from a wild, harmonious lute,  
 Scatters forth bursts of fitful harmony,  
 Yet all the while the justest measure holds.  
 He who aspires to emulate this man,  
 E'en for his boldness well deserves a crown.  
 Forgive me if I feel myself inspired,  
 Like one entranced forget both time and place,  
 And fail to weigh my words ; for all these crowns,  
 These poets, and the festival attire  
 Of these fair ladies, have transported me  
 Out of myself into a foreign land.

## PRINCESS.

Who thus can prize one species of desert,  
 Will not misjudge another. Thou to us,  
 Some future day, shalt show in Tasso's song  
 What we can feel, and thou canst comprehend.

## ALPHONSO.

Come, now, Antonio ! many things remain  
 Whereof I am desirous to inquire.  
 Then, till the setting of the sun, thou shalt  
 Attend the ladies. Follow me, — farewell !

(ANTONIO follows the prince. TASSO the ladies.)

## ACT II.

SCENE I. — *A Room.* PRINCESS, TASSO.

TASSO.

I WITH uncertain footsteps follow thee,  
 O princess: there arise within my soul  
 Thoughts without rule and measure. Solitude  
 Appears to beckon me: complaisantly  
 She whispers, "Hither come, I will allay,  
 Within thy breast, the newly wakened doubt."  
 Yet catch I but a glimpse of thee, or takes  
 My listening ear one utterance from thy lip,  
 At once a new-born day around me shines,  
 And all the fetters vanish from my soul.  
 To thee I freely will confess, the man  
 Who unexpectedly appeared among us  
 Hath rudely waked me from a beauteous dream:  
 So strangely have his nature and his words  
 Affected me, that more than ever now  
 A want of inward harmony I feel,  
 And a distracting conflict with myself.

PRINCESS.

Tis not to be expected that a friend,  
 Who long hath sojourned in a foreign land,  
 Should, in the moment of his first return,  
 The tone of former times at once resume:  
 He in his inner mind is still unchanged;  
 And a few days of intercourse will tune  
 The jarring strings, until they blend once more  
 In perfect harmony. When he shall know  
 The greatness of the work thou hast achieved,  
 Believe me, he will place thee by the bard,  
 Whom as a giant now he sets before thee.

## TASSO.

My princess, Ariosto's praise from him  
Has more delighted than offended me.  
Consoling 'tis, to know the man renowned,  
Whom as our model we have placed before us:  
An inward voice then whispers to the heart,  
"Canst thou obtain a portion of his worth,  
A portion of his fame is also thine."  
No: that which hath most deeply moved my heart,  
Which even now completely fills my soul,  
Was the majestic picture of that world,  
Which, with its living, restless, mighty forms,  
Around one great and prudent man revolves,  
And runs with measured steps the destined course  
Prescribed beforehand by the demigod.  
I listened eagerly, and heard with joy  
The wise discourse of the experienced man;  
But, ah! the more I heard, the more I felt  
Mine own unworthiness, and feared that I,  
Like empty sound, might dissipate in air,  
Or vanish like an echo or a dream.

## PRINCESS.

And yet erewhile thou didst so truly feel  
How bard and hero for each other live,  
How bard and hero to each other tend,  
And toward each other know no envious thought.  
Noble in truth are deeds deserving fame;  
But it is also noble to transmit  
The lofty grandeur of heroic deeds,  
Through worthy song, to our posterity.  
Be satisfied to contemplate in peace,  
From a small, sheltering state, as from the shore,  
The wild and stormy current of the world.

## TASSO.

Was it not here, amazed, I first beheld  
 The high reward on valiant deeds bestowed?  
 An inexperienced youth I here arrived,  
 When festival on festival conspired  
 To render this the centre of renown.  
 Oh, what a scene Ferrara then displayed!  
 The wide arena, where in all its pomp  
 Accomplished valour should its skill display,  
 Was bounded by a circle, whose high worth  
 The sun might seek to parallel in vain.  
 The fairest women sat assembled there,  
 And men the most distinguished of the age.  
 Amazed the eye ran o'er the noble throng:  
 Proudly I cried, "And 'tis our fatherland,  
 That small, sea-girded land, hath sent them here.  
 They constitute the noblest court that e'er  
 On honour, worth, or virtue, judgment passed.  
 Survey them singly, thou wilt not find one  
 Of whom his neighbour needs to feel ashamed!" —  
 And then the lists were opened, chargers pranced,  
 Esquires pressed forward, helmets brightly gleamed,  
 The trumpet sounded, shivering lances split,  
 The din of clanging helm and shield was heard,  
 And for a moment eddying dust concealed  
 The victor's honour and the vanquished's shame.  
 Oh, let me draw a curtain o'er the scene,  
 The all too brilliant spectacle conceal,  
 That in this tranquil hour I may not feel  
 Too painfully mine own unworthiness!

## PRINCESS.

If that bright circle and those noble deeds  
 Aroused thee then to enterprise and toil,  
 I could the while, young friend, have tutored thee  
 In the still lesson of calm sufferance.

The brilliant festival thou dost extol,  
Which then and since a hundred voices praised  
I did not witness. In a lonely spot,  
So tranquil, that, unbroken on the ear,  
Joy's lightest echo faintly died away,  
A prey to pain and melancholy thoughts,  
I was compelled to pass the tedious hours.  
Before me hovered, on extended wing,  
Death's awful form, concealing from my view  
The prospect of this ever-changing world.  
Slowly it disappeared: and I beheld,  
As through a veil, the varied hues of life,  
Pleasing but indistinct; while living forms  
Began once more to flicker through the gloom.  
Still feeble, and supported by my women,  
For the first time my silent room I left,  
When hither, full of happiness and life,  
Thee leading by the hand, Lucretia came.  
A stranger then, thou, Tasso, wast the first  
To welcome me on my return to life.  
Much then I hoped for both of us; and hope  
Hath not, methinks, deceived us hitherto.

## TASSO.

Stunned by the tumult, dazzled by the glare,  
Impetuous passions stirring in my breast,  
I by thy sister's side pursued my way  
In silence through the stately corridors,  
Then in the chamber entered, where ere long  
Thou didst appear supported by thy women.  
Oh, what a moment! Princess, pardon me!  
As in the presence of a deity  
The victim of enchantment feels with joy  
His frenzied spirit from delusion freed;  
So was my soul from every fantasy,  
From every passion, every false desire

Restored at once by one calm glance of thine,  
 And if, before, my inexperienced mind  
 Had lost itself in infinite desires,  
 I then, with shame, first turned my gaze within,  
 And recognised the truly valuable.  
 Thus on the wide seashore we seek in vain  
 The pearl, reposing in its silent shell.

## PRINCESS.

'Twas the commencement of a happy time.  
 And had Urbino's duke not led away  
 My sister from us, many years had passed  
 For us in calm, unclouded happiness.  
 But now, alas! we miss her all too much,  
 Miss her free spirit, buoyancy, and life,  
 And the rich wit of the accomplished woman.

## TASSO.

Too well I know, since she departed hence,  
 None hath been able to supply to thee  
 The pure enjoyment which her presence gave.  
 Alas, how often hath it grieved my soul!  
 How often have I, in the silent grove,  
 Poured forth my lamentation! How! I cried,  
 Is it her sister's right and joy alone  
 To be a treasure to the dear one's heart?  
 Does, then, no other soul respond to hers,  
 No other heart her confidence deserve?  
 Are soul and wit extinguished? and should one,  
 How great soe'er her worth, engross her love?  
 Forgive me, princess! Often I have wished  
 I could be something to thee, — little, perhaps,  
 But something: not with words alone, with deeds  
 I wished to be so, and in life to prove  
 How I had worshipped thee in solitude.

But I could ne'er succeed, and but too oft  
 In error wounded thee, offending one  
 By thee protected, or perplexing more  
 What thou didst wish to solve, and thus, alas!  
 E'en in the moment when I fondly strove  
 To draw more near thee, felt more distant still.

PRINCESS.

Thy wish I never have misconstrued, Tasso,  
 How thou dost prejudice thyself I know:  
 Unlike my sister, who possessed the art  
 Of living happily with every one,  
 After so many years, thou art in sooth  
 Thyself well-nigh unfriended.

TASSO.

Censure me!  
 But after say, where shall I find the man,  
 The woman where, to whom as unto thee  
 I freely can unbosom every thought?

PRINCESS.

Thou shouldest in my brother more confide.

TASSO.

He is my prince!— Yet do not hence suppose  
 That freedom's lawless impulse swells my breast.  
 Man is not born for freedom; and to serve  
 A prince deserving honour and esteem  
 Is a pure pleasure to a noble mind.  
 He is my sovereign, — of that great word  
 I deeply feel the full significance.  
 I must be silent when he speaks, and learn  
 To do what he commandeth, though perchance  
 My heart and understanding both rebel.

PRINCESS.

That with my brother never can befall.  
 And in Antonio, who is now returned,  
 Thou wilt possess another prudent friend.

TASSO.

I hoped it once, now almost I despair.  
 His converse how instructive, and his words  
 How useful in a thousand instances!  
 For he possesses, I may truly say,  
 All that in me is wanting. But, alas!  
 When round his cradle all the gods assembled  
 To bring their gifts, the Graces were not there;  
 And he who lacks what these fair Powers impart,  
 May much possess, may much communicate  
 But on his bosom we can ne'er repose.

PRINCESS.

But we can trust in him, and that is much.  
 Thou shouldst not, Tasso, in one man expect  
 All qualities combined: Antonio  
 What he hath promised surely will perform.  
 If he have once declared himself thy friend,  
 He'll care for thee, where thou dost fail thyself.  
 Ye must be friends! I cherish the fond hope  
 Ere long this gracious work to consummate.  
 Only oppose me not, as is thy wont.  
 Then, Leonora long hath sojourned here,  
 Who is at once refined and elegant:  
 Her easy manners banish all restraint,  
 Yet thou hast ne'er approached her as she wished.

TASSO.

To thee I hearkened, or, believe me, princess,  
 I should have rather shunned her than approached.



Though she appear so kind, I know not why,  
I can but rarely feel at ease with her :  
E'en when her purpose is to aid her friends,  
They feel the purpose, and are thence constrained.

## PRINCESS.

Upon this pathway, Tasso, nevermore  
Will glad companionship be ours ! This track  
Leadeth us on through solitary groves  
And silent vales to wander ; more and more  
The spirit is untuned ; and fondly strives  
The golden age, that from the outer world  
For aye hath vanished, to restore within,  
How vain soever the attempt may prove.

## TASSO.

Oh, what a word, my princess, hast thou spoken !  
The golden age, ah ! whither is it flown,  
For which in secret every heart repines ?  
When o'er the yet unsubjugged earth,  
Men roamed, like herds, in joyous liberty ;  
When on the flowery lawn an ancient tree  
Lent to the shepherd and the shepherdess  
Its grateful shadow, and the leafy grove  
Its tender branches lovingly entwined  
Around confiding love ; when still and clear,  
O'er sands for ever pure, the pearly stream  
The nymph's fair form encircled ; when the snake  
Glided innoxious through the verdant grass,  
And the bold youth pursued the daring faun ;  
When every bird winging the limpid air,  
And every living thing o'er hill and dale,  
Proclaimed to man, — What pleases is allowed.

## PRINCESS.

My friend, the golden age hath passed away ;  
 Only the good have power to bring it back :  
 Shall I confess to thee my secret thought ?  
 The golden age, wherewith the bard is wont  
 Our spirits to beguile, that lovely prime,  
 Existed in the past no more than now ;  
 And, did it e'er exist, believe me, Tasso,  
 As then it was, it now may be restored.  
 Still meet congenial spirits, and enhance  
 Each other's pleasures in this beauteous world ;  
 But in the motto change one single word,  
 And say, my friend, — What's fitting is allowed.

## TASSO.

Would that of good and noble men were formed  
 A great tribunal, to decide for all  
 What is befitting ! then no more would each  
 Esteem that right which benefits himself.  
 The man of power acts ever as he lists,  
 And whatsoe'er he doth is fitting deemed.

## PRINCESS.

Wouldst thou define exactly what is fitting,  
 Thou shouldst apply, methinks, to noble women ;  
 For them it most behooveth that in life  
 Nought should be done unseemly or unfit :  
 Propriety encircles with a wall  
 The tender, weak, and vulnerable sex.  
 Where moral order reigneth, women reign ;  
 They only are despised where rudeness triumphs,  
 And wouldst thou touching either sex inquire,  
 'Tis order woman seeketh ; freedom, man.

TASSO.

Thou thinkest us unfeeling, wild, and rude ?

PRINCESS.

Not so ! but ye with violence pursue  
A multitude of objects far remote.  
Ye venture for eternity to act ;  
While we, with views more narrow, on this earth  
Seek only one possession, well content  
If that with constancy remain our own.  
For we, alas ! are of no heart secure,  
Whate'er the ardour of its first devotion.  
Beauty is transient, which alone ye seem  
To hold in honour ; what beside remains  
No longer charms, — what doth not charm is dead.  
If among men there were who knew to prize  
The heart of woman, who could recognise  
What treasure of fidelity and love  
Are garnered safely in a woman's breast ;  
If the remembrance of bright single hours  
Could vividly abide within your souls ;  
If your so searching glance could pierce the veil  
Which age and wasting sickness o'er us fling ;  
If the possession which should satisfy  
Wakened no restless cravings in your hearts, —  
Then were our happy days indeed arrived,  
We then should celebrate our golden age.

TASSO.

Thy words, my princess, in my breast awake  
An old anxiety half lulled to sleep.

PRINCESS.

What meanest thou, Tasso ? Freely speak with me.

TASSO.

I oft before have heard, and recently  
 Again it hath been rumoured, — had I not  
 Been told, I might have known it, — princes strive  
 To win thy hand. What we must needs expect  
 We view with dread, — nay, almost with despair.  
 Thou wilt forsake us, — it is natural ;  
 Yet how we shall endure it, know I not.

PRINCESS.

Be for the present moment unconcerned, —  
 Almost, I might say, unconcerned for ever.  
 I am contented still to tarry here,  
 Nor know I any tie to lure me hence.  
 And if thou wouldst indeed detain me, Tasso,  
 Live peaceably with all ; so shalt thou lead  
 A happy life thyself, and I through thee.

TASSO.

Teach me to do whate'er is possible !  
 My life itself is consecrate to thee.  
 When to extol thee and to give thee thanks  
 My heart unfolded, I experienced first  
 The purest happiness that man can feel ;  
 My soul's ideal I first found in thee.  
 As destiny supreme is raised above  
 The will and counsel of the wisest men,  
 So tower the gods of earth o'er common mortals.  
 The rolling surge which we behold with dread,  
 Doth all unheeded murmur at their feet  
 Like gentle billows : they hear not the storm  
 Which blusters round us, scarcely heed our prayers,  
 And treat us as we helpless children treat,  
 Letting us fill the air with sighs and plaints.  
 Thou hast, divine one ! often borne with me,

And, like the radiant sun, thy pitying glance  
Hath from mine eyelid dried the dew of sorrow.

## PRINCESS.

'Tis only just that women cordially  
Should meet the poet, whose heroic song  
In strains so varied glorifies the sex.  
Tender or valiant, thou hast ever known  
To represent them amiable and noble ;  
And, if Armida is deserving hate,  
Her love and beauty reconcile us to her.

## TASSO.

Whatever in my song doth reach the heart  
And find an echo there, I owe to one,  
And one alone! No image undefined  
Hovered before my soul, approaching now  
In radiant glory, to retire again.  
I have myself, with mine own eyes, beheld  
The type of every virtue, every grace ;  
What I have copied thence will aye endure :  
The heroic love of Tancred to Clorinda,  
Erminia's silent and unnoticed truth,  
Sophronia's greatness and Olinda's woe ;  
These are not shadows by illusion bred ;  
I know they are eternal, for they are.  
And what is more deserving to survive,  
And silently to work for centuries,  
Than the confession of a noble love  
Confided modestly to gentle song ?

## PRINCESS.

And shall I name to thee another charm  
Which, all unconsciously, this song may claim ?

It doth allure us still to listen to it :  
 We listen, and we think we understand ;  
 We understand, and yet we censure not ;  
 So, with thy song, thou winnest us at last.

TASSO.

Oh, what a heaven thou dost open to me,  
 My princess ! if this radiance blinds me not,  
 I see unhopèd-for and eternal bliss  
 Descending gloriously on golden beams.

PRINCESS.

No further, Tasso ! many things there are  
 That we may hope to win with violence ;  
 While others only can become our own  
 Through moderation and wise self-restraint.  
 Such, it is said, is virtue, such is love,  
 Which is allied to her. Think well of this !

## SCENE II.

TASSO.

And art thou, then, allowed to raise thine eyes ?  
 Around thee darest thou gaze ? Thou art alone !  
 O'erheard these pillars what the princess spake ?  
 And hast thou witnesses, dumb witnesses  
 Of thine exalted happiness to fear ?  
 The sun arises of a new life-day,  
 Whose splendour dims the light of former days.  
 The goddess, downward stooping, swiftly bears  
 Aloft the mortal. What a wide expanse  
 Is to mine eye discovered, what a realm !  
 How richly recompensed my burning wish !  
 In dreams the highest happiness seemed near :  
 This happiness surpasses all my dreams.

The man born blind conceiveth as he may  
Of light and colour: when upon his eye  
The daylight pours, he hails a new-born sense.  
Full of vague hope and courage, drunk with joy,  
Reeling I tread this path. Thou givest me much:  
Thou givest lavishly, as earth and heaven,  
With bounteous hand, dispense their costly gifts,  
Demanding in return what such a boon  
Alone empowers thee to demand from me.  
I must be moderate, I must forbear,  
And thus deserve thy cherished confidence.  
What have I ever done that she should choose me?  
What can I do to merit her regard?  
Her very confidence doth prove thy worth.  
Yes, princess, to thine every word and look  
Be my whole soul for ever consecrate!  
Ask what thou wilt, for I am wholly thine!  
To distant regions let her send me forth  
In quest of toil and danger and renown;  
Or in the grove, present the golden lyre,  
Devoting me to quiet and her praise.  
Hers am I: me possessing, she shall mould!  
For her my heart hath garnered every treasure.  
Oh, hath some heavenly power bestowed on me  
An organ thousand-fold, I scarcely then  
Could utter forth my speechless reverence.  
The painter's pencil, and the poet's lip,  
The sweetest that e'er sipped the vernal honey,  
I covet now. No! Tasso shall henceforth  
Wander no more forlorn, 'mong trees, 'mong men,  
Lonely and weak, oppressed with gloomy care!  
He is no more alone, he is with thee.  
Oh, would that visibly the noblest deed  
Were present here before me, circled round  
With grisly danger! Onward I would rush,  
And with a joyous spirit risk the life  
Now from her hand received — the choicest men

As comrades I would hail, a noble band,  
 To execute her will and high behest,  
 And consummate what seemed impossible.  
 Rash mortal! wherefore did thy lip not hide  
 What thou didst feel, till thou couldst lay thyself  
 Worthy, and ever worthier, at her feet?  
 Such was thy purpose, such thy prudent wish!  
 Yet be it so! 'Tis sweeter to receive,  
 Free and unmerited, so fair a boon,  
 Than, with self-flattery, dream one might perchance  
 Successfully have claimed it. Gaze with joy!  
 So vast, so boundless, all before thee lies!  
 And youth, with hope inspired, allures thee on  
 Towards the future's unknown, sunny realms!  
 My bosom, heave! propitious seasons smile  
 Once more with genial influence on this plant!  
 It springeth heavenward, and shooteth out  
 A thousand branches that unfold in bloom.  
 Oh, may it bring forth fruit, — ambrosial fruit!  
 And may a hand beloved the golden spoil  
 Cull from its verdant and luxuriant boughs!

SCENE III. — TASSO, ANTONIO.

TASSO.

Gladly I welcome thee: it seems indeed  
 As though I saw thee for the first time now!  
 Ne'er was arrival more auspicious. Welcome!  
 I know thee now, and all thy varied worth.  
 Promptly I offer thee my heart and hand,  
 And trust that thou wilt not despise my love.

ANTONIO.

Freely thou offerest a precious gift:  
 Its worth I duly estimate, and hence



Would pause awhile before accepting it.  
I know not yet if I can render thee  
A full equivalent. Not willingly  
Would I o'erhasty or unthankful seem:  
Let, then, my sober caution serve for both.

TASSO.

What man would censure caution? Every step  
Of life doth prove that 'tis most requisite;  
Yet nobler is it, when the soul reveals,  
Where we, with prudent foresight, may dispense.

ANTONIO.

The heart of each be here his oracle,  
Since each his error must himself atone.

TASSO.

So let it be! My duty I've performed:  
It is the princess' wish we should be friends;  
Her words I honoured and thy friendship sought.  
I wished not to hold back, Antonio;  
But I will never be importunate.  
Time and more near acquaintance may induce thee  
To give a warmer welcome to the gift  
Which now thou dost reject, almost with scorn.

ANTONIO.

Oft is the moderate man named cold by those  
Who think themselves more warm than other men,  
Because a transient glow comes over them.

TASSO.

Thou blamest what I blame, — what I avoid.  
Young as I am, I ever must prefer  
Unshaken constancy to vehemence.

ANTONIO.

Most wisely said! Keep ever in this mind.

TASSO.

Thou'rt authorised to counsel and to warn ;  
 For like a faithful, time-approvèd friend,  
 Experience holds her station at thy side.  
 But trust me, sir, the meditative heart  
 Attends the warning of each day and hour,  
 And practises in secret every virtue,  
 Which in thy rigour thou wouldst teach anew.

ANTONIO.

'Twere well to be thus occupied with self,  
 If it were only profitable too.  
 His inmost nature no man learns to know  
 By introspection : still he rates himself,  
 Sometimes too low, but oft, alas ! too high.  
 Self-knowledge comes from knowing other men :  
 'Tis life reveals to each his genuine worth.

TASSO.

I listen with applause and reverence.

ANTONIO.

Yet to my words I know thou dost attach  
 A meaning wholly foreign to my thought.

TASSO.

Proceeding thus, we ne'er shall draw more near.  
 It is not prudent, 'tis not well, to meet  
 With purposed misconception any man,  
 Let him be who he may ! The princess' word

I scarcely needed ; — I have read thy soul :  
 Good thou dost purpose and accomplish too.  
 Thine own immediate fate concerns thee not.  
 Thou thinkest of others, others thou dost aid ;  
 And on life's sea, vexed by each passing gale,  
 Thou holdest a heart unmoved. I view thee thus ;  
 What, then, were I, did I not draw toward thee ?  
 Did I not even keenly seek a share  
 Of the locked treasure which thy bosom guards ?  
 Open thine heart to me, thou'lt not repent ;  
 Know me, and I sure am thou'lt be my friend ;  
 Of such a friend I long have felt the need.  
 My inexperience, my ungoverned youth,  
 Cause me no shame ; for still around my brow  
 The future's golden clouds in brightness rest.  
 Oh, to thy bosom take me, noble man !  
 Into the wise, the temperate use of life  
 Initiate my rash, my unfledged youth.

ANTONIO.

Thou in a single moment wouldst demand  
 What time and circumspection only yield.

TASSO.

In one brief moment love has power to give  
 What anxious toil wins not in lengthened years.  
 I do not ask it from thee, I demand.  
 I summon thee in Virtue's sacred name,  
 For she is zealous to unite the good ;  
 And shall I name to thee another name ?  
 The princess, she doth wish it, — Leonora.  
 Me she would lead to thee, and thee to me.  
 Oh, let us meet her wish with kindred hearts !  
 United let us to the goddess haste,  
 To offer her our service, our whole souls,

Leagued to achieve for her the noblest aims.  
 Yet once again!— Here is my hand! Give thine!  
 I do entreat, hold thyself back no longer,  
 O noble man, and grudge me not the joy,  
 The good man's fairest joy, without reserve,  
 Freely to yield himself to nobler men!

ANTONIO.

Thou goest with full sail! It would appear  
 Thou'rt wont to conquer, everywhere to find  
 The pathways spacious and the portals wide.  
 I grudge thee not or merit or success,—  
 Only I see indeed, too plainly see,  
 We from each other stand too far apart.

TASSO.

It may be so in years and time-tried worth;—  
 In courage and good will I yield to none.

ANTONIO.

Good will doth oft prove deedless: courage still  
 Pictures the goal less distant than it is.  
 His brow alone is crowned who reaches it,  
 And oft a worthier must forego the crown.  
 Yet wreaths there are of very different fashion,—  
 Light, worthless wreaths, which, idly strolling on,  
 The loiterer oft without the toil obtains.

TASSO.

What a divinity to one accords,  
 And from another sternly doth withhold,  
 Is not obtained by each man as he lists.

ANTONIO.

To Fortune before other gods ascribe it :  
I'll hear thee gladly, for her choice is blind.

TASSO.

Impartial Justice also wears a band,  
And to each bright illusion shuts her eyes.

ANTONIO.

Fortune 'tis for the fortunate to praise !  
Let him ascribe to her a hundred eyes  
To scan desert, — stern judgment, and wise choice.  
Call her Minerva, call her what he will,  
He holds as just reward her golden gifts,  
Chance ornament as symbol of desert.

TASSO.

Thou needest not speak more plainly. 'Tis enough !  
Deeply I see into thine inmost heart,  
And know thee now for life. Oh, would that so  
My princess knew thee also ! Lavish not  
The arrows of thine eyes and of thy tongue !  
In vain thou aimest at the fadeless wreath  
Entwined around my brow. First be so great  
As not to envy me the laurel wreath,  
And then perchance thou mayst dispute the prize.  
I deem it sacred, yea, the highest good ;  
Yet only show me him, who hath attained  
That after which I strive ; show me the hero,  
Of whom on history's ample page I read ;  
The poet place before me, who himself  
With Homer or with Virgil may compare ;  
Ay, what is more, let me behold the man  
Who hath deserved threefold this recompense,

And yet can wear the laurel round his brow,  
 With modesty thrice greater than my own, —  
 Then at the feet of the divinity  
 Who thus endowed me, thou shouldst see me kneel,  
 Nor would I stand erect, till from my brow  
 She had to his the ornament transferred.

ANTONIO.

Till then thou'rt doubtless worthy of the crown.

TASSO.

Let me be justly weighed ; I shun it not :  
 But your contempt I never have deserved.  
 The wreath considered by my prince my due,  
 Which for my brow my princess' hand entwined,  
 None shall dispute with me, and none asperse !

ANTONIO.

This haughty tone, methinks, becomes thee not,  
 Nor this rash glow, unseemly in this place.

TASSO.

The tone thou takest here, becomes me too.  
 Say, from these precincts is the truth exiled ?  
 Within the palace is free thought imprisoned ?  
 Here must the noble spirit be oppressed ?  
 This is nobility's appropriate seat, —  
 The soul's nobility ! and may she not,  
 In presence of earth's mighty ones, rejoice ?  
 She may and shall. Nobles draw near the prince  
 In virtue of the rank their sires bequeathed :  
 Why should not genius, then, which partial Nature  
 Grants, like a glorious ancestry, to few ?

Here littleness alone should feel confused,  
And envy shun to manifest its shame ;  
As no insidious spider should attach  
Its noisome fabric to these marble walls.

ANTONIO.

Thyself dost show that my contempt is just !  
The impetuous youth, forsooth, would seize by force  
The confidence and friendship of the man !  
Rude as thou art, doth think thyself of worth ?

TASSO.

I'd rather be what thou esteemest rude,  
Than what I must myself esteem ignoble.

ANTONIO.

Thou art still so young that wholesome chastisement  
May tutor thee to hold a better course.

TASSO.

Not young enough to bow to idols down,  
Yet old enough to conquer scorn with scorn.

ANTONIO.

From contests of the lip and of the lyre,  
A conquering hero, thou mayst issue forth.

TASSO.

It were presumptuous to extol my arm ;  
As yet 'tis deedless ; still I'll trust to it.

ANTONIO.

Thou trustest to forbearance, which too long  
Hath spoiled thee in thine insolent career.

TASSO.

That I am grown to manhood, now I feel:  
It would have been the farthest from my wish  
To try with thee the doubtful game of arms;  
But thou dost stir the inward fire; my blood,  
My inmost marrow, boils; the fierce desire  
Of vengeance seethes and foams within my breast.  
Art thou the man thou boastest thyself, — then stand.

ANTONIO.

Thou knowest as little who, as where, thou art.

TASSO.

No fane so sacred as to shield contempt.  
Thou dost blaspheme, thou dost profane, this spot,  
Not I, who fairest offerings — confidence,  
Respect, and love — for thine acceptance brought.  
Thy spirit desecrates this paradise,  
And thy injurious words this sacred hall, —  
Not the indignant heaving of my breast,  
Which boils to wipe away the slightest stain.

ANTONIO.

What a high spirit in a narrow breast!

TASSO.

Here there is space to vent the bosom's rage.

ANTONIO.

The rabble also vent their rage in words.



TASSO.

Art thou of noble blood as I am, draw.

ANTONIO.

I am, but I remember where I stand.

TASSO.

Come, then, below, where weapons may avail.

ANTONIO.

Thou shouldst not challenge, therefore I'll not follow.

TASSO.

To cowards welcome such impediments.

ANTONIO.

The coward only threatens where he's secure.

TASSO.

With joy would I relinquish this defence.

ANTONIO.

Degrade thyself: degrade the place thou canst not.

TASSO.

The place forgive me that I suffered it!

*(He draws his sword.)*

Or draw or follow, if, as now I hate,  
I'm not to scorn thee to eternity!

## SCENE IV. — TASSO, ANTONIO, ALPHONSO.

ALPHONSO.

In what unlooked-for strife I find you both ?

ANTONIO.

Calm and unmoved, O prince, thou findest me here,  
Before a man whom passion's rage hath seized !

TASSO.

As a divinity I worship thee  
That thus thou tamest me with one warning look.

ALPHONSO.

Relate, Antonio, Tasso, tell me straight ; —  
Say, why doth discord thus invade my house ?  
How hath it seized you both, and hurried you  
Confused and reeling from the beaten track  
Of decency and law ! I stand amazed.

TASSO.

I feel it, thou dost know nor him, nor me.  
This man, reputed temperate and wise,  
Hath toward me, like a rude, ill-mannered churl,  
Behaved himself with spiteful insolence.  
I sought him trustfully, he thrust me back :  
With constancy I pressed myself on him ;  
And still, with growing bitterness imbued,  
He rested not till he had turned to gall  
My blood's pure current. Pardon ! Thou, my prince,  
Hast found me here, possessed with furious rage.  
If guilty, to this man the guilt is due :  
With violence he fanned the fiery glow  
Which, seizing me, hath injured both of us.

ANTONIO.

Poetic frenzy hurried him away !  
 Thou hast, O prince ! addressed thyself to me,  
 Hast questioned me : be it to me allowed  
 After this rapid orator to speak.

TASSO.

Oh, yes ! repeat again each several word ;  
 And if before this judge thou canst recall  
 Each syllable, each look, — then dare to do so !  
 Disgrace thyself a second time, and bear  
 Witness against thyself ! I'll not disown  
 A single pulse-throb, nor a single breath.

ANTONIO.

If thou hast somewhat more to say, proceed ;  
 If not, forbear, and interrupt me not.  
 Whether at first this fiery youth or I  
 Began this quarrel, whether he or I  
 Must bear the blame, is a wide question, prince,  
 Which stands apart, and need not be discussed.

TASSO.

How so ? The primal question seems to me,  
 Which of the two is right, and which is wrong.

ANTONIO.

Not so precisely, as the ungoverned mind  
 Might first suppose.

ALPHONSO.

Antonio !

ANTONIO.

Gracious prince!

Thy hint I honour, but let him forbear ;  
 When I have spoken, he may then proceed :  
 Thy voice must then decide. I've but to say,  
 I can no longer with this man contend ;  
 Can nor accuse him, nor defend myself,  
 Nor give the satisfaction he desires ;  
 For, as he stands, he is no longer free.  
 There hangeth over him a heavy law,  
 Which, at the most, thy favour may relax.  
 Here hath he dared to threat, to challenge me,  
 Scarce in thy presence sheathed his naked sword ;  
 And if between us, prince, thou hadst not stepped,  
 Obnoxious to reproof, I now had stood,  
 Before thy sight, the partner of his fault.

ALPHONSO (*to* TASSO).

Thou hast not acted well.

TASSO.

Mine own heart, prince,  
 And surely thine, doth speak me wholly free.  
 Yes, true it is, I threatened, challenged, drew ;  
 But how maliciously his guileful tongue,  
 With words well-chosen, pierced me to the quick !  
 How sharp and rapidly his biting tooth  
 The subtle venom in my blood infused !  
 How more and more the fever he inflamed —  
 Thou thinkest not ! cold and unmoved himself,  
 He to the highest pitch excited me.  
 Thou knowest him not, and thou wilt never know him !  
 Warmly I tendered him the fairest friendship ;  
 Down at my feet he flung the proffered gift :

And had my spirit not with anger glowed,  
 Of thy fair service and thy princely grace  
 I were for aye unworthy. If the law  
 I have forgotten, and this place, forgive!  
 The spot exists not where I dare be base,  
 Nor yet where I debasement dare endure.  
 But if this heart in any place be false,  
 Or to itself, or thee, — condemn, reject, —  
 And let me ne'er again behold thy face.

—ANTONIO.

How easily the youth bears heavy loads,  
 And shaketh misdemeanours off like dust!  
 It were indeed a marvel, knew I not  
 Of magic poesy the wondrous power,  
 Which loveth still with the impossible  
 In frolic mood to sport. I almost doubt  
 Whether to thee, and to thy ministers,  
 This deed will seem so insignificant.  
 For Majesty extends its shield o'er all  
 Who draw near its inviolate abode,  
 And bow before it as a deity:  
 As at the altar's consecrated foot,  
 So on its sacred threshold rage subsides;  
 No sword there gleams, no threatening word resounds,  
 E'en injured innocence seeks no revenge.  
 The common earth affordeth ample scope  
 For bitter hate, and rage implacable.  
 There will no coward threat, no true man flee:  
 Thy ancestors, on sure foundations, based  
 These walls, fit shelter for their dignity,  
 And, with wise forecast, hedged the palace round  
 With fearful penalties. Of all transgressors,  
 Exile, confinement, death, the certain doom.  
 Respect of persons was not, nor did mercy  
 The arm of justice venture to restrain.

The boldest culprit felt himself o'erawed.  
 And now, after a lengthened reign of peace,  
 We must behold unlicensed rage invade  
 The realm of sacred order. Judge, O prince,  
 And punish ! for unguarded by the law,  
 Unshielded by his sovereign, who will dare  
 To keep the narrow path that duty bounds ?

ALPHONSO.

More than your words, or aught that ye could say,  
 My own impartial feelings let me heed.  
 If that your duty ye had both fulfilled,  
 I should not have this judgment to pronounce ;  
 For here the right and wrong are near allied.  
 If that Antonio hath offended thee,  
 Due satisfaction he must doubtless give,  
 In such a sort as thou shalt choose to ask.  
 I gladly would be chosen arbiter.

(To TASSO.)

Meanwhile thy misdemeanour subjects thee  
 To brief confinement, Tasso. I forgive thee,  
 And therefore, for thy sake, relax the law.  
 Now leave us, and within thy chamber bide,  
 Thyself thy sole companion, thy sole guard.

TASSO.

Is this, then, thy judicial sentence, prince ?

ANTONIO.

Discernest thou not a father's lenity ?

TASSO (to ANTONIO).

With thee, henceforth, I have no more to say.  
 Thine earnest word, O prince, delivers me,

(To ALPHONSO).

A freeman to captivity! So be it!  
 Thou deemest it right. Thy sacred word I hear,  
 And counsel silence to mine inmost heart.  
 It seems so strange, so strange, — myself and thee,  
 This sacred spot I scarce can recognise.  
 Yet him I know full well. Oh! there is much  
 I might and ought to say, yet I submit.  
 My lips are mute. Was it indeed a crime?  
 At least, they treat me as a criminal.  
 Howe'er my heart rebel, I'm captive now.

ALPHONSO.

Thou takest it, Tasso, more to heart than I.

TASSO.

To me it still is inconceivable;  
 And yet not so, I am no child. Methinks  
 I should be able to unravel it.  
 A sudden light breaks in upon my soul;  
 As suddenly it leaves me in the dark;  
 I only hear my sentence, and submit.  
 These are, indeed, superfluous, idle words!  
 Henceforth inure thy spirit to obey.  
 Weak mortal! To forget where thou didst stand!  
 Thou didst forget how high the abode of gods.  
 And now art staggered by the sudden fall.  
 Promptly obey, for it becomes a man,  
 Each painful duty to perform with joy.  
 Take back the sword thou gavest me, what time  
 The cardinal I followed into France.  
 Though not with glory, not with shame, I wore it, —  
 No, not to-day. The bright, auspicious gift,  
 With heart sore troubled, I relinquish now.

ALPHONSO.

Thou knowest not, Tasso, how I feel toward thee.

TASSO.

My lot is to obey, and not to think !  
 And destiny, alas ! demands from me  
 Renunciation of this precious gift.  
 Ill doth a crown become a captive's brow.  
 I from my head myself remove the wreath  
 Which seemed accorded for eternity.  
 Too early was the dearest bliss bestowed,  
 And is, alas ! as if I had been boastful,  
 Too early taken away.  
 Thou takest back what none beside could take,  
 And what no god a second time accords.  
 We mortals are most wonderfully tried :  
 We could not bear it, were we not endowed  
 By Nature with a kindly levity.  
 Calmly necessity doth tutor us  
 With priceless treasures lavishly to sport :  
 Our hands we open of our own free will —  
 The prize escapes us, ne'er to be recalled.  
 A tear doth mingle with this parting kiss,  
 Devoting thee to mutability !  
 This tender sign of weakness may be pardoned !  
 Who would not weep when what was deemed immortal  
 Yields to destruction's power ! Now to this sword  
 (Alas, it won thee not) ally thyself,  
 And round it twined, as on a hero's bier  
 Reposing, mark the grave where buried lie  
 My short-lived happiness, my withered hopes !  
 Here at thy feet, O prince, I lay them down !  
 For who is justly armed if thou art wroth ?  
 Who justly crowned, on whom thy brow is bent ?  
 I go a captive and await my doom. [Exit.

*(On a sign from the prince, a page raises the sword  
 and wreath, and bears them away.)*



## SCENE V. — ALPHONSO, ANTONIO.

ANTONIO.

Whither doth frenzied fancy lead the boy?  
And in what colours doth he picture forth  
His high desert and glorious destiny?  
Rash, inexperienced, youth esteems itself  
A chosen instrument, and arrogates  
Unbounded license. He has been chastised;  
And chastisement is profit to the boy,  
For which the man will render cordial thanks.

ALPHONSO.

He is chastised too painfully, I fear.

ANTONIO.

Art thou disposed to practise lenity,  
Restore to him his liberty, O prince!  
And then the sword may arbitrate our strife.

ALPHONSO.

So be it, if the public voice demands.  
But tell me, how didst thou provoke his ire?

ANTONIO.

In sooth, I scarce can say how it befell.  
As man, I may perchance have wounded him.  
As nobleman, I gave him no offence.  
And, in the very tempest of his rage,  
No word unseemly hath escaped this lip.

## ALPHONSO.

Of such a sort your quarrel seemed to me,  
 And your own word confirms me in my thought.  
 When men dispute we justly may esteem  
 The wiser the offender. Thou with Tasso  
 Shouldst not contend, but rather guide his steps:  
 It would become thee more. 'Tis not too late.  
 The sword's decision is not called for here.  
 So long as I am blessed with peace abroad,  
 So long would I enjoy it in my house.  
 Restore tranquillity, — thou canst with ease.  
 Leonora Sanvitale may at first  
 Attempt to soothe him with her honeyed lip;  
 Then go thou to him; in my name restore  
 His liberty; with true and noble words  
 Endeavour to obtain his confidence.  
 Accomplish this with all the speed thou canst:  
 As a kind friend and father speak with him.  
 Peace I would know restored ere I depart:  
 All, if thou wilt, is possible to thee.  
 We gladly will remain another hour,  
 Then leave it to the ladies' gentle tact  
 To consummate the work commenced by thee.  
 So when we come again, the last faint trace  
 Of this rash quarrel will be quite effaced.  
 It seems thy talents will not rust, Antonio!  
 Scarcely hast thou concluded one affair,  
 And on thy first return thou seekest another.  
 In this new mission may success be thine!

## ANTONIO.

I am ashamed: my error in thy words,  
 As in the clearest mirror, I discern!  
 How easy to obey a noble prince  
 Who doth convince us while he doth command!

## ACT III.

## SCENE I.

PRINCESS (*alone*).

WHERE tarries Leonora? Anxious fear,  
Augmenting every moment, agitates  
My inmost heart. Scarce know I what befell;  
Which party is to blame I scarcely know.  
Oh, that she would return! I would not yet  
Speak with my brother, with Antonio,  
Till I am more composed, till I have heard  
How matters stand, and what may be the issue.

## SCENE II. — PRINCESS, LEONORA.

PRINCESS.

What tidings, Leonora? Tell me all:  
How stands it with our friends? Say, what befell?

LEONORA.

More than I knew before I have not learned.  
Contention rose between them; Tasso drew;  
Thy brother parted them: yet it would seem  
That it was Tasso who began the fray.  
Antonio is at large, and with his prince  
Converses freely. Tasso, in his chamber,  
Abides meanwhile, a captive and alone.

PRINCESS.

Doubtless Antonio irritated him,  
And met with cold disdain the high-toned youth.

LEONORA.

I do believe it: when he joined us first,  
A cloud already brooded o'er his brow.

## PRINCESS.

Alas, that we so often disregard  
 The pure and silent warnings of the heart!  
 Softly a god doth whisper in our breast,  
 Softly, yet audibly, doth counsel us,  
 Both what we ought to seek and what to shun.  
 This morn Antonio hath appeared to me  
 E'en more abrupt than ever, — more reserved.  
 When at his side I saw our youthful bard,  
 My spirit warned me. Only mark of each  
 The outward aspect, — countenance and tone,  
 Look, gesture, bearing! Everything opposed:  
 Affection they can never interchange.  
 Yet Hope persuaded me, the flatterer:  
 They both are sensible, she fondly urged,  
 Both noble, gently nurtured, and thy friends.  
 What bond more sure than that which links the good?  
 I urged the youth: with what devoted zeal,  
 How ardently, he gave himself to me!  
 Would I had spoken to Antonio then!  
 But I delayed; so recent his return,  
 That I felt shy, at once and urgently,  
 To recommend the youth to his regard:  
 On custom I relied, and courtesy,  
 And on the common usage of the world,  
 E'en between foes which smoothly intervenes.  
 I dreaded not from the experienced man  
 The rash impetuosity of youth.  
 The ill seemed distant, now, alas, 'tis here.  
 Oh, give me counsel! What is to be done?

## LEONORA.

Thy words, my princess, show that thou dost feel  
 How hard it is to counsel. 'Tis not here  
 Between congenial minds a misconception:  
 A word, if needful an appeal to arms,

Peace in such case might happily restore.  
Two men they are, who therefore are opposed,  
I've felt it long, because by Nature cast  
In moulds so opposite, that she the twain  
Could never weld into a single man.  
And were they to consult their common weal,  
A league of closest friendship they would form :  
Then as one man their path they would pursue,  
With power and joy and happiness through life.  
I hoped it once, I now perceive in vain.  
To-day's contention, whatsoe'er the cause,  
Might be appeased ; but this assures us not  
Or for the morrow, or for future time.  
Methinks 'twere best, that Tasso for awhile  
Should journey hence : to Rome he might repair,  
To Florence also bend forthwith his course ;  
A few weeks later I should meet him there,  
And as a friend could work upon his mind :  
Thou couldest here meanwhile Antonio,  
Who has become almost a stranger to us,  
Once more within thy friendly circle bring ;  
And thus benignant time, that grants so much,  
Might grant, perchance, what seems impossible.

PRINCESS.

A happiness will thus, my friend, be thine,  
Which I must needs forego ; say, is that right ?

LEONORA.

Thou only wouldst forego what thou thyself,  
As things at present stand, couldst not enjoy.

PRINCESS.

So calmly shall I banish hence a friend ?

LEONORA.

Rather retain whom thou dost seem to banish.

PRINCESS.

The duke will ne'er consent to part with him.

LEONORA.

When he shall see as we do, he will yield.

PRINCESS.

'Tis painful in one's friend to doom one's self.

LEONORA.

Yet, with thy friend, thou'lt also save thyself.

PRINCESS.

I cannot give my voice that this shall be.

LEONORA.

An evil still more grievous then expect.

PRINCESS.

Thou givest me pain, — uncertain thy success.

LEONORA.

Ere long we shall discover who doth err.

PRINCESS.

Well, if it needs must be so, say no more.

LEONORA.

He conquers grief who firmly can resolve.

## PRINCESS.

Resolved I am not : nathless let it be,  
If he for long doth not absent himself ;  
And let us, Leonora, care for him,  
That he may never be oppressed by want,  
But that the duke, e'en in a distant land,  
May graciously assign him maintenance.  
Speak with Antonio : with my brother he  
Can much accomplish, and will not remember  
The recent strife, against our friend or us.

## LEONORA.

Princess, a word from thee would more avail.

## PRINCESS.

I cannot, well thou knowest, Leonora,  
Solicit favours for myself and friends,  
As my dear sister of Urbino can.  
A calm, secluded life I'm fain to lead,  
And from my brother gratefully accept  
Whate'er his princely bounty freely grants.  
For this reluctance once I blamed myself :  
I've conquered now, and blame myself no more.  
A friend full oft would censure me, and say,  
Unselfish art thou, and unselfishness  
Is good ; but thou dost carry it so far,  
That even the requirements of a friend  
Thou canst not rightly feel. I let it pass,  
And even this reproach must also bear.  
It doth the more rejoice me, that I now  
Can be in truth of service to our friend :  
My mother's heritage descends to me,  
And to his need I'll gladly minister.

LEONORA.

Princess, I, too, can show myself his friend.  
 In truth he is no thrifty manager :  
 My skilful aid shall help him where he fails.

PRINCESS.

Well, take him then, — if part with him I must,  
 To thee before all others be he given :  
 I now perceive it will be better so.  
 This sorrow also must my spirit hail  
 As good and wholesome ? Such my doom from youth :  
 I am inured to it. But half we feel  
 Renunciation of a precious joy,  
 When we have deemed its tenure insecure.

LEONORA.

Happy according to thy high desert  
 I hope to see thee.

PRINCESS.

Leonora ! Happy ?

Who, then, is happy ? — So indeed I might  
 Esteem my brother, for his constant mind  
 Still with unswerving temper meets his fate ;  
 Yet even he ne'er reaped as he deserved.  
 My sister of Urbino, is she happy ?  
 With beauty gifted and a noble heart !  
 Childless she's doomed to live : her younger lord  
 Values her highly, and upbraids her not ;  
 But happiness is stranger to their home.  
 Of what avail our mother's prudent skill,  
 Her varied knowledge, and her ample mind ?  
 Her could they shield from foreign heresy ?  
 They took us from her : now she is no more,  
 And, dying, left us not the soothing thought,  
 That, reconciled with God, her spirit passed.



LEONORA.

Oh, mark not only that which fails to each,  
Consider rather what to each remains!  
And, princess, what doth not remain to thee?

PRINCESS.

What doth remain to me, Leonora? Patience!  
Which I have learned to practise from my youth.  
When friends and kindred, knit in social love,  
In joyous pastime whiled the hours away,  
Sickness held me a captive in my chamber;  
And, in the sad companionship of pain,  
I early learned the lesson, — to endure!  
One pleasure cheered me in my solitude, —  
The joy of song. I communed with myself,  
And lulled, with soothing tones, the sense of pain.  
The restless longing, the unquiet wish,  
Till sorrow oft would grow to ravishment,  
And sadnèss' self to harmony divine.  
Not long, alas! this comfort was allowed:  
The leech's stern monition silenced me;  
I was condemned to live and to endure  
E'en of this sole remaining joy bereft.

LEONORA.

Yet many friends attached themselves to thee;  
And now thou art in health, art joyous too.

PRINCESS.

I am in health; that is, I am not sick,  
And many friends I have, whose constancy  
Doth cheer my heart; and, ah! I had a friend —

LEONORA.

Thou hast him still.

PRINCESS.

But soon must part with him.  
 That moment was of deep significance  
 When first I saw him. Scarce was I restored  
 From many sorrows; sickness and dull pain  
 Were scarce subdued; with shy and timid glance  
 I gazed once more on life, once more rejoiced  
 In the glad sunshine and my kindred's love  
 And hope's delicious balm inhaled anew;  
 Forward I ventured into life to gaze,  
 And friendly forms saluted me from far;  
 Then was it, Leonora, that my sister  
 First introduced to me the youthful bard:  
 She led him hither; and, shall I confess? —  
 My heart embraced him, and will hold for aye.

LEONORA.

My princess! Let it not repent thee now!  
 To apprehend the noble is a gain  
 Of which the soul can never be bereft.

PRINCESS.

The fair, the excellent, we needs must fear:  
 'Tis like a flame, which nobly serveth us,  
 So long as on our household hearth it burns,  
 Or sheds its lustre from the friendly torch.  
 How lovely then! Who can dispense with it?  
 But if, unwatched, it spreads destruction round,  
 What anguish it occasions! Leave me now,  
 I babble; and 'twere better to conceal,  
 Even from thee, how weak I am and sick.

LEONORA.

The sickness of the heart doth soonest yield  
 To tender plaints and soothing confidence.

## PRINCESS.

If in confiding love a cure be found,  
 I'm whole, so strong my confidence in thee.  
 Alas! my friend, I am indeed resolved:  
 Let him depart! But, ah! I feel already  
 The long-protracted anguish of the day  
 When I must all forego that glads me now.  
 His beauteous form, transfigured in my dream,  
 The morning sun will dissipate no more;  
 No more the blissful hope of seeing him,  
 With joyous longing, fill my waking sense;  
 Nor, to discover him, my timid glance  
 Search wistfully our garden's dewy shade.  
 How sweetly was the tender hope fulfilled  
 To spend each eve in intercourse with him!  
 How, while conversing, the desire increased,  
 To know each other ever more and more;  
 And still our souls, in sweet communion joined,  
 Were daily tuned to purer harmonies.  
 What twilight-gloom now falls around my path!  
 The gorgeous sun, the genial light of day,  
 Of this fair world the splendours manifold,  
 Shorn of their lustre, are enveloped all  
 In the dark mist which now environs me.  
 In bygone times, each day comprised a life:  
 Hushed was each care, mute each foreboding voice.  
 And, happily embarked, we drifted on,  
 Without a rudder, o'er life's lucid wave.  
 Now, in the darkness of the present hour,  
 Futurity's vague terrors seize my soul.

## LEONORA.

The future will restore to thee thy friend,  
 And bring to thee new happiness, new joy.

## PRINCESS.

What I possess, that would I gladly hold :  
 Change may divert the mind, but profits not.  
 With youthful longing I have never joined  
 The motley throng who strive from fortune's urn  
 To snatch an object for their craving hearts.  
 I honoured him, and could not choose but love him,  
 For that with him my life was life indeed,  
 Filled with a joy I never knew before.  
 At first I whispered to my heart, beware !  
 Shrinking I shunned, yet ever drew more near.  
 So gently lured, so cruelly chastised !  
 A pure, substantial blessing glides away ;  
 And, for the joy that filled my yearning heart,  
 Some demon substitutes a kindred pain.

## LEONORA.

If friendship's soothing words console thee not,  
 This beauteous world's calm power, and healing time,  
 Will imperceptibly restore thy heart.

## PRINCESS.

Ay, beauteous is the world ; and many a joy  
 Floats through its wide dominion here and there.  
 Alas ! That ever, by a single step,  
 As we advance, it seemeth to retreat,  
 Our yearning souls along the path of life  
 Thus step by step alluring to the grave !  
 To mortal man so seldom is it given  
 To find what seemed his heaven-appointed bliss ;  
 Alas ! so seldom he retains the good  
 Which, in auspicious hour, his hand had grasped ;  
 The treasure to our heart that came unsought  
 Doth tear itself away, and we ourselves  
 Yield that which once with eagerness we seized.

There is a bliss, but, ah! we know it not :  
 We know it, but we know not how to prize.

## SCENE III.

LEONORA (*alone*).

The good and noble heart my pity moves :  
 How sad a lot attends her lofty rank !  
 Alas, she loses ! — thinkest thou to win ?  
 Is his departure hence so requisite ?  
 Or dost thou urge it for thyself alone, —  
 To make the heart and lofty genius thine,  
 Which now thou sharest, — and unequally ?  
 Is't honest so to act ? What lackest thou yet ?  
 Art thou not rich enough ? Husband and son,  
 Possessions, beauty, rank, — all these thou hast,  
 And him wouldst have beside ? What ? Lovest thou  
 him ?

How comes it else that thou canst not endure  
 To live without him ? This thou dardest confess !  
 How charming is it in his mind's clear depths  
 One's self to mirror ! Doth not every joy  
 Seem doubly great and noble, when his song  
 Wafts us aloft as on the clouds of heaven ?  
 Then first thy lot is worthy to be envied !  
 Not only hast thou what the many crave,  
 But each one knoweth what thou art and hast !  
 Thy fatherland doth proudly speak thy name :  
 This is the pinnacle of earthly bliss.  
 Is Laura's, then, the only favoured name  
 That eye from gentle lips shall sweetly flow ?  
 Is it Petrarca's privilege alone,  
 To deify an unknown beauty's charms ?  
 Who is there that with Tasso can compare ?  
 As now the world exalts him, future time

With honour due shall magnify his name.  
 What rapture, in the golden prime of life,  
 To feel his presence, and with him to near,  
 With airy tread, the future's hidden realm!  
 Thus should old age and time their influence lose,  
 And powerless be the voice of rumour bold,  
 Whose breath controls the billows of applause.  
 All that is transient in his song survives;  
 Still art thou young, still happy, when the round  
 Of changeful time shall long have borne thee on.  
 Him thou must have, yet takest nought from her.  
 For her affection to the gifted man  
 Doth take the hue her other passions wear:  
 Pale as the tranquil moon, whose feeble rays  
 Dimly illumine the night-wanderer's path,  
 They gleam, but warm not, and diffuse around  
 No blissful rapture, no keen sense of joy.  
 If she but know him happy, though afar,  
 She will rejoice, as when she saw him daily.  
 And then, 'tis not my purpose from this court,  
 From her, to banish both myself and friend.  
 I will return, will bring him here again.  
 So let it be! — My rugged friend draws near:  
 We soon shall see if we have power to tame him.

SCENE IV. — LEONORA, ANTONIO.

LEONORA.

War and not peace thou bringest: it would seem  
 As camest thou from a battle, from a camp,  
 Where violence bears sway, and force decides,  
 And not from Rome, where solemn policy  
 Uplifts the hand to bless a prostrate world,  
 Which she beholds obedient at her feet.

ANTONIO.

I must admit the censure, my fair friend ;  
But my apology lies close at hand.  
'Tis dangerous to be compelled so long  
To wear the show of prudence and restraint.  
Still at our side an evil genius lurks,  
And, with stern voice, demands from time to time  
A sacrifice, which I, alas ! to-day  
Have offered, to the peril of my friends.

LEONORA.

Thou hast so long with strangers been concerned,  
And to their humours hast conformed thine own,  
That, once more with thy friends, thou dost their aims  
Mistake, and as with strangers dost contend.

ANTONIO.

Herein, beloved friend, the danger lies !  
With strangers we are ever on our guard,  
Still are we aiming with observance due,  
To win their favour which may profit us :  
But, with our friends, we throw off all restraint ;  
Reposing in their love, we give the rein  
To peevish humour ; passion uncontrolled  
Doth break its bounds ; and those we hold most dear  
Are thus amongst the first whom we offend.

LEONORA.

In this calm utterance of a thoughtful mind  
I gladly recognise my friend again.

ANTONIO.

Yes : it has much annoyed me, I confess,  
That I to-day so far forgot myself.

But yet admit, that when a valiant man  
 From irksome labour comes, with heated brow,  
 Thinking to rest himself for further toil,  
 In the cool eve beneath the longed-for shade,  
 And finds it, in its length and breadth, possessed  
 Already by some idler, he may well  
 Feel something human stirring in his breast!

LEONORA.

If he is truly human, then, methinks,  
 He gladly will partake the shade with one  
 Who lightens toil and cheers the hour of rest  
 With sweet discourse and soothing melodies.  
 Ample, my friend, the tree that casts the shade;  
 Nor either needs the other dispossess.

ANTONIO.

We will not bandy similes, fair friend.  
 Full many a treasure doth the world contain,  
 Which we to others yield and with them share:  
 But there exists one prize, which we resign  
 With willing hearts to high desert alone;  
 Another that, without a secret grudge,  
 We share not even with the highest worth —  
 And, wouldst thou touching these two treasures ask,  
 They are the laurel, and fair woman's smile.

LEONORA.

How! Hath yon chaplet round our stripling's brow  
 Given umbrage to the grave, experienced man?  
 Say, for his toil divine, his lofty verse,  
 Couldst thou thyself a juster meed select?  
 A ministration in itself divine,  
 That floateth in the air in tuneful tones,  
 Evoking airy forms to charm our souls —  
 Such ministration, in expressive form,



Or graceful symbol, finds its fit reward.  
As doth the bard scarce deign to touch the earth,  
So doth the laurel lightly touch his brow.  
His worshippers, with barren homage, bring,  
As tribute meet, a fruitless branch, that thus  
They may with ease acquit them of their debt.  
Thou dost not grudge the martyr's effigy,  
The golden radiance round the naked head;  
And, certes, where it rests, the laurel crown  
Is more a sign of sorrow than of joy.

ANTONIO.

How, Leonora! Would thy lovely lips  
Teach me to scorn the world's poor vanities?

LEONORA.

There is no need, my friend, to tutor thee  
To prize each good according to its worth.  
Yet it would seem that, e'en like common men,  
The sage philosopher, from time to time,  
Needs that the treasures he is blest withal,  
In their true light before him be displayed.  
Thou, noble man, wilt not assert thy claim  
To a mere empty phantom of renown.  
The service that doth bind thy prince to thee,  
By means of which thou dost attach thy friends,  
Is true, is living service; hence the meed  
Which doth reward it must be living too.  
Thy laurel is thy sovereign's confidence,  
Which, like a cherished burden, gracefully  
Reposes on thy shoulders, — thy renown,  
Thy crown of glory, is the general trust.

ANTONIO.

Thou speakest not of woman's smile, — that, surely,  
Thou wilt not tell me is superfluous.

## LEONORA.

As people take it. Thou dost lack it not ;  
 And lighter far, were ye deprived of it,  
 To thee would be the loss than to our friend.  
 For, say a woman were in thy behalf  
 To task her skill, and in her fashion strive  
 To care for thee, dost think she would succeed ?  
 With thee security and order dwell ;  
 And as for others, for thyself thou carest ;  
 Thou dost possess what friendship fain would give ;  
 Whilst in our province he requires our aid.  
 A thousand things he needs, which, to supply,  
 Is to a woman no unwelcome task.  
 The fine-spun linen, the embroidered vest,  
 He wareth gladly, and endureth not,  
 Upon his person, aught of texture rude,  
 Such as benefits the menial. For with him  
 All must be rich and noble, fair and good ;  
 And yet, all this to win, he lacks the skill,  
 Nor, even when possessed, can he retain ;  
 Improvident, he's still in want of gold ;  
 Nor from a journey e'er returneth home,  
 But a third portion of his goods is lost.  
 His valet plunders him ; and thus, Antonio,  
 The whole year round one has to care for him.

## ANTONIO.

And these same cares endear him more and more.  
 Much-favoured youth, to whom his very faults  
 As virtue count, to whom it is allowed  
 As man to play the boy, and who forsooth  
 May proudly boast his charming weaknesses !  
 Thou must forgive me, my fair friend, if here  
 Some little touch of bitterness I feel.  
 Thou sayest not all, — sayest not how he presumes,  
 And proves himself far shrewder than he seems.

He boasts two tender flames! The knots of love.  
As fancy prompts him, he doth bind and loose,  
And wins with such devices two such hearts!  
Is't credible?

LEONORA.

Well! Well! This only proves  
That 'tis but friendship that inspires our hearts.  
And, e'en if we returned him love for love,  
Should we not well reward his noble heart,  
Who, self-oblivious, dreams his life away  
In lovely visions to enchant his friends?

ANTONIO.

Go on! Go on! Spoil him yet more and more;  
Account his selfish vanity for love;  
Offend all other friends, with honest zeal  
Devoted to your service; to his pride  
Pay voluntary tribute; quite destroy  
The beauteous sphere of social confidence!

LEONORA.

We are not quite so partial as thou thinkest:  
In many cases we exhort our friend.  
We wish to mould his mind, that he may know  
More happiness himself, and be a source  
Of purer joy to others. What in him  
Doth merit blame is not concealed from us.

ANTONIO.

Yet much that's blamable in him ye praise.  
I've known him long, so easy 'tis to know him:  
Too proud he is to wear the least disguise.  
We see him now retire into himself,

As if the world were rounded in his breast ;  
 Lost in the working of that inner world,  
 The outward universe he casts aside :  
 And his rapt spirit, self-included, rests.  
 Anon, as when a spark doth fire a mine,  
 Upon a touch of sorrow or of joy,  
 Anger or whim, he breaks impetuous forth.  
 Now he must compass all things, all retain,  
 All his caprices must be realised ;  
 What should have ripened slowly through long years,  
 Must, in a moment, reach maturity ;  
 And obstacles, which years of patient toil  
 Could scarce remove, be levelled in a trice.  
 He from himself the impossible demands,  
 That he from others may demand it too :  
 The extremest limits of existing things  
 His soul would hold in contiguity ;  
 This one man in a million scarce achieves,  
 And he is not that man : at length he falls,  
 No whit the better, back into himself.

LEONORA.

Others he injures not, himself he injures.

ANTONIO.

Yet others he doth outrage grievously.  
 Canst thou deny, that in his passion's height,  
 Which o'er his spirit oft usurps control,  
 The prince and e'en the princess he contemns,  
 And dares at whom he may to hurl abuse ?  
 True, for a moment only it endures ;  
 But then, the moment quickly comes again.  
 His tongue, as little as his breast, he rules.

LEONORA.

To me, indeed, it seems advisable,  
That he should leave Ferrara for awhile: —  
Himself would benefit, and others too.

ANTONIO.

Perchance, — perchance, too, not. But now, my friend,  
It is not to be thought of. For myself,  
I will not on my shoulders bear the blame.  
It might appear as if I drove him hence.  
I drive him not. As far as I'm concerned,  
He at the court may tarry undisturbed;  
And if with me he will be reconciled,  
And to my counsel if he will give heed,  
We may live peaceably enough together.

LEONORA.

Now thou dost hope to work upon a mind  
Which lately thou didst look upon as lost.

ANTONIO.

We always hope; and still, in every case,  
'Tis better far to hope than to despair:  
For who can calculate the possible?  
Our prince esteems him; he must stay with us;  
And, if we strive to fashion him in vain,  
He's not the only one we must endure.

LEONORA.

So free from passion and from prejudice  
I had not thought thee: — thy conversion's sudden.

ANTONIO.

Age must, my friend, this one advantage claim,  
That, though from error it be not exempt,

Its balance it recovers speedily.  
 Thou didst at first essay to heal the breach  
 Between thy friend and me. I urge it now.  
 Do what thou canst to bring him to himself,  
 And to restore things to their wonted calm.  
 Myself will visit him, when I shall know,  
 From thee, that he is tranquil, when thou thinkest  
 My presence will not aggravate the evil.  
 But what thou dost, that do within the hour:  
 Alphonso will return to town ere night;  
 I must attend him there. Meanwhile, farewell.

## SCENE V.

LEONORA (*alone*).

For once, dear friend, we are not of one mind:  
 Our separate interests go not hand in hand.  
 I'll use the time to compass my design,  
 And will endeavour to win Tasso. Quick!

## ACT IV.

SCENE I. — *A Chamber.*TASSO (*alone*).

ART thou awakened from a dream, and is  
 The fair delusion suddenly dissolved?  
 Thee, in fruition of the highest joy,  
 Hath sleep o'ermastered, and now holds thy soul  
 Tortured and bound with heavy fetters? Ay,  
 Thou art awake, and dreamest? Where the hours  
 That round thy head with flowery garlands played?  
 The days, when unrestrained thy yearning soul  
 Freely explored the heaven's o'erarching blue?

Thou'rt living still ; art sensible to touch ;  
Feelest, yet knowest not if thou livest still.  
Say ! for mine own or for another's fault,  
Am I, as criminal, thus captive here ?  
Have I been guilty that I suffer thus ?  
Is not my fancied crime a merit rather ?  
With kindly feeling I encountered him,  
Persuaded by the heart's delusive hope,  
He must be man who bears a mortal form :  
With open arms I sped to his embrace,  
And felt no human breast but bolts and bars.  
Oh, had I but with prudent forecast weighed,  
How I most fitly could receive the man,  
Who from the first inspired me with mistrust !  
Let me, however, whatso'er betide,  
For ever to this one assurance cling : —  
'Twas she herself ! She stood before my view !  
She spoke to me ! I hearkened to her voice !  
Her look, her tone, her words' sweet import, — these,  
These are for ever mine ; nor time nor fate,  
Nor ruthless chance, can plunder me of these !  
And if my spirit hath too swiftly soared,  
If all too promptly in my breast I gave  
Vent to the flame which now consumes my heart,  
So let it be, — I never can repent,  
E'en though my fortune were for ever wrecked.  
To her devoted, I obey with joy  
The hand that beckoned me to ruin's brink.  
So let it be ! Thus have I proved myself  
Deserving of the precious confidence  
That cheers my soul, — ay, cheers it in this hour  
When cruel fate unlocks the sable gates  
Of long-protracted woe. — Yes, now 'tis done !  
For me the sun of gracious favour sets,  
Never to rise again : his glance benign  
The prince withdraws, and leaves me standing here,  
Abandoned on this narrow, gloomy path.

The hateful and ill-boding feathered throng,  
 Obscene attendants upon ancient night,  
 Swarm forth, and whirl round my devoted head.  
 Whither, oh, whither, shall I bend my steps,  
 To shun the loathsome brood that round me flit,  
 And 'scape the dread abyss that yawns before ?

SCENE II. — LEONORA, TASSO.

LEONORA.

Dear Tasso, what hath chanced ? Hath passion's glow,  
 Hath thy suspicious temper, urged thee thus ?  
 How hath it happened ? We are all amazed.  
 Where now thy gentleness, thy suavity,  
 Thy rapid insight, thy discernment just,  
 Which doth award to every man his due ;  
 Thine even mind, which beareth, what to bear  
 The wise are prompt, the vain are slow, to learn ;  
 The prudent mastery over lip and tongue ?  
 I scarcely recognise thee now, dear friend.

TASSO.

And what if all were gone, — for ever gone !  
 If as a beggar thou shouldst meet the friend  
 Whom just before thou hadst deemed opulent !  
 Thou speakest truth : I am no more myself.  
 Yet I am as much so as I was.  
 It seems a riddle, yet it is not one.  
 The tranquil moon, that cheers thee through the night,  
 Whose gentle radiance, with resistless power,  
 Allures thine eye, thy soul, doth float by day  
 An insignificant and pallid cloud.  
 In the bright glare of daylight I am lost :  
 Ye know me not, I scarcely know myself.



LEONORA.

Such words, dear friend, as thou hast uttered them,  
 I cannot comprehend. Explain thyself.  
 Say, hath that rugged man's offensive speech  
 So deeply wounded thee, that now thou dost  
 Misjudge thyself and us? Confide in me.

TASSO.

I'm not the one offended. Me thou seest  
 Thus punished here because I gave offence.  
 The knot of many words the sword would loose  
 With promptitude and ease; but I'm not free.  
 Thou art scarce aware, — nay, start not, gentle  
 friend, —  
 'Tis in a prison thou dost meet me here.  
 Me, as a schoolboy, doth the prince chastise, —  
 His right I neither can nor will dispute.

LEONORA.

Thou seemest moved beyond what reason warrants.

TASSO.

Dost deem me, then, so weak, so much a child,  
 That this occurrence could o'erwhelm me thus?  
 Not what has happened wounds me to the quick,  
 'Tis what it doth portend, that troubles me.  
 Now let my foes conspire! The field is clear.

LEONORA.

Many thou holdest falsely in suspect:  
 Of this, dear friend, I have convinced myself.  
 Even Antonio bears thee no ill will,  
 As thou presumest. The quarrel of to-day —

TASSO.

Let that be set aside : I only view  
 Antonio as he was and yet remains.  
 Still hath his formal prudence fretted me,  
 His proud assumption of the master's tone.  
 Careless to learn whether the listener's mind  
 Doth not itself the better track pursue,  
 He tutors thee in much which thou thyself  
 More truly, deeply feelest ; gives no heed  
 To what thou sayest, and perverts thy words.  
 Misconstrued thus by a proud man, forsooth,  
 Who smiles superior from his fancied height !  
 I am not yet or old or wise enough  
 To answer meekly with a patient smile.  
 It could not hold ; we must at last have broken ;  
 The evil greater had it been postponed.  
 One lord I recognise, who fosters me :  
 Him I obey, but own no master else.  
 In poesy and thought I will be free,  
 In act the world doth limit us enough.

LEONORA.

Yet often with respect he speaks of thee.

TASSO.

Thou meanest with forbearance, prudent, subtle.  
 'Tis that annoys me ; for he knows to use  
 Language so smooth and so conditional,  
 That seeming praise from him is actual blame :  
 And there is nothing so offends my soul,  
 As words of commendation from his lip.

LEONORA.

Thou shouldst have heard but lately how he spoke  
 Of thee and of the gift which bounteous nature

So largely hath conferred on thee. He feels  
Thy genius, Tasso, and esteems thy worth.

TASSO.

Trust me, no selfish spirit can escape  
The torment of base envy. Such a man  
Pardons in others honour, rank, and wealth;  
For thus he argues, these thou hast thyself,  
Or thou canst have them, if thou persevere.  
Or if propitious fortune smile on thee.  
But that which Nature can alone bestow,  
Which aye remaineth inaccessible  
To toil and patient effort, which nor gold,  
Nor yet the sword, nor stern persistency,  
Hath power to wrest, — that he will ne'er forgive.  
Not envy me? The pedant who aspires  
To seize by force the favour of the muse?  
Who, when he strings the thoughts of other bards,  
Fondly presumes he is a bard himself?  
The prince's favour he would rather yield, —  
Though that he fain would limit to himself, —  
Than the rare gift which the celestial powers  
Have granted to the poor, the orphaned youth.

LEONORA.

Oh that thy vision were as clear as mine!  
Thou readest him wrongly, thou art deceived in him.

TASSO.

And if I err, I err with right good will!  
I count him for my most inveterate foe,  
And should be inconsolable were I  
Compelled to think of him more leniently.  
'Tis foolish in all cases to be just:  
It is to wrong one's self. Are other men

Toward us so equitable? No, ah, no!  
 Man's nature, in its narrow scope, demands  
 The twofold sentiment of love and hate.  
 Requires he not the grateful interchange  
 Of day and night, of wakefulness and sleep?  
 No: from henceforward I do hold this man  
 The object of my direst enmity;  
 And nought can snatch from me the cherished joy  
 Of thinking of him ever worse and worse.

LEONORA.

Dear friend, I see not, if this feeling last,  
 How thou canst longer tarry at the court.  
 Thou knowest the just esteem in which he's held.

TASSO.

I'm fully sensible, fair friend, how long  
 I have already been superfluous here.

LEONORA.

That thou art not, that thou canst never be!  
 Thou rather knowest how both prince and princess  
 Rejoice to have thee in their company.  
 The sister of Urbino, comes she not  
 As much for thine as for her kindred's sake?  
 They all esteem thee, recognise thy worth,  
 And each confides in thee without reserve.

TASSO.

O Leonora! Call that confidence!  
 Of state affairs has he one single word,  
 One earnest word, vouchsafed to speak with me?  
 In special cases, when he has advised,  
 Both with the princess, and with others too,  
 To me, though present, no appeal was made.

The cry was ever then, Antonio comes!  
Consult Antonio! To Antonio write!

LEONORA.

Thanks here, methinks, were juster than complaint.  
Thus in unchallenged freedom leaving thee,  
He to thy genius fitting homage pays.

TASSO.

He lets me rest, because he deems me useless.

LEONORA.

Thou art not useless, e'en because thou reatest.  
Care and vexation, like a child beloved,  
Thou still dost cherish, Tasso, in thy breast.  
It oft has struck me, and the more I think,  
The more convinced I feel, on this fair soil,  
Where fate auspicious seemed to plant thy lot,  
Thou dost not flourish. — May I speak, my friend?  
May I advise thee? — Thou shouldst hence depart.

TASSO.

Spare not thy patient, gentle leech! Extend  
The draught medicinal, nor think thereon  
If it is bitter. — This consider well,  
Kind, prudent friend, if he can yet be cured!  
I see it all myself, 'tis over now!  
Him I indeed could pardon, he not me;  
He's needful to them, I, alas! am not.  
And he has prudence, I, alas! have none.  
He worketh to my injury, and I  
Cannot and will not counterwork. My friends  
Leave things to chance; they see things otherwise;  
They scarcely struggle, who should stoutly fight.

Thou thinkest I should depart, I think so too ; —  
 Then, farewell, friends ! — This, too, I must endure.  
 You're parted from me. — Oh, to me be given  
 The courage and the strength to part from you !

## LEONORA.

Seen from a distance things show less confused,  
 That in the present serve but to perplex.  
 Perchance, when absent, thou wilt recognise  
 The love which here environs thee, wilt learn  
 The worth of friends, and feel how the wide world  
 Cannot replace those dearest to the heart.

## TASSO.

I shall experience this ! Alas ! I've known  
 The world from early youth, how, pressing on,  
 She lightly leaves us, helpless and forlorn,  
 Like sun and moon and other deities.

## LEONORA.

Dear friend, if thou wilt lend an ear to me,  
 This sad experience thou wilt not repeat.  
 If I may counsel thee, thou wilt at first  
 Repair to Florence, — there thou'lt find a friend  
 Will cherish thee most kindly, — 'tis myself !  
 Thither I travel soon to meet my lord ;  
 And there is nothing would afford us, Tasso,  
 A richer pleasure than thy company.  
 I need not tell thee, for thyself dost know,  
 How noble is the prince who ruleth there ;  
 What men, what women too, our favoured town  
 Doth cherish in her bosom. — Thou art silent !  
 Consider well my counsel, and resolve !

TASSO.

Full of sweet promise are thy words, dear friend,  
And in accordance with my secret wish.  
But 'tis too sudden: let me pause awhile, —  
Let me consider! I will soon resolve!

LEONORA.

I leave thee now, and with the fairest hope  
For thee, for us, and also for this house.  
Only reflect, and weigh the matter well:  
Thou scarcely wilt devise a better plan.

TASSO.

Yet one thing more, tell me, beloved friend,  
How is the princess minded toward me? Speak!  
Was she displeas'd with me? Give me her words. —  
Hath she severely blamed me? Tell me all!

LEONORA.

She knows thee well, and therefore has excus'd thee.

TASSO.

Say, have I lost her friendship? Flatter not.

LEONORA.

A woman's friendship is not lightly lost.

TASSO.

Without reluctance will she let me go?

LEONORA.

If 'twill promote thy welfare, certainly.

TASSO.

Shall I not lose the favour of the prince ?

LEONORA.

His nature's noble : thou mayest trust in him.

TASSO.

And shall we leave the princess all alone ?  
Thou leavest her ; and though perhaps not much,  
I know full well that I was something, to her.

LEONORA.

An absent friend is sweet society,  
When of his welfare we are well assured.  
My plan succeeds, I see thee happy now :  
Thou wilt not hence depart unsatisfied.  
The prince commands, — Antonio seeks thee, Tasso.  
He censures in himself the bitterness  
With which he wounded thee. I do entreat,  
Receive him with forbearance when he comes.

TASSO.

I have no cause to shun the interview.

LEONORA.

And oh dear friend, that Heaven would grant me this :  
To make it clear to thee ere thou departest,  
That in thy fatherland there is not one  
Pursues thee, hates, or covertly molests.  
Thou art deceived ; and as for others' pleasure  
Wont art thou still to poetise, alas !  
Thou in this case dost weave a cunning web



To blind thyself, the which to rend asunder  
 I'll do mine utmost, that with vision clear  
 Thou mayest pursue life's glad career untrammelled.  
 Farewell! I hope for happy words ere long.

## SCENE III.

TASSO (*alone*).

I must believe, forsooth, that no one hates me, —  
 That no one persecutes, that all the guile,  
 The subtle malice, that environs me,  
 Is but the coinage of my own sick brain!  
 I must acknowledge that myself am wrong!  
 And am unjust to many, who in sooth  
 Deserve it not! What! This confess e'en now,  
 When clearly, in the open face of day,  
 Appear their malice and my rectitude!  
 I ought to feel most deeply, how the prince  
 To me with generous breast his grace imparts,  
 And in rich measure loads me with his gifts,  
 E'en at the time when he is weak enough  
 To let his eyes be blinded by my foes,  
 Yea, doubtless, and his hand be fettered too!

His own delusion he cannot perceive;  
 That they deluders are, I may not prove;  
 And that unchecked he may delude himself,  
 And they delude him whensoever they please,  
 I still must hold my peace, — must yield forsooth!

And who thus counsels me? With prudent zeal  
 And thoughtful kindness, who doth urge me thus?  
 Leonora's self, Leonora Santivale.  
 Considerate friend! Ha, ha, I know thee now!  
 Oh, wherefore did I ever trust her words?  
 She was not honest when she uttered forth

To me her favour and her tenderness  
 With honeyed words! No: hers hath ever been  
 And still remains a crafty heart: she turns  
 With cautious, prudent step where fortune smiles.  
 How often have I willingly deceived  
 Myself in her! And yet it was in truth  
 But mine own vanity deluded me!  
 I knew her, but, self-flattered, argued thus, —  
 True, she is so toward others; but toward thee  
 Her heart is honest, her intention pure.  
 Mine eyes are open now, — alas, too late!  
 I was in favour — on the favourite  
 How tenderly she fawned! I'm fallen now,  
 And she, like fortune, turns her back on me.

Yes, now she comes, the agent of my foe:  
 She glides along, the little artful snake,  
 Hissing, with slippery tongue, her magic tones.  
 How gracious seemed she! More than ever gracious!  
 How soothingly her honeyed accents flowed!  
 Yet could the flattery not long conceal  
 The false intention: on her brow appeared  
 Too legibly inscribed the opposite  
 Of all she uttered. Quick I am to feel  
 Whene'er the entrance to my heart is sought  
 With a dishonest purpose. I should hence!  
 Should hie to Florence with convenient speed.

And why to Florence? Ah, I see it all!  
 There reigns the rising house of Medici,  
 True, with Ferrara not in open feud;  
 But secret rivalry, with chilling hand,  
 Doth hold asunder e'en the noblest hearts.  
 If from those noble princes I should reap  
 Distinguished marks of favour, as indeed  
 I may anticipate, the courtier here

Would soon impugn my gratitude and truth,  
And would, with easy wile, achieve his purpose.

Yes, I will go, but not as ye desire:  
I will away, and farther than ye think.

Why should I linger? Who detains me here?  
Too well I understood each several word  
That I drew forth from Leonora's lips!  
With anxious heed each syllable I caught;  
And now I fully know the princess' mind,—  
That, too, is certain: let me not despair!  
“Without reluctance she will let me go  
If it promote my welfare.” Would her heart  
Were mastered by a passion that would whelm  
Me and my welfare! Oh, more welcome far  
The grasp of death than of the frigid hand  
That passively resigns me! — Yes, I go! —  
Now be upon thy guard, and let no show  
Of love or friendship bind thee! None hath power  
Now to deceive thee, if not self-deceived.

SCENE IV. — ANTONIO, TASSO.

ANTONIO.

Tasso, I come to say a word to thee,  
If thou'rt disposed to hear me tranquilly.

TASSO.

I am denied, thou knowest, the power to act:  
It well becomes me to attend and listen.

ANTONIO.

Tranquil I find thee, as I hoped to find,  
And speak to thee in all sincerity.

But in the prince's name I first dissolve  
The slender band that seemed to fetter thee.

TASSO.

Caprice dissolves it, as caprice imposed :  
I yield, and no judicial sentence claim.

ANTONIO.

Next, Tasso, on my own behalf I speak.  
I have, it seems, more deeply wounded thee,  
Than I — myself by divers passions moved -  
Was conscious of. But no insulting word  
Hath from my lip incautiously escaped.  
Nought hast thou, as a noble, to avenge,  
And, as a man, wilt not refuse thy pardon.

TASSO.

Whether contempt or insult galls the most,  
I will not now determine : that doth pierce  
The inmost marrow, this but frets the skin.  
The shaft of insult back returns to him  
Who winged the missile, and the practised sword  
Soon reconciles the opinion of the world —  
A wounded heart is difficult to cure.

ANTONIO.

'Tis now my turn to press thee urgently :  
Oh, step not back, yield to mine earnest wish,  
The prince's wish, who sends me unto thee !

TASSO.

I know the claims of duty, and submit.  
Be it, as far as possible, forgiven !  
The poets tell us of a magic spear,

Which could a wound, inflicted by itself,  
 Through friendly contact, once again restore.  
 The human tongue hath also such a power:  
 I will not peevishly resist it now.

ANTONIO.

I thank thee, and desire that thou at once  
 Wouldst put my wish to serve thee to the proof.  
 Then say if I in aught can pleasure thee; —  
 Most gladly will I do so: therefore speak.

TASSO.

Thine offer tallies with my secret wish:  
 But now thou hast restored my liberty,  
 Procure for me, I pray, the use of it.

ANTONIO.

What meanest thou? More plainly state thy wish.

TASSO.

My poem, as thou knowest, I have ended:  
 Yet much it wants to render it complete.  
 To-day I gave it to the prince, and hoped  
 At the same time to proffer my request.  
 Full many of my friends I now should find  
 In Rome assembled; they have writ to me  
 Their judgments touching divers passages;  
 By many I could profit; others still  
 Require consideration; and some lines  
 I should be loath to alter, till at least  
 My judgment has been better satisfied.  
 All this by letter cannot be arranged,  
 While intercourse would soon untie the knots.  
 I thought myself to ask the prince to-day;

The occasion failed: I dare not venture now,  
And must for this permission trust to thee.

ANTONIO.

It seems imprudent to absent thyself  
Just at the moment when thy finished work  
Commends thee to the princess and the prince.  
A day of favour is a day of harvest:  
We should be busy when the corn is ripe.  
Nought wilt thou win if thou departest hence,  
Perchance thou'lt lose what thou hast won already.  
Presence is still a powerful deity, —  
Learn to respect her influence, — tarry here!

TASSO.

I nothing have to fear: Alphonse is noble,  
Such hath he always proved himself toward me; —  
To his heart only will I owe the boon  
Which now I crave. By no mean, servile arts  
Will I obtain his favour. Nought will I receive  
Which it can e'er repent him to have given.

ANTONIO.

Then, do not now solicit leave to go:  
He will not willingly accord thy suit;  
And much I fear he will reject it, Tasso.

TASSO.

Duly entreated, he will grant my prayer:  
Thou hast the power to move him, if thou wilt.

ANTONIO.

But what sufficient reason shall I urge?

TASSO.

Let every stanza of my poem speak !  
The scope was lofty that I aimed to reach,  
Though to my genius inaccessible.  
Labour and strenuous effort have not failed ;  
The cheerful stroll of many a lovely day,  
The silent watch of many a solemn night,  
Have to this pious lay been consecrate.  
With modest daring I aspired too near  
The mighty masters of the olden time ;  
With lofty courage planned to rouse our age  
From lengthened sleep, to deeds of high emprise ;  
Then, with a Christian host, I hoped to share  
The toil and glory of a holy war.  
And, that my song may rouse the noblest men,  
It must be worthy of its lofty aim.  
What worth it hath is to Alphonso due :  
For its completion I would owe him thanks.

ANTONIO.

The prince himself is here, with other men,  
Able as those of Rome to be thy guides.  
Here is thy station, here complete thy work :  
Then haste to Rome to carry out thy plan.

TASSO.

Alphonso first inspired my muse, and he  
Will be the last to counsel me. Thy judgment,  
The judgment also of the learned men  
Assembled at our court, I highly value :  
Ye shall determine when my friends at Rome  
Fail to produce conviction in my mind.  
But them I must consult. Gonzaga there  
Hath summoned a tribunal before which  
I must present myself. I scarce can wait.  
Flaminio de' Nobili, Angelio

Da Barga, Antoniano, and Speron Speroni!  
 To thee they must be known. — What names they are!  
 They in my soul, to worth which gladly yields,  
 Inspire at once both confidence and fear.

ANTONIO.

Self-occupied, thou thinkest not of the prince:  
 I tell thee that he will not let thee go.  
 And, if he does, 'twill be against his wish.  
 Thou wilt not surely urge what he to thee  
 Unwillingly would grant. And shall I here  
 Still mediate, what I cannot approve?

TASSO.

Dost thou refuse me, then, my first request  
 When I would put thy friendship to the proof?

ANTONIO.

Timely denial is the surest test  
 Of genuine friendship: love doth oft confer  
 A baneful good, when it consults the wish,  
 And not the happiness, of him who sues.  
 Thou, in this moment, dost appear to me  
 To overprize the object of thy wish,  
 Which, on the instant, thou wouldst have fulfilled.  
 The erring man would oft by vehemence  
 Compensate what he lacks in truth and power:  
 Duty enjoins me now, with all my might,  
 To check the rashness that would lead thee wrong.

TASSO.

I long have known this tyranny of friendship,  
 Which of all tyrannies appears to me .



The least endurable. Because, forsooth,  
Our judgments differ, thine must needs be right:  
I gladly own that thou dost wish my welfare,  
Require me not to seek it in thy way.

ANTONIO.

And wouldst thou have me, Tasso, in cold blood,  
With full and clear conviction, injure thee?

TASSO.

I will at once absolve thee from this care!  
Thou hast no power to hold me with thy words.  
Thou hast declared me free: these doors which lead  
Straight to the prince, stand open to me now.  
The choice I leave to thee. Or thou or I!  
The prince goes forth, no time is to be lost:  
Determine promptly! Dost thou still refuse,  
I go myself, let come of it what will.

ANTONIO.

A little respite grant me; not to-day:  
Wait, I beseech thee, till the prince returns!

TASSO.

If it were possible, this very hour!  
My soles are scorched upon this marble floor,  
Nor can my spirit rest until the dust  
Of the free highway shrouds the fugitive.  
I do not entreat thee! How unfit I am  
Now to appear before the prince thou seest;  
And thou must see — how can I hide from thee —  
That I'm no longer master of myself;  
No power on earth can sway my energies;  
Fetters alone can hold me in control!

No tyrant is the prince, he spake me free.  
 Once to his words how gladly I gave ear!  
 To-day to hearken is impossible.  
 Oh, let me have my freedom but to-day,  
 That my vexed spirit may regain its peace!  
 Back to my duty I will soon return.

ANTONIO.

Thou makest me dubious. How shall I resolve?  
 That error is contagious, I perceive.

TASSO.

If thy professions I'm to count sincere,  
 Perform what I desire, as well as thou canst.  
 Then will the prince release me, and I lose  
 Neither his favour nor his gracious aid.  
 For that I'll thank thee, — ay, with cordial thanks.  
 But if thy bosom bear an ancient grudge,  
 Wouldst thou for ever banish me this court,  
 For ever wouldst thou mar my destiny,  
 And drive me friendless forth into the world,  
 Then hold thy purpose and resist my prayer!

ANTONIO.

O Tasso! — for I'm doomed to injure thee, —  
 I choose the way which thou thyself dost choose:  
 The issue will determine who doth err!  
 Thou wilt away! I warn thee ere thou goest:  
 Scarce shalt thou turn thy back upon this house,  
 Ere thou shalt yearn in spirit to return,  
 While wilful humour still shall urge thee on.  
 Sorrow, distraction, and desponding gloom  
 In Rome await thee. There as well as here  
 Thou'lt miss thine aim. But this I do not say

To counsel thee : alas ! I but predict  
What soon will happen, and invite thee, Tasso,  
In the worst exigence to trust to me.  
I now, at thy desire, will seek the prince.

## SCENE V.

TASSO (*alone*).

Ay, go, and in the fond assurance go,  
That thou hast power to bend me to thy will.  
I learn dissimulation, for thou art  
An able master, and I prompt to learn.  
Thus life full oft compels us to appear,  
Yea, e'en to be, like those whom in our hearts  
We haughtily despise. How clearly now  
I see the subtle web of court intrigue !  
Antonio desires to drive me hence,  
Yet would not seem to drive me. He doth play  
The kind, considerate friend, that I may seem  
Incapable and weak ; installs himself  
My guardian too, degrading to a child,  
Him whom he could not bend to be a slave.  
With clouds of error thus he darkens truth,  
And blinds alike the princess and the prince.

They should indeed retain me, so he counsels,  
For with fair talents Nature has endowed me ;  
Although, alas ! she has accompanied  
Her lofty gifts with many weaknesses,  
With a foreboding spirit, boundless pride,  
And sensibility too exquisite.  
It cannot now be otherwise, since Fate,  
In her caprice, has fashioned such a man :  
We must consent to take him as he is,  
Be patient, bear with him, and then, perchance,

On days auspicious, as an unsought good,  
 Find pleasure in his joy-diffusing gift;  
 While for the rest, why, e'en as he was born,  
 He must have license both to live and die.

Where now Alphonso's firm and constant mind?  
 The man who braves his foe, who shields his friend,  
 In him who treats me thus can I discover?  
 Now I discern the measure of my woe!  
 This is my destiny, — toward me alone  
 All change their nature, — ay, the very men  
 Who are with others steadfast, firm, and true,  
 In one brief moment, for an idle breath,  
 Swerve lightly from their constant quality.

Has not this man's arrival here, alone,  
 And in a single hour, my fortune marred?  
 Has he not, even to its very base,  
 Laid low the structure of my happiness?  
 This, too, must I endure, — even to-day!  
 Yea, as before all pressed around me, now  
 I am by all abandoned; as before  
 Each strove to seize, to win me for himself,  
 All thrust me from them, and avoid me now.  
 And wherefore? My desert, and all the love  
 Wherewith I was so bounteously endowed,  
 Does he alone in equal balance weigh?  
 Yes, all forsake me now. Thou too! Thou too!

Beloved princess, thou, too, leavest me!  
 Hath she, to cheer me in this dismal hour,  
 A single token of her favour sent?  
 Have I deserved this from her? — Thou poor heart,  
 Whose very nature was to honour her! —  
 How, when her gentle accents touched mine ear,  
 Feelings unutterable thrilled my breast!  
 When she appeared, a more ethereal light

Outshone the light of day. Her eyes, her lips,  
Drew me resistlessly : my very knees  
Trembled beneath me ; and my spirit's strength  
Was all required to hold myself erect,  
And curb the strong desire to throw myself  
Prostrate before her. Scarcely could I quell  
The giddy rapture. Be thou firm, my heart !  
No cloud obscure thee, thou clear mind ! She too !  
Dare I pronounce what yet I scarce believe ?  
I must believe, yet dread to utter it.  
She too ! She too ! Think not the slightest blame,  
Only conceal it not. She too ! She too !

Alas ! This word, whose truth I ought to doubt,  
Long as a breath of faith survived in me, —  
This word, like fate's decree, doth now at last  
Engrave itself upon the brazen rim  
That rounds the full-scrolled tablet of my woe.  
Now first mine enemies are strong indeed :  
For ever now I am of strength bereft.  
How shall I combat when she stands opposed  
Amidst the hostile army ? How endure  
If she no more reach forth her hand to me ?  
If her kind glance the suppliant meet no more ?  
Ay, thou hast dared to think, to utter it,  
And, ere thou couldst have feared, — behold, 'tis true !  
And now, ere yet despair, with brazen talons,  
Doth rend asunder thy bewildered brain,  
Lament thy bitter doom, and utter forth  
The unavailing cry, She too ! She too !

## ACT V.

SCENE I. — *A Garden.* — ALPHONSO, ANTONIO.

ANTONIO.

OBEDIENT to thy wish, I went to Tasso  
 A second time : I come from him but now.  
 I sought to move him, yea, I strongly urged,  
 But from his fixed resolve he swerveth not ;  
 He earnestly entreats, that for a time  
 Thou wouldst permit him to repair to Rome.

ALPHONSO.

His purpose much annoys me, I confess : —  
 I rather tell thee my vexation now,  
 Than let it strengthen, smothered in my breast.  
 He fain would travel, good ! I hold him not.  
 He will depart, he will to Rome : so be it !  
 Let not the crafty Medici, nor yet  
 Scipio Gonzaga, wrest him from me, though !  
 'Tis this hath made our Italy so great,  
 That rival neighbours zealously contend  
 To foster and employ the ablest men.  
 Like chief without an army, shows a prince  
 Who round him gathers not superior minds ;  
 And who the voice of Poesy disdains  
 Is a barbarian, be he who he may.  
 Tasso I found, I chose him for myself,  
 I number him with pride among my train ;  
 And, having done so much for him already,  
 I should be loath to lose him without cause.

ANTONIO.

I feel embarrassed, prince ; for in thy sight  
 I bear the blame of what to-day befell :

That I was in the wrong, I frankly own,  
 And look for pardon to thy clemency ;  
 But I were inconsolable couldst thou,  
 E'en for a moment, doubt my honest zeal  
 In seeking to appease him. Speak to me  
 With gracious look, that so I may regain  
 My self-reliance and my wonted calm.

## ALPHONSO.

Feel no inquietude, Antonio ;—  
 In no wise do I count the blame as thine :  
 Too well I know the temper of the man,  
 Know all too well what I have done for him,  
 How often I have spared him, and how oft  
 Toward him I have overlooked my rightful claims.  
 O'er many things we gain the mastery,  
 But stern necessity, and lengthened time  
 Scarce give a man dominion o'er himself.

## ANTONIO.

When other men toil in behalf of one,  
 'Tis fit this one with diligence inquire  
 How he may profit others in return.  
 He who hath fashioned his own mind so well,  
 Who hath aspired to make each several science,  
 And the whole range of human lore, his own,  
 Is he not doubly bound to rule himself ?  
 Yet doth he ever give it e'en a thought ?

## ALPHONSO.

Continued rest is not ordained for man.  
 Still, when we purpose to enjoy ourselves,  
 To try our valour, fortune sends a foe ;  
 To try our equanimity, a friend.

ANTONIO.

Does Tasso e'en fulfil man's primal duty,  
 To regulate his appetite, in which  
 He is not, like the brute, restrained by nature?  
 Does he not rather, like a child, indulge  
 In all that charms and gratifies his taste?  
 When has he mingled water with his wine?  
 Comfits and condiments, and potent drinks,  
 One with another still he swallows down,  
 And then complains of his bewildered brain,  
 His hasty temper, and his fevered blood,  
 Railing at nature and at destiny.  
 How oft I've heard him in a bitter style  
 With childish folly argue with his leech.  
 'Twould raise a laugh, if aught were laughable  
 Which teases others and torments one's self.  
 "Oh, this is torture!" anxiously he cries,  
 Then, in splenetic mood, "Why boast your art?  
 Prescribe a cure!" — "Good!" then exclaims the leech.  
 "Abstain from this or that." — "That can I not." —  
 "Then, take this potion." — "No: it nauseates me,  
 The taste is horrid, nature doth rebel." —  
 "Well, then, drink water." — "Water! never more!  
 Like hydrophobia is my dread of it." —  
 "Then, your disease is hopeless." — "Why, I pray?" —  
 "One evil symptom will succeed another;  
 And, though your ailment should not fatal prove,  
 'Twill daily more torment you." — "Fine, indeed!  
 Then, wherefore play the leech? You know my case:  
 You should devise a remedy, and one  
 That's palatable too, that I may not  
 First suffer pain before relieved from it."  
 I see thee smile, my prince: 'tis but the truth;  
 Doubtless thyself hast heard it from his lips.

ALPHONSO.

Oft I have heard, and have as oft excused.



ANTONIO.

It is most certain, an intemperate life,  
 As it engenders wild, distempered dreams,  
 At length doth make us dream in open day.  
 What's his suspicion but a troubled dream?  
 He thinks himself environed still by foes.  
 None can discern his gift who envy not;  
 And all who envy, hate and persecute.  
 Oft with complaints he has molested thee:  
 Notes intercepted, violated locks,  
 Poison, the dagger! All before him float!  
 Thou dost investigate his grievance, — well,  
 Doth aught appear? Why, scarcely a pretext.  
 No sovereign's shelter gives him confidence.  
 The bosom of no friend can comfort him.  
 Wouldst promise happiness to such a man,  
 Or look to him for joy unto thyself?

ALPHONSO.

Thou wouldst be right, Antonio, if from him  
 I sought my own immediate benefit;  
 But I have learned no longer to expect  
 Service direct and unconditional.  
 All do not serve us in the selfsame way:  
 Who needeth much, according to his gifts  
 Must each employ, so is he ably served.  
 This lesson from the Medici we learned,  
 'Tis practised even by the popes themselves.  
 With what forbearance, magnanimity,  
 And princely patience, have they not endured  
 Full many a genius, who seemed not to need  
 Their ample favour, yet who needed it!

ANTONIO.

Who knows not this, my prince? The toil of life  
 Alone can tutor us life's gifts to prize.

In youth he hath already won so much,  
 He cannot relish aught in quietness.  
 Oh that he were compelled to earn the blessings  
 Which now with liberal hand are thrust upon him !  
 With manly courage he would brace his strength,  
 And at each onward step feel new content.  
 The needy noble has attained the height  
 Of his ambition, if his gracious prince  
 Raise him, with hand benign, from poverty,  
 And choose him as an inmate of the court.  
 Should he then honour him with confidence,  
 And before others raise him to his side,  
 Consulting him in war, or state affairs,  
 Why, then, methinks, with silent gratitude,  
 The modest man may bless his lucky fate.  
 And with all this, Tasso enjoys besides  
 Youth's purest happiness : — his fatherland  
 Esteems him highly, looks to him with hope.  
 Trust me for this, — his peevish discontent  
 On the broad pillow of his fortune rests.  
 He comes, dismiss him kindly, give him time  
 In Rome, in Naples, whereso'er he will,  
 To search in vain for what he misses here,  
 Yet here alone can ever hope to find.

ALPHONSO.

Back to Ferrara will he first return ?

ANTONIO.

He rather would remain in Belriguardo.  
 And, for his journey, what he may require,  
 He will request a friend to forward to him.

ALPHONSO.

I am content. My sister, with her friend,  
 Returns immediately to town ; and I,

Riding with speed, hope to reach home before them.  
 Thou'lt follow straight when thou for him hast cared ;  
 Give needful orders to the castellan,  
 That in the castle he may here abide  
 So long as he desires, until his friend  
 Forward his equipage, and till the letters,  
 Which we shall give him to our friends at Rome,  
 Have been transmitted. Here he comes. Farewell !

SCENE II. — ALPHONSO, TASSO.

TASSO (*with embarrassment*).

The favour thou so oft hast shown me, prince,  
 Is manifest, in clearest light, to-day.  
 The deed which, in the precincts of thy palace,  
 I lawlessly committed, thou hast pardoned ;  
 Thou hast appeased and reconciled my foe ;  
 Thou dost permit me for a time to leave  
 The shelter of thy side, and, rich in bounty,  
 Wilt not withdraw from me thy generous aid.  
 Inspired with confidence, I now depart,  
 And trust that this brief absence will dispel  
 The heavy gloom that now oppresses me.  
 My renovated soul shall plume her wing,  
 And pressing forward on the bright career,  
 Which, glad and bold, encouraged by thy glance,  
 I entered first, deserve thy grace anew.

ALPHONSO.

Prosperity attend thee on thy way !  
 With joyous spirit, and to health restored,  
 Return again amongst us. Thus thou shalt  
 To us, in double measure, for each hour  
 Thou now deprivest us of, requital bring.  
 Letters I give thee to my friends at Rome,

And also to my kinsmen, and desire  
 That to my people everywhere thou shouldst  
 Confidingly attach thyself ; — though absent,  
 Thee I shall certainly regard as mine.

TASSO.

Thou dost, O prince ! o'erwhelm with favours one  
 Who feels himself unworthy, who e'en wants  
 Ability to render fitting thanks.  
 Instead of thanks I proffer a request :  
 My poem now lies nearest to my heart.  
 My labours have been strenuous, yet I feel  
 That I am far from having reached my aim.  
 Fain would I there resort, where hovers yet  
 The inspiring genius of the mighty dead,  
 Still raining influence : there would I become  
 Once more a learner, then more worthily  
 My poem might rejoice in thine applause.  
 Oh, give me back the manuscript, which now  
 I feel ashamed to know within thy hand !

ALPHONSO.

Thou wilt not surely take from me to-day  
 What but to-day to me thou hast consigned.  
 Between thy poem, Tasso, and thyself,  
 Let me now stand as arbiter. Beware —  
 Nor, through assiduous diligence, impair  
 The genial nature that pervades thy rhymes,  
 And give not ear to every critic's word !  
 With nicest tact the poet reconciles  
 The judgments thousandfold of different men,  
 In thoughts and life at variance with each other,  
 And fears not numbers to displease, that he  
 Still greater numbers may enchant the more.

And yet I say not but that here and there  
 Thou mayst, with modest care, employ the file.  
 I promise thee at once, that in brief space,  
 Thou shalt receive a copy of thy poem.  
 Meanwhile I will retain it in my hands,  
 That I may first enjoy it with my sisters.  
 Then, if thou bring'st it back more perfect still,  
 Our joy will be enhanced; and here and there  
 We'll hint corrections, only as thy friends.

TASSO.

I can but modestly repeat my prayer:  
 Let me receive the copy with all speed.  
 My spirit resteth solely on this work,  
 Its full completion it must now attain.

ALPHONSO.

I praise the ardour that inspires thee, Tasso!  
 Yet, were it possible, thou for awhile  
 Shouldst rest thy mind, seek pleasure in the world,  
 And find some means to cool thy heated blood.  
 Then would thy mental powers, restored to health,  
 Through their sweet harmony, spontaneous yield  
 What now, with anxious toil, in vain thou seekest.

TASSO.

My prince, it seems so; but I am in health  
 When I can yield myself to strenuous toil,  
 And this my toil again restores my health.  
 Long hast thou known me; thou must long have seen,  
 I thrive not in luxurious indolence.  
 Rest brings no rest to me. Alas! I feel it:  
 My mind, by nature, never was ordained,

Borne on the yielding billows of the hour,  
To float in pleasure o'er time's ample sea.

ALPHONSO.

Thine aims, thy dreams, all whelm thee in thyself.  
Around us there doth yawn full many a gulf,  
Scooped by the hand of destiny; but here,  
In our own bosoms, lies the deepest; — ay!  
And tempting 'tis to hurl one's self therein!  
I charge thee, Tasso, snatch thee from thyself!  
The man will profit, though the bard may lose.

TASSO.

To quell the impulse I should vainly strive,  
Which, ceaseless in my bosom, day and night  
Alternates ever. Life were life no more  
Were I to cease to poetise, to dream.  
Wouldst thou forbid the cunning worm to spin,  
For that to nearer death he spins himself?  
From his own being, he unfoldeth still  
The costly texture, nor suspends his toil,  
Till in his shroud he hath immured himself.  
Oh, to us mortals may some gracious power  
Accord the insect's enviable doom,  
In some new sunny vale, with sudden joy,  
To spread our eager pinions!

ALPHONSO.

List to me!

Thou givest still to others to enjoy  
Life with a twofold relish. Learn thyself  
To know the worth of life, whose richest boon  
In tenfold measure is bestowed on thee.  
Now fare thee well! The sooner thou returnest  
All the more cordial will thy welcome be.

## SCENE III.

TASSO (*alone*).

Hold fast, my heart, thy work has been well done!  
 The task was arduous, for ne'er before  
 Didst thou or wish or venture to dissemble.  
 Ay, thou didst hear it, that was not his mind,  
 Nor his the words: to me it still appeared  
 As if I heard again Antonio's voice.  
 Only give heed! Henceforth on every side  
 Thou'lt hear that voice. Be firm, my heart, be firm!  
 'Tis only for a moment. He who learns  
 The trick of simulation late in life,  
 Doth outwardly the natural semblance wear  
 Of honest faith: practise, and thou'lt succeed.

*(After a pause.)*

Too soon thou triumphest, for lo! she comes!  
 The gentle princess comes! Oh, what a feeling!  
 She enters now: suspicion in my breast  
 And angry sullenness dissolve in grief.

SCENE IV.—PRINCESS, TASSO. (*Toward the end of  
 the scene the others.*)

PRINCESS.

Thou thinkest to forsake us, or remainest  
 Rather behind in Belriguardo, Tasso,  
 And then thou wilt withdraw thyself from us?  
 I trust thine absence will not be for long.  
 To Rome thou goest?

TASSO.

Thither first I wend;  
 And if, as I have reason to expect,

I from my friends kind welcome there receive,  
 With care and patient toil I may, at length,  
 Impart its highest finish to my poem.  
 Full many men I find assembled there,  
 Masters who may be styled in every art.  
 Ay, and in that first city of the world,  
 Hath not each site, yea, every stone, a tongue?  
 How many thousand silent monitors,  
 With earnest mien, majestic, beckon us!  
 There if I fail to make my work complete,  
 I never shall complete it. Ah, I feel it —  
 Success doth wait on no attempt of mine!  
 Still altering, I ne'er shall perfect it.  
 I feel, yea, deeply feel, the noble art  
 That quickens others, and does strength infuse  
 Into the healthy soul, will drive me forth,  
 And bring me to destruction. Forth I haste!  
 I will to Naples first.

PRINCESS.

Darest thou venture?

Still is the rigid sentence unrepealed  
 Which banished thee, together with thy father.

TASSO.

I know the danger, and have pondered it.  
 Disguised I go, in tattered garb, perchance  
 Of shepherd or of pilgrim, meanly clad.  
 Unseen I wander through the city, where  
 The movements of the many shroud the one.  
 Then to the shore I hasten, find a bark,  
 With people of Sorrento, pleasant folk,  
 Returning home from market; for I too  
 Must hasten to Sorrento. There resides  
 My sister, ever to my parents' heart,  
 Together with myself, a mournful joy.



I speak not in the bark ; I step ashore  
 Also in silence ; slowly I ascend  
 The upward path, and at the gate inquire,  
 Where may she dwell, Cornelia Sersale ?  
 With friendly mien, a woman at her wheel  
 Shows me the street, the house ; I hasten on ;  
 The children run beside me, and survey  
 The gloomy stranger with the shaggy locks.  
 Thus I approach the threshold. Open stands  
 The cottage door ; I step into the house —

## PRINCESS.

Oh, Tasso ! if 'tis possible, look up,  
 And see the danger that environs thee !  
 I spare thy feelings, else I well might ask,  
 Is't noble, so to speak as now thou speakest ?  
 Is't noble of thyself alone to think,  
 As if thou didst not wound the heart of friends ?  
 My brother's sentiments, are they concealed ?  
 And how we sisters prize and honour thee, —  
 Hast thou not known and felt it ? Can it be,  
 That a few moments should have altered all ?  
 Oh, Tasso ! if thou wilt indeed depart,  
 Yet do not leave behind thee grief and care.

(TASSO turns away.)

How soothing to the sorrowing heart to give,  
 To the dear friend who leaves us for a season,  
 Some trifling present, though 'twere nothing more  
 Than a new mantle, or a sword perchance !  
 There's nought, alas ! that we can offer thee,  
 For thou ungraciously dost fling aside  
 E'en what thou hast. Thou choosest for thyself  
 The pilgrim's scallop-shell, his sombre weeds,  
 His staff to lean on, and departing thus,  
 In willing poverty, from us thou takest  
 The only pleasure we could share with thee.

TASSO.

Then, thou wilt not reject me utterly ?  
 Oh, precious words ! Oh, comfort dear and sweet !  
 Do thou defend me ! Shield me with thy care ! —  
 Oh, send me to Consandoli, or here,  
 Keep me in Belriguardo, where thou wilt !  
 The prince is lord of many a pleasant seat,  
 Of many a garden, which the whole year round  
 Is duly kept, whose paths ye scarcely tread  
 A single day, perchance but for an hour.  
 Then, choose among them all the most remote  
 Which through long years ye have not visited,  
 And which perchance e'en now untended lies.  
 Oh, send me thither ! There let me be yours !  
 And I will tend thy trees ; with screen and tile  
 Will shield thy citrons from autumnal blasts,  
 Fencing them round with interwoven reeds ;  
 Flowers of the fairest hue shall in the beds  
 Strike deep their spreading roots ; with nicest care  
 Each pathway, every corner, shall be kept :  
 And of the palace also give me charge ;  
 At proper times the windows I will open,  
 Lest noxious vapours should the pictures mar ;  
 The walls, with choicest stucco-work adorned,  
 I with light feather-work will free from dust ;  
 There shall the polished pavement brightly shine ;  
 There shall no stone, no tiling, be misplaced ;  
 There shall no weeds sprout from the crevices !

PRINCESS.

I find no counsel in my troubled breast.  
 And find no comfort for thyself and — us.  
 Around I look to see if some kind god  
 Will haply grant us succour, and reveal  
 Some healing plant, or potion, to restore  
 Peace to thy bewildered senses, peace to us !

The truest word that floweth from the lip,  
The surest remedy, hath lost its power.  
Leave thee I must, — yet doth my heart refuse  
From thee to part.

TASSO.

Ye gods! And is it she?  
She who thus pities, who thus speaks with thee?  
And couldst thou e'er mistake that noble heart?  
And, in her presence, was it possible,  
That thee despondency could seize, could master?  
No, no, 'tis thou! I am myself again!  
Oh, speak once more! Sweet comfort let me hear  
Again from thy dear lips! Speak, nor withdraw  
Thy counsel from me. Say, what must I do,  
That I may win the pardon of the prince,  
That thou thyself mayst freely pardon me,  
That ye may both with pleasure take me back  
Into your princely service? Speak to me.

PRINCESS.

It is but little we require from thee,  
And yet that little seemeth all too much.  
Freely shouldst thou resign thyself to us.  
We wish not from thee aught but what thou art,  
If only with thyself thou wert at peace.  
When joy thou feelest, thou dost cause us joy;  
When thou dost fly from it, thou grievest us;  
And if sometimes we are impatient with thee,  
'Tis only that we fain would succour thee,  
And feel, alas! our succour all in vain,  
If thou the friendly hand forbear to grasp,  
Stretched longingly, which yet doth reach thee not.

TASSO.

'Tis thou thyself, a holy angel still,  
As when at first thou didst appear to me!

The mortal's darkened vision, oh, forgive !  
 If, while he gazed, he for a moment erred,  
 Now he again discerns thee ; and his soul  
 Aspires to honour thee eternally.  
 A flood of tenderness o'erwhelms my heart—  
 She stands before me ! She ! What feeling this ?  
 Is it distraction draws me unto thee ?  
 Or is it madness ? or a sense sublime  
 Which apprehends the purest, loftiest truth ?  
 Yes : 'tis the only feeling that on earth  
 Hath power to make and keep me truly blest,  
 Or that could overwhelm me with despair,  
 What time I wrestled with it, and resolved  
 To banish it for ever from my heart.  
 This fiery passion I had thought to quell,  
 Still with mine inmost being strove and strove,  
 And in the strife my very self destroyed,  
 Which is to thee indissolubly bound.

PRINCESS.

If thou wouldst have me, Tasso, listen to thee,  
 Restrain this fervid glow, which frightens me.

TASSO.

Restrains the goblet's rim the bubbling wine  
 That sparkling foams, and overflows its bounds ?  
 Thine every word doth elevate my bliss,  
 With every word more brightly gleams thine eye,  
 Over my spirit's depths there comes a change :  
 Relieved from dark perplexity, I feel  
 Free as a god ; and all I owe to thee !  
 A charm unspeakable, which masters me,  
 Flows from thy lips. Thou makest me all thine.  
 Of my own being nought belongs to me.  
 Mine eye grows dim in happiness and light,  
 My senses fail ; no more my foot sustains me :

Thou drawest me to thee with resistless might,  
 And my heart rushes self-impelled to thee.  
 Me hast thou won for all eternity,  
 Then take my whole of being to thyself.

*(He throws himself into her arms, and clasps her to his bosom.)*

PRINCESS.

*(Throwing him from her, and retiring in haste.)*

Away!

LEONORA.

*(Who has for some time appeared in the background, hastening forward.)*

What hath befallen? Tasso! Tasso!

*(She follows the PRINCESS.)*

TASSO *(about to follow her)*.

O God!

ALPHONSO.

*(Who has for some time been approaching with ANTONIO.)*

He is distracted: hold him fast.

*[Exit.*

SCENE V. — TASSO, ANTONIO.

ANTONIO.

If that a foeman — as thou deem'st thyself  
 Environed by a multitude of foes —  
 Beside thee stood, how would he triumph now!  
 Unhappy man! I am not yet myself!  
 When something quite unparallelled occurs,  
 When something monstrous first arrests our sight,

The staggered spirit stands a moment still ;  
For we know nothing to compare it with.

TASSO (*after a long pause*).

Fulfil thine office : I perceive 'tis thou !  
Ay, thou deservest the prince's confidence.  
Fulfil thine office, since my doom is sealed :  
With lingering tortures, torture me to death !  
Draw ! draw the shaft, that I may feel the barb  
That lacerates, with cruel pangs, my heart !  
The tyrant's precious instrument art thou ;  
Be thou his jailer — executioner —  
For these are offices become thee well !

(*Toward the scene.*)

Yes, tyrant, go ! Thou couldst not to the last  
Thy wonted mask retain ; in triumph go !  
Thy slave thou hast well pinioned, hast reserved  
For predetermined and protracted pangs ;  
Yes, go ! I hate thee. In my heart I feel  
The horror which despotic power excites,  
When it is grasping, cruel, and unjust.

(*After a pause.*)

Thus, then, at last, I see myself exiled,  
Turned off, and thrust forth like a mendicant !  
Thus they with garlands wreathed me, but to lead  
The victim to the shrine of sacrifice !  
Thus, at the very last, with cunning words,  
They drew from me my only property,  
My poem, — ay, and they retain it too !  
Now is my one possession in your hands,  
My bright credential wheresoe'er I went,  
My sole resource 'gainst biting poverty !  
Ay, now I see why I must take mine ease.  
'Tis a conspiracy, and thou the head.  
Thus that my song may not be perfected,  
That my renown may ne'er be spread abroad,

That envy still a thousand faults may find,  
And my unhonoured name forgotten die :  
Therefore I must consent to idleness,  
Therefore must spare my faculties, myself.  
Oh, precious friendship ! Dear solicitude !  
Odious appeared the dark conspiracy  
Which ceaseless round me wove its viewless web,  
But still more odious does it now appear !

And thou too, Siren ! who so tenderly  
Didst lead me on with thy celestial mien,  
Thee now I know ! Wherefore, O God, so late !

But we so willingly deceive ourselves,  
We honour reprobates, who honour us.  
True men are never to each other known :  
Such knowledge is reserved for galley-slaves,  
Chained to a narrow plank, who gasp for breath,  
Where none hath aught to ask, nor aught to lose,  
Where for a rascal each avows himself,  
And holds his neighbour for a rascal too, —  
Such men as these, perchance, may know each other.  
But for the rest we courteously misjudge them,  
Hoping they may misjudge us in return.

How long thine hallowed image from my gaze  
Veiled the coquette, working with paltry arts !  
The mask has fallen ! — Now I see Armida  
Denuded of her charms — yes, thou art she,  
Of whom my bodeful verse prophetic sang !

And then the little, cunning go-between !  
With what profound contempt I view her now !  
I hear the rustling of her stealthy step,  
As round me still she spreads her artful toils.  
Ay, now I know you ! And let that suffice !

And misery, though it beggar me of all,  
I honour still, — for it hath taught me truth.

ANTONIO.

I hear thee with amazement, though I know  
How thy rash humour, Tasso, urges thee  
To rush in haste to opposite extremes.  
Collect thy spirit and command thy rage!  
Thou speakest slander, dost indulge in words  
Which to thine anguish though they be forgiven,  
Yet thou canst ne'er forgive unto thyself.

TASSO.

Oh, speak not to me with a gentle lip:  
Let me not hear one prudent word from thee!  
Leave me my sullen happiness, that I  
May not regain my senses, but to lose them.  
My very bones are crushed, yet do I live; —  
Ay! live to feel the agonising pain.  
Despair infolds me in its ruthless grasp;  
And, in the hell-pang that annihilates,  
These slanderous words are but a feeble cry  
Wrung from the depth of my sore agony.  
I will away! If honest, point the path,  
And suffer me at once to fly from hence.

ANTONIO.

In thine extremity I will not leave thee;  
And, shouldst thou wholly lose thy self-control,  
My patience shall not fail.

TASSO.

And must I, then,  
Yield myself up a prisoner to thee?  
Resigned I yield myself, and it is done:



I cease to struggle, and 'tis well with me. —  
 Now let mine anguished heart recall how fair  
 What, as in sport, I madly flung away.  
 They hence depart — O God! I there behold  
 The dust, ascending from their chariot-wheels —  
 The riders in advance — ay, there they go  
 E'en to the very place from whence I came!  
 Now they are gone — they are estranged from me.  
 Oh that I once again had kissed his hand!  
 Oh that I once again might say farewell!  
 Once only might I falter, Oh, forgive!  
 Once only hear the word, Go, thou'rt forgiven!  
 Alas! I hear it not: — I ne'er shall hear it —  
 Yes, I will go! Let me but say farewell,  
 Only farewell! Give me, oh, give me back  
 Their longed-for presence for a single moment!  
 Perchance I might recover! Never more!  
 I am rejected, doomed to banishment!  
 Alas! I am self-banished, never more  
 To hear that gentle voice, that tender glance  
 To meet no more —

ANTONIO.

Yet hear the voice of one  
 Who, not without emotion, stands beside thee!  
 Thou'rt not so wretched, Tasso, as thou thinkest.  
 Collect thyself! Too much thou art unmanned.

TASSO.

And am I, then, as wretched as I seem?  
 Am I as weak as I do show myself?  
 Say, is all lost? Has sorrow's direful stroke,  
 As with an earthquake's sudden shock, transformed  
 The stately pile into a ruined heap?  
 Is all the genius flown that did erewhile  
 So richly charm, and so exalt my soul?  
 Is all the power extinguished which of yore

Stirred in my bosom's depths? Am I become  
 A nothing? A mere nothing? No: all's here!  
 I have it still, and yet myself am nothing!  
 I from myself am severed, she from me!

ANTONIO.

Though to thyself thou seemest so forlorn,  
 Be calm, and bear in mind what still thou art!

TASSO.

Ay, in due season thou remindest me! —  
 Hath history no example for mine aid?  
 Before me doth there rise no man of worth  
 Who more hath borne than I, that with his fate  
 Mine own comparing, I may gather strength?  
 No: all is gone! — but one thing still remains, —  
 Tears, balmy tears, kind nature has bestowed.  
 The cry of anguish, when the man at length  
 Can bear no more — yea, and to me beside,  
 She leaves in sorrow melody and speech,  
 To utter forth the fulness of my woe:  
 Though in their mortal anguish men are dumb,  
 To me a God hath given to tell my grief.

(ANTONIO *approaches him, and takes his hand.*)

Oh, noble man! thou standest firm and calm,  
 While I am like the tempest-driven wave.  
 But be not boastful of thy strength. Reflect!  
 Nature, whose mighty power hath fixed the rock,  
 Gives to the wave its instability.  
 She sends her storm, the passive wave is driven,  
 And rolls and swells and falls in billowy foam.  
 Yet in this very wave the glorious sun  
 Mirrors his splendour, and the quiet stars  
 Upon its heaving bosom gently rest.  
 Dimmed is the splendour, vanished is the calm! —  
 In danger's hour I know myself no longer,

Nor am I now ashamed of the confession.  
The helm is broken, and on every side  
The reeling vessel splits. The riven planks,  
Bursting asunder, yawn beneath my feet!  
Thus with my outstretched arms I cling to thee!  
So doth the shipwrecked mariner at last  
Cling to the rock whereon his vessel struck.



# Goetz von Berlichingen

With the Iron Hand

A Drama

Translated by Sir Walter Scott

This drama was written in 1771 ; but it was not published until 1773, during which interval it underwent considerable alterations. It was the first work which Goethe submitted to the public ; and it at once excited great attention, both on account of the originality of the subject, and of the vigorous and unconventional manner in which it was worked out.



## Translator's Preface

GOETZ VON BERLICHINGEN, the hero of the following drama, flourished in the fifteenth century, during the reign of Maximilian the First, Emperor of Germany. Previous to this period, every German noble holding a fief immediately from the emperor, exercised on his estate a species of sovereignty subordinate to the imperial authority alone. Thus, from the princes and prelates possessed of extensive territories, down to the free knights and barons, whose domains consisted of a castle and a few acres of mountain and forest ground, each was a petty monarch upon his own property, independent of all control but the remote supremacy of the emperor.

Among the extensive rights conferred by such a constitution, that of waging war against each other, by their own private authority, was most precious to a race of proud and military barons. These private wars were called feuds, and the privilege of carrying them on was named *Faustrecht* (club-law). As the empire advanced in civilisation, the evils attending feuds became dreadfully conspicuous: each petty knight was by law entitled to make war upon his neighbours without any further ceremony than three days' previous defiance by a written form called *Fehdebrief*. Even the Golden Bull, which remedied so many evils in the Germanic body, left this dangerous privilege in full vigour. In time the residence of every free baron became a fortress, from which, as his passions or avarice dictated, sallied a band of marauders to back his quarrel, or to collect an extorted revenue from the merchants who presumed

to pass through his domain. At length whole bands of these freebooting nobles used to league together for the purpose of mutual defence against their more powerful neighbours, as likewise for that of predatory excursions against the princes, free towns, and ecclesiastic states of the empire, whose wealth tempted the needy barons to exercise against them their privilege of waging private war. These confederacies were distinguished by various titles expressive of their object: we find among them the Brotherhood of the Mace, the Knights of the Bloody Sleeve, etc. If one of the brotherhood was attacked, the rest marched without delay to his assistance; and thus, though individually weak, the petty feudatories maintained their ground against the more powerful members of the empire. Their independence and privileges were recognised and secured to them by many edicts; and though hated and occasionally oppressed by the princes and ecclesiastical authorities, to whom in return they were a scourge and a pest, they continued to maintain tenaciously the good old privilege (as they termed it) of *Faustrecht*, which they had inherited from their fathers. Amid the obvious mischiefs attending such a state of society, it must be allowed that it is frequently the means of calling into exercise the highest heroic virtues. Men daily exposed to danger, and living by the constant exertion of their courage, acquired the virtues as well as the vices of a savage state; and among many instances of cruelty and rapine, occur not a few of the most exalted valour and generosity. If the fortress of a German knight was the dread of the wealthy merchant and abbot, it was often the ready and hospitable refuge of the weary pilgrim and oppressed peasant. Although the owner subsisted by the plunder of the rich, yet he was frequently beneficent to the poor, and beloved by his own family dependents and allies. The spirit of chivalry doubtless contributed much to soften



the character of these marauding nobles. A respect for themselves taught them generosity toward their prisoners, and certain acknowledged rules prevented many of the atrocities which it might have been expected would have marked these feuds. No German noble, for example, if made captive, was confined in fetters or in a dungeon, but remained a prisoner at large upon his parole (which was called knightly ward), either in the castle of his conqueror, or in some other place assigned to him. The same species of honourable captivity was often indulged by the emperor to offenders of a noble rank, of which some instances will be found in the following pages.

Such was the state of the German nobles, when, on the 7th of August, 1495, was published the memorable edict of Maximilian for the establishment of the public peace of the empire. By this ordinance, the right of private war was totally abrogated, under the penalty of the Ban of the empire, to be enforced by the Imperial Chamber then instituted. This was at once a sentence of anathema secular and spiritual, containing the dooms of outlawry and excommunication. This ordinance was highly acceptable to the princes, bishops, and free towns, who had little to gain and much to lose in these perpetual feuds; and they combined to enforce it with no small severity against the petty feudatories: these, on the other hand, sensible that the very root of their importance consisted in their privilege of declaring private war, without which they foresaw they would not long be able to maintain their independence, struggled hard against the execution of this edict, by which their confederacies were declared unlawful, and all means taken from them of resisting their richer neighbours.

Upon the jarring interests of the princes and clergy on the one hand, and of the free knights and petty imperial feudatories on the other, arise the incidents of

the following drama. The hero, Goetz von Berlichingen, was in reality a zealous champion for the privileges of the free knights, and was repeatedly laid under the Ban of the empire for the feuds in which he was engaged, from which he was only released in consequence of high reputation for gallantry and generosity. His life was published at Nuremberg, 1731; and some account of his exploits, with a declaration of feud (*Fehdebrief*) issued by him against that city, will be found in Meusel's "Inquiry into History," vol. iv.

While the princes and free knights were thus banded against each other, the peasants and bondsmen remained in the most abject state of ignorance and oppression. This occasioned at different times the most desperate insurrections, resembling in their nature, and in the atrocities committed by the furious insurgents, the rebellions of Tyler and Cade in England, or that of the *Jacquerie* in France. Such an event occurs in the following tragedy. There is also a scene founded upon the noted institution called the Secret or Invisible Tribunal. With this extraordinary judicatory, the members and executioners of which were unknown, and met in secret to doom to death those criminals whom other courts of justice could not reach, the English reader has been made acquainted by several translations from the German, particularly the excellent romances called "Herman of Unna," and "Alf von Duilman."

The following drama was written by the elegant author of the "Sorrows of Werther," in imitation, it is said, of the manner of Shakespeare. This resemblance is not to be looked for in the style or expression, but in the outline of the characters, and mode of conducting the incidents of the piece. In Germany it is the object of enthusiastic admiration, partly owing doubtless to the force of national partiality toward a performance in which the ancient manners of the country

are faithfully and forcibly painted. Losing, however, this advantage, and under all the defects of a translation, the translator ventures to hope, that, in the following pages, there will still be found something to excite interest. Some liberties have been taken with the original, in omitting two occasional disquisitions upon the civil law as practised in Germany.<sup>1</sup> Literal accuracy has been less studied in the translation, than an attempt to convey the spirit and general effect of the piece. Upon the whole, it is hoped the version will be found faithful; of which the translator is less distrustful, owing to the friendship of a gentleman of high literary eminence, who has obligingly taken the trouble of superintending the publication.

WALTER SCOTT.

*Edinburgh, 3d February, 1799.*

<sup>1</sup> In the present revision these omitted portions are restored, whilst a few corrections have been made with a view to greater literalness. — ED.

## Dramatis Personæ

MAXIMILIAN, Emperor of Germany.

GOETZ VON BERLICHINGEN, a free knight of the empire.

ELIZABETH, his wife.

MARIA, his sister.

CHARLES, his son, — a boy.

GEORGE, his page.

BISHOP OF BAMBERG.

ADELBERT VON WEISLINGEN, a free German knight of the empire.

ADELAIDE VON WALLDORF, widow of the COUNT VON WALLDORF.

LIEBTRAUT, a courtier of the Bishop's.

ABBOT OF FULDA, residing at the Bishop's court.

OLEARIUS, a doctor of laws.

BROTHER MARTIN, a monk.

HANS VON SELBITZ, } Free knights, in alliance with  
FRANZ VON SICKINGEN, } GOETZ.

LERSE, a trooper.

FRANCIS, esquire to WEISLINGEN.

Female attendant on ADELAIDE.

President, Accuser, and Avenger of the Secret Tribunal.

METZLER, }

SIEVERS, }

LINK, }

KOHL, }

WILD, }

Leaders of the insurgent peasantry.

Imperial Commissioners.

Two Merchants of Nuremberg.

Magistrates of Heilbronn.

MAXIMILIAN STUMF, a vassal of the Palsgrave.

An unknown.

Bride's father, }

Bride, }

Bridegroom, }

Peasants.

Gipsy captain.

Gipsy mother and women.

STICKS and WOLF, gipsies.

Imperial captain.

Imperial officers.

Innkeeper.

Sentinel.

Sergeant-at-arms.

Imperial soldiers — Troopers belonging to GOETZ, to SELBITZ, to SICKINGEN, and to WEISLINGEN — Peasants — Gipsies — Judges of the Secret Tribunal — Jailers — Courtiers, etc.

# Goetz von Berlichingen

## With the Iron Hand

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### ACT I.

SCENE I. — *An Inn at Schwarzenberg in Franconia.*

METZLER and SIEVERS, *two Swabian peasants, are seated at a table. At the fire, at some distance from them, two troopers from Bamberg. The Innkeeper.*

SIEVERS. Hänsel! Another cup of brandy — and Christian measure.

INNKEEPER. Thou art a Never-enough.

METZLER (*apart to SIEVERS*). Repeat that again about Berlichingen. — The Bambergers, there, are so angry they are almost black in the face.

SIEVERS. Bambergers! — What are they about here?

METZLER. Weislingen has been two days up yonder at the castle with the earl — they are his attendants — they came with him, I know not whence. They are waiting for him — He is going back to Bamberg.

SIEVERS. Who is that Weislingen?

METZLER. The Bishop of Bamberg's right hand! a powerful lord, who is lying in wait to play Goetz some trick.

SIEVERS. He had better take care of himself.

METZLER (*aside*). Prithee go on! (*Aloud*.) How long is it since Goetz had a new dispute with the bishop? I thought all had been agreed and squared between them.

SIEVERS. Ay! Agreement with priests!— When the bishop saw he could do no good, and always got the worst of it, he pulled in his horns, and made haste to patch up a truce — and honest Berlichingen yielded to an absurd extent, as he always does when he has the advantage.

METZLER. God bless him! a worthy nobleman.

SIEVERS. Only think! Was it not shameful? They fell upon a page of his, to his no small surprise; but they will soon be mauled for that.

METZLER. How provoking that his last stroke should have missed. He must have been plaguily annoyed.

SIEVERS. I don't think anything has vexed him so much for a long time. Look you, all had been calculated to a nicety: the time the bishop would come from the bath, with how many attendants, and which road; and, had it not been betrayed by some traitor, Goetz would have blessed his bath for him, and rubbed him dry.

FIRST TROOPER. What are you prating there about our bishop? do you want to pick a quarrel?

SIEVERS. Mind your own affairs: you have nothing to do with our table.

SECOND TROOPER. Who taught you to speak disrespectfully of our bishop?

SIEVERS. Am I bound to answer *your* questions? — Look at the fool!

[*The first TROOPER boxes his ears.*

METZLER. Smash the rascal!

[*They attack each other.*

SECOND TROOPER (*to METZLER*). Come on if you dare —

INNKEEPER (*separating them*). Will you be quiet? Zounds! Take yourself off if you have any scores to settle: in my house I will have order and decency. (*He pushes the TROOPERS out of doors.*) — And what are you about, you jackasses?

METZLER. No bad names, Hänsel! or your sconce shall pay for it. Come, comrade, we'll go and thrash those blackguards.

*Enter two of BERLICHINGEN'S TROOPERS.*

FIRST TROOPER. What's the matter?

SIEVERS. Ah! Good day, Peter! — Good day, Veit! — Whence come you?

SECOND TROOPER. Mind you don't let out whom we serve.

SIEVERS (*whispering*). Then, your master Goetz isn't far off?

FIRST TROOPER. Hold your tongue! — Have you had a quarrel?

SIEVERS. You must have met the fellows without — they are Bambergers.

FIRST TROOPER. What brings them here?

SIEVERS. They escort Weislingen, who is up yonder at the castle with the earl.

FIRST TROOPER. Weislingen!

SECOND TROOPER (*aside to his companion*). Peter, that is grist to our mill — How long has he been here?

METZLER. Two days; but he is off to-day, as I heard one of his fellows say.

FIRST TROOPER (*aside*). Did I not tell you he was here? — We might have waited yonder long enough — Come, Veit —

SIEVERS. Help us first to drub the Bambergers.

SECOND TROOPER. There are already two of you — We must away — Farewell! [*Exeunt both TROOPERS.*]

SIEVERS. Scurvy dogs, these troopers! They won't strike a blow without pay.

METZLER. I could swear they have something in hand. — Whom do they serve?

SIEVERS. I am not to tell — They serve Goetz.

METZLER. So! — Well, now we'll cudgel those fellows outside — While I have a quarter-staff I care not for their spits.

SIEVERS. If we durst but once serve the princes in the same manner, who drag our skins over our ears!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. — *A Cottage in a thick Forest.*

GOETZ VON BERLICHINGEN *discovered walking among the trees before the door.*

GOETZ. Where linger my servants? — I must walk up and down, or sleep will overcome me — Five days and nights already on the watch — It is hardly earned, this bit of life and freedom. But when I have caught thee, Weislingen, I shall take my ease. (*Fills a glass of wine, and drinks; looks at the flask.*) — Again empty. — George! — While this and my courage last, I can laugh at the ambition and chicanery of princes! — George! — You may send round your obsequious Weislingen to your uncles and cousins to calumniate my character — Be it so — I am on the alert. — Thou hast escaped me, bishop: then thy dear Weislingen shall pay the score. — George! — Doesn't the boy hear? — George! George!

GEORGE (*entering in the cuirass of a full-grown man*).  
Worshipful sir.

GOETZ. What kept you? Were you asleep? — What in the Devil's name means this masquerade? — Come hither: you don't look amiss. Be not ashamed,



boy; you look bravely. Ah! if you could but fill it! — Is it Hans' cuirass?

GEORGE. He wished to sleep a little, and unbuckled it.

GOETZ. He takes things easier than his master.

GEORGE. Do not be angry! I took it quietly away and put it on, then fetched my father's old sword from the wall, ran to the meadow, and drew it —

GOETZ. And laid about you, no doubt? — Rare times for the brambles and thorns! — Is Hans asleep?

GEORGE. He started up and cried out to me when you called — I was trying to unbuckle the cuirass when I heard you twice or thrice.

GOETZ. Go take back his cuirass, and tell him to be ready with his horses.

GEORGE. I have fed them well, and they are ready bridled: you may mount when you will.

GOETZ. Bring me a stoup of wine. Give Hans a glass too, and tell him to be on the alert — there is good cause: I expect the return of my scouts every moment.

GEORGE. Ah! noble sir!

GOETZ. What's the matter?

GEORGE. May I not go with you?

GOETZ. Another time, George — when we waylay merchants and seize their wagons —

GEORGE. Another time! — You have said that so often. — Oh, this time, this time! I will only skulk behind; just keep on the lookout — I will gather up all the spent arrows for you.

GOETZ. Next time, George! — You must first have a doublet, a steel cap, and a lance.

GEORGE. Take me with you now! — Had I been with you last time, you would not have lost your cross-bow.

GOETZ. Do you know about that?

GEORGE. You threw it at your antagonist's head: one of his followers picked it up, and off with it he went. Don't I know about it?

GOETZ. Did my people tell you?

GEORGE. Oh, yes! and for that, I whistle them all sorts of tunes while we dress the horses, and teach them merry songs too.

GOETZ. Thou art a brave boy.

GEORGE. Take me with you to prove myself so.

GOETZ. The next time, I promise you! You must not go to battle unarmed as you are. There is a time coming which will also require men. I tell thee, boy, it will be a dear time. Princes shall offer their treasures for a man whom they now hate. Go, George, give Hans his cuirass again, and bring me wine. (*Exit GEORGE.*) Where can my people be? It is incomprehensible!—A monk! What brings him here so late?

*Enter Brother MARTIN.*

GOETZ. Good evening, reverend father! Whence come you so late? Man of holy rest, thou shamest many knights.

MARTIN. Thanks, noble sir! I am at present but an unworthy brother, if we come to titles. My cloister name is Augustin; but I like better to be called by my Christian name, Martin.

GOETZ. You are tired, Brother Martin, and doubtless thirsty.

*Enter GEORGE with wine.*

GOETZ. Here, in good time, comes wine.

MARTIN. For me a draught of water. I dare not drink wine.

GOETZ. Is it against your vow?

MARTIN. Noble sir, to *drink* wine is not against my vow; but because *wine* is against my vow, therefore I drink it not.

GOETZ. How am I to understand that?

MARTIN. 'Tis well for thee that thou dost not understand it. Eating and drinking nourish man's life.

GOETZ. Well!

MARTIN. When thou hast eaten and drunken, thou art, as it were, new born, stronger, bolder, fitter for action. Wine rejoices the heart of man, and joyousness is the mother of every virtue. When thou hast drunk wine, thou art double what thou shouldst be! twice as ingenious, twice as enterprising, and twice as active.

GOETZ. As I drink it, what you say is true.

MARTIN. 'Tis when thus taken in moderation that I speak of it. But we — [GEORGE *brings water.*

GOETZ (*aside to GEORGE*). Go to the road which leads to Daxbach: lay thine ear close to the earth, and listen for the tread of horses. Return immediately.

MARTIN. But we, on the other hand, when we have eaten and drunken, are the reverse of what we should be. Our sluggish digestion depresses our mental powers; and, in the indulgence of luxurious ease, desires are generated which grow too strong for our weakness.

GOETZ. One glass, Brother Martin, will not disturb your sleep. You have travelled far to-day. (*Raises his glass.*) Here's to all fighting-men!

MARTIN. With all my heart. (*They ring their glasses.*) I cannot abide idle people — yet will I not say that all monks are idle; they do what they can: I am just come from St. Bede, where I slept last night. The prior took me into the garden: that is their hive. Excellent salad, cabbages in perfection, and such cauliflowers and artichokes as you will hardly find in Europe.

GOETZ. So that is not the life for you?

[*Goes out, and looks anxiously after the boy. Returns.*

MARTIN. Would that God had made me a gardener

or day-labourer ! I might then have been happy ! My convent is Erfurt in Saxony : my abbot loves me ; he knows I cannot remain idle ; and so he sends me round the country, wherever there is business to be done. I am on my way to the Bishop of Constance.

GOETZ. Another glass. Good speed to you !

MARTIN. The same to you.

GOETZ. Why do you look at me so steadfastly, brother ?

MARTIN. I am in love with your armour.

GOETZ. Would you like a suit ? It is heavy and toilsome to the wearer.

MARTIN. What is not toilsome in this world ? — But to me nothing is so much so as to renounce my very nature ! Poverty, chastity, obedience, — three vows, each of which taken singly seems the most dreadful to humanity — so insupportable are they all ; — and to spend a lifetime under this burden, or to groan despairingly under the still heavier load of an evil conscience — Ah ! Sir Knight, what are the toils of your life compared to the sorrows of a state, which, from a mistaken desire of drawing nearer to the Deity, condemns as crimes the best impulses of our nature, — impulses by which we live, grow, and prosper !

GOETZ. Were your vow less sacred, I would give you a suit of armour and a steed, and we would ride out together.

MARTIN. Would to Heaven my shoulders had strength to bear armour, and my arm to unhorse an enemy ! Poor, weak hand, accustomed from infancy to swing censers, to bear crosses and banners of peace, how couldst thou manage the lance and falchion ? My voice, tuned only to Aves and Hallelujahs, would be a herald of my weakness to the enemy ; while yours would overpower him : otherwise no vows should keep me from entering an order founded by the Creator himself.

GOETZ. To your happy return ! [Drinks.

MARTIN. I drink that only in compliment to you! A return to my prison must ever be unhappy. When you, Sir Knight, return to your castle, with the consciousness of your courage and strength, which no fatigue can overcome; when you, for the first time, after a long absence, stretch yourself unarmed upon your bed, secure from the attack of enemies, and resign yourself to a sleep sweeter than the draught after a long thirst, — then can you speak of happiness.

GOETZ. And accordingly it comes but seldom!

MARTIN (*with growing ardour*). But, when it does come, it is a foretaste of paradise. When you return home laden with the spoils of your enemies, and remember, "Such a one I struck from his horse ere he could discharge his piece — such another I overthrew, horse and man," then you ride to your castle, and —

GOETZ. And what?

MARTIN. And your wife — (*Fills a glass.*) To her health! (*He wipes his eyes.*) You have one?

GOETZ. A virtuous, noble wife!

MARTIN. Happy the man who possesses a virtuous wife: his life is doubled. This blessing was denied me, yet was woman the glory or crown of creation.

GOETZ (*aside*). I grieve for him. The sense of his condition preys upon his heart.

*Enter GEORGE, breathless.*

GEORGE. My lord, my lord, I hear horses in full gallop! — two of them — 'Tis they for certain.

GOETZ. Bring out my steed: let Hans mount. Farewell, dear brother, God be with you. Be cheerful and patient. He will give you ample scope.

MARTIN. Let me request your name.

GOETZ. Pardon me — Farewell!

[*Gives his left hand.*]

MARTIN. Why do you give the left? — Am I unworthy of the knightly right hand?

GOETZ. Were you the emperor, you must be satisfied with this. My right hand, though not useless in combat, is unresponsive to the grasp of affection. It is one with its mailed gauntlet — You see, it is *iron*!

MARTIN. Then art thou Goetz of Berlichingen. I thank thee, Heaven, who hast shown me the man whom princes hate, but to whom the oppressed throng! (*He takes his right hand.*) Withdraw not this hand: let me kiss it.

GOETZ. You must not!

MARTIN. Let me, let me — Thou hand, more worthy even than the saintly relic through which the most sacred blood has flowed! lifeless instrument, quickened by the noblest spirit's faith in God.

[GOETZ *adjusts his helmet, and takes his lance.*

MARTIN. There was a monk among us about a year ago, who visited you when your hand was shot off at the siege of Landshut. He used to tell us what you suffered, and your grief at being disabled for your profession of arms, till you remembered having heard one who had also lost a hand, and yet served long as a gallant knight — I shall never forget it.

*Enter the two TROOPERS. They speak apart with GOETZ.*

MARTIN (*continuing*). I shall never forget his words, uttered in the noblest, the most childlike, trust in God: "If I had twelve hands, what would they avail me without thy grace? then may I with only one —"

GOETZ. In the wood of Haslach, then. (*Turns to MARTIN.*) Farewell, worthy brother! [*Embraces him.*

MARTIN. Forget me not, as I never shall forget thee! [*Exeunt GOETZ and his TROOPERS.*

MARTIN. How my heart beat at the sight of him! He spoke not, yet my spirit recognised his. What rapture to behold a great man!

GEORGE. Reverend sir, you will sleep here ?

MARTIN. Can I have a bed ?

GEORGE. No, sir ! I know of beds only by hearsay :  
in our quarters there is nothing but straw.

MARTIN. It will serve. What is thy name ?

GEORGE. George, reverend sir.

MARTIN. George ! Thou hast a gallant patron  
saint.

GEORGE. They say he was a trooper : that is what  
I intend to be.

MARTIN. Stop. (*Takes a picture from his breviary,  
and gives it to him.*) There behold him — follow his  
example ; be brave, and fear God.

[*Exit into the cottage.*]

GEORGE. Ah ! what a splendid gray horse ! If I  
had but one like that — and the golden armour.  
There is an ugly dragon. At present I shoot nothing  
but sparrows. O St. George ! make me but tall and  
strong ; give me a lance, armour, and such a horse, and  
then let the dragons come !

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III. — *An Apartment in Jaxthausen, the Castle  
of Goetz von Berlichingen.*

ELIZABETH, MARIA, and CHARLES discovered.

CHARLES. Pray, now, dear aunt, tell me again that  
story about the good child : it is so pretty —

MARIA. Do you tell it to me, little rogue ! that I  
may see if you have paid attention.

CHARLES. Wait, then, till I think. — “ There was  
once upon ” — Yes — “ There was once upon a time  
a child, and his mother was sick : so the child went  
— ”

MARIA. No, no ! — “ Then his mother said, ‘ Dear  
child — ’ ”

CHARLES. " ' I am sick — ' "

MARIA. " ' And cannot go out — ' "

CHARLES. " ' And gave him money, and said, ' Go and buy yourself a breakfast.' There came a poor man — "

MARIA. " ' The child went. There met him an old man who was ' — Now, Charles !

CHARLES. " ' Who was — old — "

MARIA. Of course. " ' Who was hardly able to walk, and said, ' Dear child — ' "

CHARLES. " ' Give me something: I have eaten not a morsel yesterday or to-day.' Then the child gave him the money — "

MARIA. " ' That should have bought his breakfast — "

CHARLES. " ' Then the old man said — "

MARIA. " ' Then the old man took the child by the hand — "

CHARLES: " ' By the hand, and said — and became a fine beautiful saint — and said — ' Dear child — ' "

MARIA. " ' The Holy Virgin rewards thee for thy benevolence through me; whatever sick person thou touchest — ' "

CHARLES. " ' With thy hand ' " — It was the right hand, I think.

MARIA. Yes.

CHARLES. " ' He will get well directly — ' "

MARIA. " ' Then the child ran home, and could not speak for joy — "

CHARLES. " ' And fell upon his mother's neck, and wept for joy — "

MARIA. " ' Then the mother cried, ' What is this ? ' and became " — Now, Charles.

CHARLES. " ' Became — became — "

MARIA. You do not attend — " and became well. And the child cured kings and emperors, and became so rich that he built a great abbey."



ELIZABETH. I cannot understand why my husband stays. He has been away five days and nights, and he hoped to have finished his adventure so quickly.

MARIA. I have long felt uneasy. Were I married to a man who continually incurred such danger, I should die within the first year.

ELIZABETH. I thank God that he has made me of firmer stuff!

CHARLES. But must my father ride out if it is so dangerous?

MARIA. Such is his good pleasure.

ELIZABETH. He must, indeed, dear Charles!

CHARLES. Why?

ELIZABETH. Do you not remember the last time he rode out, when he brought you those nice things?

CHARLES. Will he bring me anything now?

ELIZABETH. I believe so. Listen: there was a tailor at Stutgard who was a capital archer, and had gained the prize at Cologne.

CHARLES. Was it much?

ELIZABETH. A hundred dollars; and afterward they would not pay him.

MARIA. That was naughty, eh, Charles?

CHARLES. Naughty people!

ELIZABETH. The tailor came to your father, and begged him to get his money for him: then your father rode out, and intercepted a party of merchants from Cologne, and kept them prisoners till they paid the money. Would not you have ridden out too?

CHARLES. No; for one must go through a dark, thick wood, where there are gipsies and witches —

ELIZABETH. You're a fine fellow; afraid of witches!

MARIA. Charles, it is far better to live at home in your castle, like a quiet Christian knight. One may find opportunities enough of doing good on one's own lands. Even the worthiest knights do more harm than good in their excursions.

ELIZABETH. Sister, you know not what you are saying. — God grant our boy may become braver as he grows up, and not take after that Weislingen, who has dealt so faithlessly with my husband.

MARIA. We will not judge, Elizabeth. My brother is highly incensed, and so are you: I am only a spectator in the matter, and can be more impartial.

ELIZABETH. Weislingen cannot be defended.

MARIA. What I have heard of him has interested me. — Even your husband relates many instances of his former goodness and affection. — How happy was their youth when they were both pages of honour to the margrave!

ELIZABETH. That may be. But only tell me, how can a man ever have been good who lays snares for his best and truest friend? who has sold his services to the enemies of my husband; and who strives, by invidious misrepresentations, to poison the mind of our noble emperor, who is so gracious to us?

[*A horn is heard.*

CHARLES. Papa! papa! the warder sounds his horn! Joy! joy! Open the gate!

ELIZABETH. There he comes with booty!

*Enter PETER.*

PETER. We have fought — we have conquered! God save you, noble ladies!

ELIZABETH. Have you captured Weislingen?

PETER. Himself and three followers.

ELIZABETH. How came you to stay so long?

PETER. We lay in wait for him between Nuremberg and Bamberg; but he would not come, though we knew he had set out. At length we heard of his whereabouts: he had struck off sideways, and was staying quietly with the earl at Schwarzenberg.

ELIZABETH. They would also fain make the earl my husband's enemy.

PETER. I immediately told my master. — Up and away we rode into the forest of Haslach. And it was curious, that, while we were riding along that night, a shepherd was watching; and five wolves fell upon the flock, and attacked them stoutly. Then my master laughed and said, “Good luck to us all, dear comrades, both to you and us!” And the good omen overjoyed us. Just then Weislingen came riding toward us with four attendants —

MARIA. How my heart beats!

PETER. My comrade and I, as our master had commanded, threw ourselves suddenly on him, and clung to him as if we had grown together, so that he could not move; while my master and Hans fell upon the servants, and overpowered them. They were all taken, except one who escaped.

ELIZABETH. I am curious to see him. Will he arrive soon?

PETER. They are riding through the valley, and will be here in a quarter of an hour.

MARIA. He is, no doubt, cast down and dejected?

PETER. He looks gloomy enough.

MARIA. It will grieve me to see his distress!

ELIZABETH. Oh! I must get food ready. You are, no doubt, all hungry?

PETER. Hungry enough, in truth.

ELIZABETH (*to Maria*). Take the cellar-keys, and bring the best wine. They have deserved it.

[*Exit* ELIZABETH.]

CHARLES. I'll go too, aunt.

MARIA. Come, then, boy.

[*Exeunt* CHARLES and MARIA.]

PETER. He'll never be his father, else he would have gone with me to the stable.

*Enter* GOETZ, WEISLINGEN, HANS, and other TROOPERS.

GOETZ (*laying his helmet and sword on a table*)  
 Unbuckle my armour, and give me my doublet. Ease  
 will refresh me. Brother Martin, thou saidst truly.  
 You have kept us long on the watch, Weislingen!

[WEISLINGEN *paces up and down in silence.*]

GOETZ. Be of good cheer. Come, unarm yourself!  
 Where are your clothes? I hope nothing has been  
 lost. (*To the attendants.*) Go, ask his servants; open  
 the baggage, and see that nothing is missing. Or I  
 can lend you some of mine.

WEISLINGEN. Let me remain as I am — it is all one.

GOETZ. I can give you a handsome doublet, but it  
 is only of linen: it has grown too tight for me. I  
 wore it at the marriage of my lord the palsgrave,  
 when your bishop was so incensed at me. About a  
 fortnight before I had sunk two of his vessels upon the  
 Main — I was going up-stairs in the Stag at Heidel-  
 berg, with Franz von Sickingen. Before you get quite  
 to the top, there is a landing-place with iron rails —  
 there stood the bishop, and gave his hand to Franz  
 as he passed, and to me also as I followed close behind  
 him. I laughed in my sleeve, and went to the Land-  
 grave of Hanau, who was always a kind friend to me,  
 and said, "The bishop has given me his hand, but I'll  
 wager he did not know me." The bishop heard me,  
 for I was speaking loud on purpose. He came to us  
 angrily, and said, "True, I gave thee my hand, because  
 I knew thee not." To which I answered, "I know  
 that, my lord; and so here you have your shake of the  
 hand back again!" The manikin grew red as a turkey-  
 cock with spite; and he ran up into the room, and  
 complained to the Palsgrave Lewis and the Prince of  
 Nassau. We have laughed over the scene again and  
 again.

WEISLINGEN. I wish you would leave me to myself.

GOETZ. Why so? I entreat you be of good cheer.  
 You are my prisoner, but I will not abuse my power.

WEISLINGEN. I have no fear of that. That is your duty as a knight.

GOETZ. And you know how sacred it is to me.

WEISLINGEN. I am your prisoner — the rest matters not.

GOETZ. You should not say so. Had you been taken by a prince, fettered, and cast into a dungeon, your jailer directed to drive sleep from your eyes —

*Enter SERVANTS with clothes. WEISLINGEN unarms himself. Enter CHARLES.*

CHARLES. Good morrow, papa!

GOETZ (*kisses him*). Good morrow, boy! How have you been this long time?

CHARLES. Very well, father! Aunt says I am a good boy.

GOETZ. Does she?

CHARLES. Have you brought me anything?

GOETZ. Nothing this time.

CHARLES. I have learned a great deal.

GOETZ. Ay!

CHARLES. Shall I tell you about the good child?

GOETZ. After dinner.

CHARLES. I know something else too.

GOETZ. What may that be?

CHARLES. "Jaxthausen is a village and castle on the Jaxt, which has appertained in property and heritage for two hundred years to the lords of Berlichingen —"

GOETZ. Do you know the Lord of Berlichingen? (CHARLES *stares at him. Aside.*) His learning is so abstruse that he does not know his own father! To whom does Jaxthausen belong?

CHARLES. "Jaxthausen is a village and castle upon the Jaxt —"

GOETZ. I did not ask that. I knew every path, pass, and ford about the place before ever I knew the

name of the village, castle, or river. — Is your mother in the kitchen?

CHARLES. Yes, papa. They are cooking a lamb and turnips.

GOETZ. Do you know that too, Jack Turnspit?

CHARLES. And my aunt is roasting an apple for me to eat after dinner —

GOETZ. Can't you eat it raw?

CHARLES. It tastes better roasted.

GOETZ. You must have a tidbit, must you? — Weislingen, I will be with you immediately. I must go and see my wife. — Come, Charles!

CHARLES. Who is that man?

GOETZ. Bid him welcome. Tell him to be merry.

CHARLES. There's my hand for you, man! Be merry — for dinner will soon be ready.

WEISLINGEN (*takes up the child and kisses him*). Happy boy! that knowest no worse evil than the delay of dinner. May you live to have much joy in your son, Berlichingen!

GOETZ. Where there is most light the shades are deepest. Yet I should thank God for it. We'll see what they are about.

[*Exit with CHARLES and SERVANTS.*]

WEISLINGEN. Oh, that I could but wake and find this all a dream! In the power of Berlichingen! — from whom I had scarcely detached myself — whose remembrance I shunned like fire — whom I hoped to overpower! and he still the old true-hearted Goetz! Gracious God! what will be the end of it? Oh, Adelbert! Led back to the very hall where we played as children; when thou didst love and prize him as thy soul! Who can know him and hate him? Alas! I am so thoroughly insignificant here. Happy days! ye are gone. There, in his chair by the chimney, sat old Berlichingen, while we played around him, and loved each other like cherubs! How anxious the bishop

and all my friends will be! Well, the whole country will sympathise with my misfortune. But what avails it? Can they give me the peace after which I strive?

*Reënter GOETZ with wine and goblets.*

GOETZ. We'll take a glass while dinner is preparing. Come, sit down—think yourself at home! Fancy you've once more come to see Goetz. It is long since we have sat and emptied a flagon together. (*Lifts his glass.*) Come: a light heart!

WEISLINGEN. Those times are gone by.

GOETZ. God forbid! To be sure, we shall hardly pass more pleasant days than those we spent together at the margrave's court, when we were inseparable night and day. I think with pleasure on my youth. Do you remember the scuffle I had with the Polander, whose pomaded and frizzled hair I chanced to rub with my sleeve?

WEISLINGEN. It was at table; and he struck at you with a knife.

GOETZ. I gave it him, however; and you had a quarrel upon that account with his comrades. We always stuck together like brave fellows, and were the admiration of every one. (*Raises his glass.*) Castor and Pollux! It used to rejoice my heart when the margrave so called us.

WEISLINGEN. The Bishop of Wurtzburg first gave us the name.

GOETZ. That bishop was a learned man, and withal so kind and gentle. I shall remember as long as I live how he used to caress us, praise our friendship, and say, "Happy is the man who is his friend's twin brother."

WEISLINGEN. No more of that.

GOETZ. Why not? I know nothing more delightful after fatigue than to talk over old times. Indeed, when I recall to mind how we bore good and bad for-

tune together, and were all in all to each other, and how I thought this was to continue for ever! Was not that my sole comfort when my hand was shot away at Landshut, and you nursed and tended me like a brother? I hoped Adelbert would in future be my right hand. And now —

WEISLINGEN. Alas!

GOETZ. Hadst thou but listened to me when I begged thee to go with me to Brabant, all would have been well. But then that unhappy turn for court-dangling seized thee, and thy coquetting and flirting with the women. I always told thee, when thou wouldst mix with these lounging, vain court sycophants, and entertain them with gossip about unlucky matches and seduced girls, scandal about absent friends, and all such trash as they take interest in, — I always said, Adelbert, thou wilt become a rogue!

WEISLINGEN. To what purpose is all this?

GOETZ. Would to God I could forget it, or that it were otherwise! Art not thou free and nobly born as any in Germany; independent, subject to the emperor alone; and dost crouch among vassals? What is the bishop to thee? Granted, he is thy neighbour, and can do thee a shrewd turn; hast thou not power and friends to requite him in kind? Art thou ignorant of the dignity of a free knight, who depends only upon God, the emperor, and himself, that thou degradest thyself to be the courtier of a stubborn, jealous priest?

WEISLINGEN. Let me speak!

GOETZ. What hast thou to say?

WEISLINGEN. You look upon the princes as the wolf upon the shepherd. And can you blame them for defending their territories and property? Are they a moment secure from the unruly knights, who plunder their vassals even upon the highroads, and sack their castles and villages? Upon the other hand, our country's enemies threaten to overrun the lands of our



beloved emperor; yet, while he needs the princes' assistance, they can scarce defend their own lives: is it not our good genius which at this moment leads them to devise means of procuring peace for Germany, of securing the administration of justice, and giving to great and small the blessings of quiet? And can you blame us, Berlichingen, for securing the protection of the powerful princes, our neighbours, whose assistance is at hand, rather than relying on that of the emperor, who is so far removed from us, and is hardly able to protect himself?

GOETZ. Yes, yes, I understand you. Weislingen, were the princes as you paint them, we should all have what we want. Peace and quiet! No doubt! Every bird of prey naturally likes to eat its plunder undisturbed. The general weal! If they would but take the trouble to study that. And they trifle with the emperor shamefully. Every day some new tinker or other comes to give his opinion. The emperor means well, and would gladly put things to rights; but because he happens to understand a thing readily, and, by a single word, can put a thousand hands into motion, he thinks everything will be as speedily and as easily accomplished. Ordinance upon ordinance is promulgated, each nullifying the last; while the princes obey only those which serve their own interest, and prate of peace and security of the empire, while they are treading under foot their weaker neighbours. I will be sworn, many a one thanks God in his heart that the Turk keeps the emperor fully employed!

WEISLINGEN. You view things your own way.

GOETZ. So does every one. The question is, which is the right way to view them? And your plans at least shun the day.

WEISLINGEN. You may say what you will: I am your prisoner.

GOETZ. If your conscience is free, so are you. How was it with the general tranquillity? I remember going, as a boy of sixteen, with the margrave to the Imperial Diet. What harangues the princes made! And the clergy were the most vociferous of all. Your bishop thundered into the emperor's ears his regard for justice, till one thought it had become part and parcel of his being. And now he has imprisoned a page of mine, at a time when our quarrels were all accommodated, and I had buried them in oblivion. Is not all settled between us? What does he want with the boy?

WEISLINGEN. It was done without his knowledge.

GOETZ. Then, why does he not release him?

WEISLINGEN. He did not conduct himself as he ought.

GOETZ. Not conduct himself as he ought! By my honour he performed his duty, as surely as he has been imprisoned both with your knowledge and the bishop's! Do you think I am come into the world this very day, that I cannot see what all this means?

WEISLINGEN. You are suspicious, and do us wrong.

GOETZ. Weislingen, shall I deal openly with you? Inconsiderable as I am, I am a thorn in your side, and Selbitz and Sickingen are no less so, because we are firmly resolved to die sooner than to thank any one but God for the air we breathe, or pay homage to any one but the emperor. This is why they worry me in every possible way, blacken my character with the emperor, and among my friends and neighbours, and spy about for advantage over me. They would have me out of the way at any price; that was your reason for imprisoning the page whom you knew I had despatched for intelligence: and now you say he did not conduct himself as he should do, because he would not betray my secrets. And you, Weislingen, are their tool!

WEISLINGEN. Berlichingen!

GOETZ. Not a word more. I am an enemy to long explanations: they deceive either the maker or the hearer, and generally both.

*Enter CHARLES.*

CHARLES. Dinner is ready, father!

GOETZ. Good news! Come, I hope the company of my women folk will amuse you. You always liked the girls. Ay, ay, they can tell many pretty stories about you. Come! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. — *The Bishop of Bamberg's Palace.*

*The BISHOP, the ABBOT OF FULDA, OLEARIUS, LIEBTRAUT, and COURTIERS at table. The dessert and wine before them.*

BISHOP. Are there many of the German nobility studying at Bologna?

OLEARIUS. Both nobles and citizens; and I do not exaggerate in saying that they acquire the most brilliant reputation. It is a proverb in the university, — “As studious as a German noble.” For while the citizens display a laudable diligence, in order to compensate by learning for their want of birth, the nobles strive, with praiseworthy emulation, to enhance their ancestral dignity by superior attainments.

ABBOT. Indeed!

LIEBTRAUT. What may one not live to hear! We live and learn, as the proverb says. “As studious as a German noble.” I never heard that before.

OLEARIUS. Yes: they are the admiration of the whole university. Some of the oldest and most learned will soon be coming back with their doctor's degree. The emperor will doubtless be happy to entrust to them the highest offices.

BISHOP. He cannot fail to do so.

ABBOT. Do you know, for instance, a young man -- a Hessian? —

OLEARIUS. There are many Hessians with us.

ABBOT. His name is — is — Does nobody remember it? His mother was a Von — Oh! his father had but one eye, and was a marshal —

LIEBTRAUT. Von Wildenholz!

ABBOT. Right. Von Wildenholz.

OLEARIUS. I know him well. A young man of great abilities. He is particularly esteemed for his talent in disputation.

ABBOT. He has that from his mother.

LIEBTRAUT. Yes; but his father would never praise her for that quality.

BISHOP. How call you the emperor who wrote your "Corpus Juris?"

OLEARIUS. Justinian.

BISHOP. A worthy prince: — here's to his memory!

OLEARIUS. To his memory! [*They drink.*]

ABBOT. That must be a fine book.

OLEARIUS. It may be called a book of books; a digest of all laws; there you find the sentence ready for every case; and, where the text is antiquated or obscure, the deficiency is supplied by notes, with which the most learned men have enriched this truly admirable work.

ABBOT. A digest of all laws! — Indeed! — Then the Ten Commandments must be in it.

OLEARIUS. Implicité; not explicité.

ABBOT. That's what I mean: plainly set down, without any explication.

BISHOP. But the best is, you tell us that a state can be maintained in the most perfect tranquillity and subordination by receiving and rightly following that statute-book.

OLEARIUS. Doubtless.

BISHOP. All doctors of laws! [*They drink.*

OLEARIUS. I'll tell them of this abroad. (*They drink.*) Would to heaven that men thought thus in my country.

ABBOT. Whence come you, most learned sir?

OLEARIUS. From Frankfort, at your Eminence's service!

BISHOP. You gentlemen of the law, then, are not held in high estimation there? — How comes that?

OLEARIUS. It is strange enough — when I last went there to collect my father's effects, the mob almost stoned me when they heard I was a lawyer.

ABBOT. God bless me!

OLEARIUS. It is because their tribunal, which they hold in great respect, is composed of people totally ignorant of the Roman law. An intimate acquaintance with the internal condition of the town, and also of its foreign relations, acquired through age and experience, is deemed a sufficient qualification. They decide according to certain established edicts of their own, and some old customs recognised in the city and neighbourhood.

ABBOT. That's very right.

OLEARIUS. But far from sufficient. The life of man is short, and in one generation cases of every description cannot occur: our statute-book is a collection of precedents, furnished by the experience of many centuries. Besides, the wills and opinions of men are variable: one man deems right to-day, what another disapproves to-morrow; and confusion and injustice are the inevitable results. Law determines absolutely, and its decrees are immutable.

ABBOT. That's certainly better.

OLEARIUS. But the common people won't acknowledge that; and, eager as they are after novelty, they hate any innovation in their laws which leads them out of the beaten track, be it ever so much for the

better. They hate a jurist as if he were a cutpurse or a subverter of the state, and become furious if one attempts to settle among them.

LIEBTRAUT. You come from Frankfort? — I know the place well — we tasted your good cheer at the emperor's coronation. You say your name is Olearius — I know no one in the town of your name.

OLEARIUS. My father's name was Oilman — But, after the example and with the advice of many jurists, I have Latinised the name to Olearius, for the decoration of the title-page of my legal treatises.

LIEBTRAUT. You did well to translate yourself: a prophet is not honoured in his own country — in your native guise you might have shared the same fate.

OLEARIUS. That was not the reason.

LIEBTRAUT. All things have two reasons.

ABBOT. A prophet is not honoured in his own country.

LIEBTRAUT. But do you know why, most reverend sir?

ABBOT. Because he was born and bred there.

LIEBTRAUT. Well, that may be one reason. The other is, because, upon a nearer acquaintance with these gentlemen, the halo of glory and honour shed around them by the distant haze totally disappears: they are then seen to be nothing more than tiny rushlights!

OLEARIUS. It seems you are placed here to tell pleasant truths.

LIEBTRAUT. As I have wit enough to discover them, I do not lack courage to utter them.

OLEARIUS. Yet you lack the art of applying them well.

LIEBTRAUT. It is no matter where you place a cupping-glass, provided it draws blood.

OLEARIUS. Barbers are known by their dress, and no one takes offence at their scurvy jests. Let me

advise you, as a precaution, to bear the badge of your order, — a cap and bells!

LIEBTRAUT. Where did you take your degree? I only ask, so that, should I ever take a fancy to a fool's cap, I could at once go to the right shop.

OLEARIUS. You carry face enough.

LIEBTRAUT. And you paunch.

[*The BISHOP and ABBOT laugh.*]

BISHOP. Not so warm, gentlemen! — Some other subject. At table all should be fair and quiet. Choose another subject, Liebtraut.

LIEBTRAUT. Opposite Frankfort lies a village called Sachsenhausen —

OLEARIUS (*to the BISHOP*). What news of the Turkish expedition, your Excellency?

BISHOP. The emperor has most at heart, first of all to restore peace to the empire, put an end to feuds, and secure the strict administration of justice: then, according to report, he will go in person against the enemies of his country and of Christendom. At present internal dissensions give him enough to do; and the empire, despite half a hundred treaties of peace, is one scene of murder. Franconia, Swabia, the Upper Rhine, and the surrounding countries are laid waste by presumptuous and reckless nights. — And here, at Bamberg, Sickingen, Selbitz with one leg, and Goetz with the iron hand, scoff at the imperial authority.

ABBOT. If his Majesty does not exert himself, these fellows will at last thrust us into sacks.

LIEBTRAUT. He would be a sturdy fellow indeed who should thrust the wine-butt of Fulda into a sack!

BISHOP. Goetz especially has been for many years my mortal foe, and annoys me beyond description. But it will not last long, I hope. The emperor holds his court at Augsburg. We have taken our measures, and cannot fail of success. — Doctor, do you know Adelbert von Weisingen?

OLEARIUS. No, your Eminence.

BISHOP. If you stay till his arrival, you will have the pleasure of seeing a most noble, accomplished, and gallant knight.

OLEARIUS. He must be an excellent man indeed to deserve such praises from such a mouth.

LIEBTRAUT. And yet he was not bred at any university.

BISHOP. We know that. (*The attendants throng to the window.*) What's the matter?

ATTENDANT. Färber, Weislingen's servant, is riding in at the castle-gate.

BISHOP. See what he brings. He most likely comes to announce his master.

[*Exit* LIEBTRAUT. *They stand up and drink.*

LIEBTRAUT *reënters.*

BISHOP. What news?

LIEBTRAUT. I wish another had to tell it — Weislingen is a prisoner.

BISHOP. What?

LIEBTRAUT. Berlichingen has seized him and three troopers near Haslach — One is escaped to tell you.

ABBOT. A Job's messenger!

OLEARIUS. I grieve from my heart.

BISHOP. I will see the servant: bring him up — I will speak with him myself. Conduct him into my cabinet.

[*Exit* BISHOP.

ABBOT (*sitting down*). Another draught, however.

[*The SERVANTS fill round.*

OLEARIUS. Will not your Reverence take a turn in the garden? "Post cœnam stabis, seu passus mille meabis."

LIEBTRAUT. In truth, sitting is unhealthy for you. You might get an apoplexy. (*The ABBOT rises. Aside.*) Let me but once get him out of doors, I will give him exercise enough!

[*Exeunt.*



SCENE V. — *Jaxthausen.*

MARIA, WEISLINGEN.

MARIA. You love me, you say. I willingly believe it, and hope to be happy with you, and make you happy also.

WEISLINGEN. I feel nothing but that I am entirely thine. [Embraces her.

MARIA. Softly!—I gave you one kiss for earnest, but you must not take possession of what is only yours conditionally.

WEISLINGEN. You are too strict, Maria! Innocent love is pleasing in the sight of Heaven, instead of giving offence.

MARIA. It may be so. But I think differently; for I have been taught that caresses are, like fetters, strong through their union, and that maidens, when they love, are weaker than Samson after the loss of his locks.

WEISLINGEN. Who taught you so?

MARIA. The abbess of my convent. Till my sixteenth year I was with her — and it is only with you that I enjoy happiness like that her company afforded me. She had loved, and could tell — . She had a most affectionate heart. Oh! she was an excellent woman!

WEISLINGEN. Then you resemble her. (Takes her hand.) What will become of me when I am compelled to leave you?

MARIA (withdrawing her hand). You will feel some regret, I hope; for I know what my feelings will be. But you must away!

WEISLINGEN. I know it, dearest; and I will — for well I feel what happiness I shall purchase by this sacrifice! Now, blessed be your brother, and the day on which he rode out to capture me!

MARIA. His heart was full of hope for you and himself. "Farewell," he said at his departure: "I go to recover my friend."

WEISLINGEN. That he has done. Would that I had studied the arrangement and security of my property, instead of neglecting it, and dallying at that worthless court! — then couldst thou have been instantly mine.

MARIA. Even delay has its pleasures.

WEISLINGEN. Say not so, Maria, else I shall fear that thy heart is less warm than mine. True, I deserve punishment; but what hopes will brighten every step of my journey! To be wholly thine, to live only for thee and thy circle of friends — far removed from the world, in the enjoyment of all the raptures which two hearts can mutually bestow. What is the favour of princes, what the applause of the universe, to such simple yet unequalled felicity? Many have been my hopes and wishes, but this happiness surpasses them all.

*Enter GOETZ.*

GOETZ. Your page has returned. He can scarcely utter a word for hunger and fatigue. My wife has ordered him some refreshment. Thus much I have gathered: the bishop will not give up my page — imperial commissioners are to be appointed, and a day named, upon which the matter may be adjusted. Be that as it may, Ádelbert, you are free. Pledge me but your hand that you will for the future give neither open nor secret assistance to my enemies.

WEISLINGEN. Here I grasp thy hand. From this moment be our friendship and confidence firm and unalterable as a primary law of nature! Let me take this hand also (*takes MARIA'S hand*), and with it the possession of this most noble lady.

GOETZ. May I say yes for you?

MARIA (*timidly*). If — if it is your wish —

GOETZ. Happily our wishes do not differ on this

point. Thou need'st not blush — the glance of thine eye betrays thee. Well, then, Weislingen, join hands; and I say *Amen!* My friend and brother! I thank thee, sister: thou canst do more than spin flax, for thou hast drawn a thread which can fetter this wandering bird of paradise. Yet you look not quite at your ease, Adelbert. What troubles you? I am perfectly happy! What I but hoped in a dream, I now see with my eyes, and feel as though I were still dreaming. Now my dream is explained. I thought last night, that, in token of reconciliation, I gave you this iron hand, and that you held it so fast that it broke away from my arm: I started, and awoke. Had I but dreamed a little longer, I should have seen how you gave me a new living hand. You must away this instant, to put your castle and property in order. That cursed court has made you neglect both. I must call my wife. — Elizabeth!

MARIA. How overjoyed my brother is!

WEISLINGEN. Yet I am still more so.

GOETZ (*to MARIA*). You will have a pleasant residence.

MARIA. Franconia is a fine country.

WEISLINGEN. And I may venture to say that my castle lies in the most fertile and delicious part of it.

GOETZ. That you may, and I can confirm it. Look you, here flows the Main, round a hill clothed with corn-fields and vineyards, its top crowned with a Gothic castle: then the river make a sharp turn, and glides round behind the rock on which the castle is built. The windows of the great hall look perpendicularly down upon the river, and command a prospect of many miles in extent.

*Enter ELIZABETH.*

ELIZABETH. What are ye about?

GOETZ. You, too, must give your hand, and say, God bless you! They are a pair.

ELIZABETH. So soon?

GOETZ. But not unexpectedly.

ELIZABETH. May you ever adore her as ardently as while you sought her hand! And then, as your love, so be your happiness!

WEISLINGEN, Amen! I seek no happiness but on this condition.

GOETZ. The bridegroom, my love, must leave us for awhile; for this great change will involve many smaller ones. He must first withdraw himself from the bishop's court, in order that their friendship may gradually cool. Then he must rescue his property from the hands of selfish stewards, and . . . But come, sister; come, Elizabeth; let us leave him; his page has, no doubt, private messages for him.

WEISLINGEN. Nothing but what you may hear.

GOETZ. 'Tis needless. Franconians and Swabians! Ye are now more closely united than ever. Now we shall be able to keep the princes in check.

[*Exeunt* GOETZ, ELIZABETH, MARIA.

WEISLINGEN (*alone*). God in heaven! And canst thou have reserved such happiness for one so unworthy? It is too much for my heart. How meanly I depended upon wretched fools, whom I thought I was governing, upon the smile of princes, upon the homage of those around me! Goetz, my faithful Goetz, thou has restored me to thyself; and thou, Maria, hast completed my reformation. I feel free, as if brought from a dungeon into the open air. Bamberg will I never see more, — will snap all the shameful bonds that have held me beneath myself. My heart expands, and never more will I degrade myself by struggling for a greatness that is denied me. He alone is great and happy who fills his own station of independence, and has neither to command nor to obey.

*Enter* FRANCIS.

FRANCIS. God save you, noble sir! I bring you so many salutations that I know not where to begin. Bamberg, and ten miles around, cry with a thousand voices, God save you!

WEISLINGEN. Welcome, Francis! Bring'st thou aught else?

FRANCIS. You are held in such consideration at court that it cannot be expressed.

WEISLINGEN. That will not last long.

FRANCIS. As long as you live; and after your death it will shine with more lustre than the brazen characters on a monument. How they took your misfortune to heart!

WEISLINGEN. And what said the bishop?

FRANCIS. His eager curiosity poured out question upon question, without giving me time to answer. He knew of your accident already; for Färber, who escaped from Haslach, had brought him the tidings. But he wished to hear every particular. He asked so anxiously whether you were wounded. I told him you were whole, from the hair of your head to the nail of your little toe.

WEISLINGEN. And what said he to the proposals?

FRANCIS. He was ready at first to give up the page and a ransom to boot for your liberty. But when he heard you were to be dismissed without ransom, and merely to give your parole that the boy should be set free, he was for putting off Berlichingen with some pretence. He charged me with a thousand messages to you, more than I can ever utter. Oh, how he harangued! It was a long sermon upon the text, "I cannot live without Weislingen!"

WEISLINGEN. He must learn to do so.

FRANCIS. What mean you? He said, "Bid him hasten: all the court waits for him."

WEISLINGEN. Let them wait on. I shall not go to court.

FRANCIS. Not go to court! My gracious lord, how come you to say so? If you knew what I know, could you but dream what I have seen —

WEISLINGEN. What ails thee?

FRANCIS. The bare remembrance takes away my senses. Bamberg is no longer Bamberg. An angel of heaven, in semblance of woman, has taken up her abode there, and has made it a paradise.

WEISLINGEN. Is that all?

FRANCIS. May I become a shaven friar if the first glimpse of her does not drive you frantic!

WEISLINGEN. Who is it, then?

FRANCIS. Adelaide von Walldorf.

WEISLINGEN. Indeed! I have heard much of her beauty.

FRANCIS. Heard! You might as well say I have *seen* music. So far is the tongue from being able to rehearse the slightest particle of her beauty, that the very eye which beholds her cannot drink it all in.

WEISLINGEN. You are mad.

FRANCIS. That may well be. The last time I was in her company I had no more command over my senses than if I had been drunk, or, I may rather say, I felt like a glorified saint enjoying the angelic vision! All my senses exalted, more lively and more perfect than ever, yet not one at its owner's command.

WEISLINGEN. That is strange!

FRANCIS. As I took leave of the bishop, she sat by him: they were playing at chess. He was very gracious, gave me his hand to kiss, and said much, of which I heard not a syllable; for I was looking on his fair antagonist. Her eye was fixed upon the board, as if meditating a bold move. — A touch of subtle watchfulness around the mouth and cheek. I could have wished to be the ivory king. The mixture of dignity and feeling on her brow — and the dazzling lustre of her face and neck, heightened by her raven tresses —

WEISLINGEN. The theme has made you quite poetical.

FRANCIS. I feel at this moment what constitutes poetic inspiration, — a heart altogether wrapt in one idea. As the bishop ended, and I made my obeisance, she looked up, and said, “Offer to your master the best wishes of an unknown. Tell him he must come soon. New friends await him: he must not despise them, though he is already so rich in old ones.” I would have answered; but the passage betwixt my heart and my tongue was closed, and I only bowed. I would have given all I had for permission to kiss but one of her fingers! As I stood thus, the bishop let fall a pawn; and, in stooping to pick it up, I touched the hem of her garment. Transport thrilled through my limbs, and I scarce know how I left the room.

WEISLINGEN. Is her husband at court?

FRANCIS. She has been a widow these four months, and is residing at the court of Bamberg to divert her melancholy. You will see her, and to meet her glance is to bask in the sunshine of spring.

WEISLINGEN. She would not make so strong an impression on me.

FRANCIS. I hear you are as good as married.

WEISLINGEN. Would I were really so! My gentle Maria will be the happiness of my life. The sweetness of her soul beams through her mild blue eyes; and, like an angel of innocence and love, she guides my heart to the paths of peace and felicity! Pack up, and then to my castle. I will not to Bamberg, though St. Bede came in person to fetch me.

[*Exit* WEISLINGEN.]

FRANCIS (*alone*). Not to Bamberg! Heavens forbid! But let me hope the best. Maria is beautiful and amiable, and a prisoner or an invalid might easily fall in love with her. Her eyes beam with compassion and melancholy sympathy; but in thine, Adelaide, is

life, fire, spirit. I would . . . I am a fool: one glance from her has made me so. My master must to Bamberg, and I also, and either recover **my senses** or gaze them quite away.

## ACT II.

### SCENE I. — *Bamberg. A Hall.*

THE BISHOP *and* ADELAIDE (*playing at chess*), LIEBTRAUT (*with a guitar*), LADIES *and* COURTIERS (*standing in groups*).

LIEBTRAUT (*plays and sings*).

ARMED with quiver and bow,  
 With his torch all aglow,  
 Young Cupid comes winging his flight.  
 Courage glows in his eyes,  
 As adown from the skies,  
 He rushes, impatient for fight.

Up! up!  
 On! on!  
 Hark! the bright quiver rings!  
 Hark! the rustle of wings!  
 All hail to the delicate sprite!

They welcome the urchin; —  
 Ah, maidens, beware!  
 He finds every bosom  
 Unguarded and bare.  
 In the light of his flambeau  
 He kindles his darts; —  
 They fondle and hug him  
 And press to their hearts.



ADELAIDE. Your thoughts are not in your game.  
Check to the king!

BISHOP. There is still a way of escape.

ADELAIDE. You will not be able to hold out long.  
Check to the king!

LIEBTRAUT. Were I a great prince, I would not play at this game, and would forbid it at court, and throughout the whole land.

ADELAIDE. 'Tis indeed a touchstone of the brain.

LIEBTRAUT. Not on that account. I would rather hear a funeral bell, the cry of the ominous bird, the howling of that snarling watch-dog, conscience, — rather would I hear these through the deepest sleep, than from bishops, knights, and such beasts, the eternal — Check to the king!

BISHOP. Into whose head could such an idea enter?

LIEBTRAUT. A man's, for example, endowed with a weak body and a strong conscience, which, for the most part, indeed, accompany each other. Chess is called a royal game, and is said to have been invented for a king, who rewarded the inventor with a mine of wealth. If this be so, I can picture him to myself. He was a minor, either in understanding or in years, under the guardianship of his mother or his wife; had down upon his chin, and flaxen hair around his temples; was pliant as a willow-shoot, and liked to play at draughts with women, not from passion, God forbid! only for pastime. His tutor, too active for a scholar, too intractable for a man of the world, invented the game, *in usum Delphini*, that was so homogeneous with his Majesty — and so on.

ADELAIDE. Checkmate! You should fill up the chasms in our histories, Liebtraut. [*They rise.*

LIEBTRAUT. To supply those in our family registers would be more profitable. The merits of our ancestors, as well as their portraits, being available for a common object, namely, to cover the naked sides of our cham-

bers and of our characters, one might turn such an occupation to good account.

BISHOP. He will not come, you say.

ADELAIDE. I beseech you, banish him from your thoughts.

BISHOP. What can it mean?

LIEBTRAUT. What! The reasons may be told over like the beads of a rosary. He has been seized with a fit of compunction, of which I could soon cure him.

BISHOP. Do so: ride to him instantly.

LIEBTRAUT. My commission—

BISHOP. Shall be unlimited. Spare nothing to bring him back.

LIEBTRAUT. May I venture to use your name, gracious lady?

ADELAIDE. With discretion.

LIEBTRAUT. That's a vague commission.

ADELAIDE. Do you know so little of me, or are you so young, as not to understand in what tone you should speak of me to Weislingen?

LIEBTRAUT. In the tone of a fowler's whistle, I think.

ADELAIDE. You will never come to your senses.

LIEBTRAUT. Does ever any one, gracious lady?

BISHOP. Go! Go! Take the best horse in my stable; choose your servants, and bring him hither.

LIEBTRAUT. If I do not conjure him hither, say that an old woman who charms warts and freckles knows more of sympathy than I.

BISHOP. Yet, what will it avail? Berlichingen has wholly gained him over. He will no sooner be here than he will wish to return.

LIEBTRAUT. Wish, no doubt he will; but will he be able? A prince's squeeze of the hand and the smiles of a beauty, from these no Weislingen can tear himself away. I have the honour to take my leave.

BISHOP. A prosperous journey!

ADELAIDE. Adieu! [Exit LIEBTRAUT.

BISHOP. When once he is here, I must trust to you.

ADELAIDE. Would you make me your lime-twig?

BISHOP. By no means.

ADELAIDE. Your call-bird, then?

BISHOP. No: that is Liebtraut's part. I beseech you do not refuse to do for me what no other can.

ADELAIDE. We shall see. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. — *Jaxthausen. A Hall in Goetz's Castle.*

*Enter GOETZ and HANS VON SELBITZ.*

SELBITZ. Every one will applaud you for declaring feud against the Nurembergers.

GOETZ. It would have eaten my very heart away had I remained longer their debtor. It is clear that they betrayed my page to the Bambergers. They shall have cause to remember me.

SELBITZ. They have an old grudge against you.

GOETZ. And I against them. I am glad they have begun the fray.

SELBITZ. These free towns have always taken part with the priests.

GOETZ. They have good reason.

SELBITZ. But we will cook their porridge for them!

GOETZ. I reckon upon you. Would that the Burgomaster of Nuremberg, with his gold chain round his neck, fell in our way: we'd astonish him with all his cleverness.

SELBITZ. I hear Weislingen is again on your side. Does he really join in our league?

GOETZ. Not immediately. There are reasons which prevent his openly giving us assistance, but for the present it is quite enough that he is not against us.

The priest without him is what the stole would be without the priest!

SELBITZ. When do we set forward?

GOETZ. To-morrow or next day. There are merchants of Bamberg and Nuremberg returning from the fair of Frankfort — We may strike a good blow.

SELBITZ. Let us hope so!

SCENE III. — *The Bishop's Palace at Bamberg.*

ADELAIDE and her WAITING - MAID.

ADELAIDE. He is here, sayest thou? I can scarce believe it.

MAID. Had I not seen him myself, I should have doubted it.

ADELAIDE. The bishop should frame Liebraut in gold for such a masterpiece of skill.

MAID. I saw him as he was about to enter the palace. He was mounted on a gray charger. The horse started when he came on the bridge, and would not move forward. The populace thronged up the street to see him. They rejoiced at the delay of the unruly horse. He was greeted on all sides, and he thanked them gracefully all round. He sat the curvetting steed with an easy indifference, and by threats and soothing brought him to the gate, followed by Liebraut and a few servants.

ADELAIDE. What do you think of him?

MAID. I never saw a man who pleased me so well. He is as like that portrait of the emperor as if he were his son (*pointing to a picture*). His nose is somewhat smaller, but just such gentle light-brown eyes, just such fine light hair, and such a figure! A half-melancholy expression on his face, I know not how; but he pleased me so well.

ADELAIDE. I am curious to see him.

MAID. He would be the husband for you!

ADELAIDE. Foolish girl!

MAID. Children and fools —

*Enter* LIEBTRAUT.

LIEBTRAUT. Now, gracious lady, what do I deserve?

ADELAIDE. Horns from your wife! — for, judging from the present sample of your persuasive powers, you have certainly endangered the honour of many a worthy family.

LIEBTRAUT. Not so, be assured, gracious lady.

ADELAIDE. How did you contrive to bring him?

LIEBTRAUT. You know how they catch snipes, and why should I detail my little stratagems to you? — First, I pretended to have heard nothing, did not understand the reason of his behaviour, and put him upon the disadvantage of telling me the whole story at length; then I saw the matter in a light altogether different from what he did — could not find — could not see, and so forth; then I gossiped things great and small about Bamberg, and recalled to his memory certain old recollections; and, when I had succeeded in occupying his imagination, I knitted together many a broken association of ideas. He knew not what to say — felt newly attracted to Bamberg — he would, and he would not. When I found him begin to waver, and saw him too much occupied with his own feelings to suspect my sincerity, I threw over his head a halter, woven of the three powerful cords, beauty, court favour, and flattery, and dragged him hither in triumph.

ADELAIDE. What said you of me?

LIEBTRAUT. The simple truth, — that you were in perplexity about your estates, and had hoped, as he had so much influence with the emperor, all would be satisfactorily settled.

ADELAIDE. 'Tis well.

LIEBTRAUT. The bishop will introduce him to you.

ADELAIDE. I expect them. (*Exit* LIEBTRAUT.)  
And with such feelings have I seldom expected a visitor.

SCENE IV. — *The Spessart.*

*Enter* SELBITZ, GOETZ, and GEORGE, in the armour and dress of a trooper.

GOETZ. So, thou didst not find him, George?

GEORGE. He had ridden to Bamberg the day before, with Liebtraut and two servants.

GOETZ. I cannot understand what this means.

SELBITZ. But I do: your reconciliation was almost too speedy to be lasting. Liebtraut is a cunning fellow, and has, no doubt, inveigled him over.

GOETZ. Think'st thou he will become a traitor?

SELBITZ. The first step is taken.

GOETZ. I can't believe it. Who knows what he may have to do at court?—his affairs are not yet settled. Let us hope for the best.

SELBITZ. Would to Heaven he may deserve of your good opinion, and may act for the best!

GOETZ. A thought strikes me!—We will disguise George in the spoils of the Bamberg trooper, and furnish him with the password: he may then ride to Bamberg, and see how matters stand.

GEORGE. I have long wished to do so.

GOETZ. It is thy first expedition. Be careful, boy: I should be sorry if ill befell thee.

GEORGE. Never fear. I care not how many of them crawl about me. I think no more of them than of rats and mice.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. — *The Bishop's Palace. His Cabinet.**The BISHOP and WEISLINGEN.*

BISHOP. Then, thou wilt stay no longer?

WEISLINGEN. You would not have me break my oath.

BISHOP. I could have wished thou hadst not sworn it. — What evil spirit possessed thee? — Could I not have procured thy release without that? Is my influence so small in the imperial court?

WEISLINGEN. The thing is done: excuse it as you can.

BISHOP. I cannot see that there was the least necessity for taking such a step — To renounce me? — Were there not a thousand other ways of procuring thy freedom? — Had we not his page? And would not I have given gold enough to boot, and thus satisfied Berlichingen? Our operations against him and his confederates could have gone on . . . But, alas! I do not reflect that I am talking to his friend, who has joined him against me, and can easily counterwork the mines he himself has dug.

WEISLINGEN. My gracious lord —

BISHOP. And yet — when I again look on thy face, again hear thy voice — it is impossible — impossible!

WEISLINGEN. Farewell, good my lord!

BISHOP. I give thee my blessing — formerly, when we parted, I was wont to say, "Till we meet again!" — Now, Heaven grant we meet no more!

WEISLINGEN. Things may alter.

BISHOP. Perhaps I may live to see thee appear as an enemy before my walls, carrying havoc through the fertile plains which now owe their flourishing condition to thee.

WEISLINGEN. Never, my gracious lord!

BISHOP. You cannot say so. My temporal neighbours all have a grudge against me; but while thou wert mine . . . Go, Weislingen! — I have no more to say — Thou hast undone much — Go —

WEISLINGEN. I know not what to answer.

[*Exit* BISHOP.]

*Enter* FRANCIS.

FRANCIS. The lady Adelaide expects you. She is not well, but she will not let you depart without bidding her adieu.

WEISLINGEN. Come.

FRANCIS. Do we go for certain?

WEISLINGEN. This very night.

FRANCIS. I feel as if I were about to leave the world —

WEISLINGEN. I too, and as if, besides, I knew not whither to go.

SCENE VI.— *Adelaide's Apartment.*

ADELAIDE and WAITING - MAID.

MAID. You are pale, gracious lady.

ADELAIDE. I love him not; yet I wish him to stay — for I am fond of his company, though I should not like him for my husband.

MAID. Does your ladyship think he will go?

ADELAIDE. He is even now bidding the bishop farewell.

MAID. He has yet a severe struggle to undergo.

ADELAIDE. What meanest thou?

MAID. Why do you ask, gracious lady? The barbed hook is in his heart: ere he tear it away, he must bleed to death.

*Enter* WEISLINGEN.



WEISLINGEN. You are not well, gracious lady?

ADELAIDE. That must be indifferent to you — you leave us, leave us for ever: what matters it to you whether we live or die?

WEISLINGEN. You do me injustice.

ADELAIDE. I judge you as you appear.

WEISLINGEN. Appearances are deceitful,

ADELAIDE. Then, you are a chameleon.

WEISLINGEN. Could you but see my heart —

ADELAIDE. I should see fine things there.

WEISLINGEN. Undoubtedly! — You would find in it your own image —

ADELAIDE. Thrust into some dark corner, with the pictures of defunct ancestors! I beseech you, Weislingen, consider with whom you speak: false words are of value only when they serve to veil our actions; a discovered masquerader plays a pitiful part. You do not disown your deeds, yet your words belie them: what are we to think of you?

WEISLINGEN. What you will — I am so agonised at reflecting on what I am, that I little reck for what I am taken.

ADELAIDE. You came to say farewell.

WEISLINGEN. Permit me to kiss your hand, and I will say adieu! . . . You remind me — I did not think — but I am troublesome —

ADELAIDE. You misinterpret me. Since you will depart, I only wished to assist your resolution.

WEISLINGEN. Oh, say rather, I must! — were I not compelled, by my knightly word, — my solemn engagement —

ADELAIDE. Go to! Talk of that to maidens who read "Theuerdanck," and wish they had such a husband. — Knightly word! — Nonsense!

WEISLINGEN. That is not your opinion.

ADELAIDE. On my honour, you are dissembling. What have you promised? and to whom? You have

pledged your alliance to one who is a traitor to the emperor, at the very moment when he incurred the ban of the empire by taking you prisoner. Such an agreement is no more binding than an extorted, unjust oath. And do not our laws release you from such oaths? Go, tell that to children, who believe in Rübzahl. There is something behind all this. — To become an enemy of the empire — a disturber of public happiness and tranquillity, an enemy of the emperor, the associate of a robber! — Thou, Weislingen, with thy gentle soul!

WEISLINGEN. If you knew him —

ADELAIDE. I would deal justly with Goetz. He has a lofty, indomitable spirit; and woe to thee, therefore, Weislingen! Go, and persuade thyself thou art his companion. Go, and receive his commands. Thou art courteous, gentle —

WEISLINGEN. And he too.

ADELAIDE. But thou art yielding, and he is stubborn. Imperceptibly will he draw thee on. Thou wilt become the slave of a baron, — thou that mightest command princes! — Yet it is cruel to make you discontented with your future position.

WEISLINGEN. Did you but know what kindness he showed me.

ADELAIDE. Kindness! — Do you make such a merit of that? It was his duty. And what would you have lost had he acted otherwise? I would rather he had done so. An overbearing man like —

WEISLINGEN. You are speaking of your enemy.

ADELAIDE. I was speaking for your freedom; yet I know not why I should take so much interest in it. Farewell!

WEISLINGEN. Permit me, but a moment.

[Takes her hand. A pause.]

ADELAIDE. Have you aught to say?

WEISLINGEN. I must hence.

ADELAIDE. Then, go.

WEISLINGEN. Gracious lady, I cannot.

ADELAIDE. You must.

WEISLINGEN. And is this your parting look?

ADELAIDE. Go: I am unwell, very inopportunately.

WEISLINGEN. Look not on me thus!

ADELAIDE. Wilt thou be our enemy, and yet have us smile upon thee? — go!

WEISLINGEN. Adelaide!

ADELAIDE. I hate thee!

*Enter FRANCIS.*

FRANCIS. Noble sir, the bishop inquires for you.

ADELAIDE. Go! go!

FRANCIS. He begs you to come instantly.

ADELAIDE. Go! go!

WEISLINGEN. I do not say adieu: I shall see you again.

*[Exeunt WEISLINGEN and FRANCIS.]*

ADELAIDE. Thou wilt see me again? We must provide for that. Margaret, when he comes, refuse him admittance. Say I am ill, have a headache, am asleep, anything. If this does not detain him, nothing will.

*[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VII. — *An Anteroom.*

WEISLINGEN and FRANCIS.

WEISLINGEN. She will not see me!

FRANCIS. Night draws on: shall we saddle?

WEISLINGEN. She will not see me!

FRANCIS. Shall I order the horses?

WEISLINGEN. It is too late: we stay here.

FRANCIS. God be praised!

*[Exit.]*

WEISLINGEN (*alone*). Thou stayest! Be on thy guard — the temptation is great. My horse started at the castle-gate. My good angel stood before him: he

knew the danger that awaited me. Yet it would be wrong to leave in confusion the various affairs entrusted to me by the bishop, without, at least, so arranging them, that my successor may be able to continue where I left off. Thus much I can do without injury to Berlichingen, and my alliance with him; and, when it is done, no one shall detain me. Yet it would have been better that I had never come. But I will away — to-morrow — or next day. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VIII. — *The Spessart.*

*Enter GOETZ, SELBITZ, and GEORGE.*

SELBITZ. You see, it has turned out as I prophesied.

GOETZ. No, no, no!

GEORGE. I tell you the truth, believe me. I did as you commanded, took the dress and password of the Bamberg trooper, and escorted some peasants of the Lower Rhine, who paid my expenses for my convoy.

SELBITZ. In that disguise? It might have cost thee dear.

GEORGE. So I begin to think, now that it's over. A trooper who thinks of danger beforehand will never do anything great. I got safely to Bamberg; and in the very first inn I heard them tell how the bishop and Weislingen were reconciled, and how Weislingen was to marry the widow of Von Walldorf.

GOETZ. Mere gossip!

GEORGE. I saw him as he led her to table. She is lovely, by my faith, most lovely! We all bowed — she thanked us all. He nodded, and seemed highly pleased. They passed on; and everybody murmured, "What a handsome pair!"

GOETZ. That may be.

GEORGE. Listen further. The next day, as he went to mass, I watched my opportunity; he was attended

only by his squire: I stood at the steps, and whispered to him as he passed, "A few words from your friend Berlichingen." He started — I marked the confession of guilt in his face. He had scarcely the heart to look at me — me, a poor trooper's boy!

SELBITZ. His evil conscience degrades him more than thy condition does thee.

GEORGE. "Art thou of Bamberg?" said he. "The Knight of Berlichingen greets you," said I, "and I am to inquire —" "Come to my apartment to-morrow morning," quoth he, "and we will speak further."

GOETZ. And you went?

GEORGE. Yes, certainly, I went, and waited in his antechamber a long, long time; and his pages, in their silken doublets, stared at me from head to foot. Stare on, thought I. At length I was admitted. He seemed angry. But what cared I? I gave my message. He began blustering like a coward who wants to look brave. He wondered that you should take him to task through a trooper's boy. That angered me. "There are but two sorts of people," said I, "true men and scoundrels; and I serve Goetz of Berlichingen." Then he began to talk all manner of nonsense, which all tended to one point; namely, that you had hurried him into an agreement, that he owed you no allegiance, and would have nothing to do with you.

GOETZ. Hadst thou that from his own mouth?

GEORGE. That, and yet more. He threatened me —

GOETZ. It is enough. He is lost for ever. Faith and confidence, again have ye deceived me. Poor Maria! how am I to break this to you?

SELBITZ. I would rather lose my other leg than be such a rascal.

SCENE IX. — *Hall in the Bishop's Palace at Bamberg.*

ADELAIDE and WEISLINGEN discovered.

ADELAIDE. Time begins to hang insupportably heavy here. I dare not speak seriously, and I am ashamed to trifle with you. Ennui, thou art worse than a slow fever.

WEISLINGEN. Are you tired of me already?

ADELAIDE. Not so much of you as of your society. I would you had gone when you wished, and that we had not detained you.

WEISLINGEN. Such is woman's favour! At first she fosters with maternal warmth our dearest hopes; and then, like an inconstant hen, she forsakes the nest, and abandons the infant brood to death and decay.

ADELAIDE. Yes, you may rail at women. The reckless gambler tears and curses the harmless cards which have been the instruments of his loss. But let me tell you something about *men*. What are you that talk about fickleness? You that are seldom even what you would wish to be, never what you should be. Princes in holiday garb! the envy of the vulgar. Oh, what would not a tailor's wife give for a necklace of the pearls on the skirt of your robe, which you kick back contemptuously with your heels.

WEISLINGEN. You are severe.

ADELAIDE. It is but the antistrophe to your song. Ere I knew you, Weislingen, I felt like the tailor's wife. Hundred-tongued rumour, to speak without metaphor, had so extolled you, in quack-doctor fashion, that I was tempted to wish, Oh, that I could but see this quintessence of manhood, this phœnix, Weislingen! My wish was granted.

WEISLINGEN. And the phœnix turned out a dunghill cock.

ADELAIDE. No, Weislingen: I took an interest in you.

WEISLINGEN. So it appeared.

ADELAIDE. So it *was* — for you really surpassed your reputation. The multitude prize only the reflection of worth. For my part, I do not care to scrutinise the character of those I like and esteem: so we lived on for some time. I felt there was a deficiency in you, but knew not what I missed: at length my eyes were opened — I saw instead of the energetic being who gave impulse to the affairs of a kingdom, and was ever alive to the voice of fame; who was wont to pile princely project on project, till, like the mountains of the Titans, they reached the clouds, — instead of all this, I saw a man as querulous as a love-sick poet, as melancholy as a slighted damsel, and more indolent than an old bachelor. I first ascribed it to your misfortune, which still lay at your heart, and excused you as well as I could; but now that it daily becomes worse, you must really forgive me if I withdraw my favour from you. You possess it unjustly: I bestowed it for life on a hero who cannot transfer it to you.

WEISLINGEN. Dismiss me, then.

ADELAIDE. Not till all chance of recovery is lost. Solitude is fatal in your distemper. Alas! poor man! you are as dejected as one whose first love has proved false, and therefore I won't give you up. Give me your hand, and pardon what affection has urged me to say.

WEISLINGEN. Couldst thou but love me, couldst thou but return the fervour of my passion with the least glow of sympathy. — Adelaide, thy reproaches are most unjust. Couldst thou but guess the hundredth part of my sufferings, thou wouldst not have tortured me so unmercifully with encouragement, indifference, and contempt. You smile. To be reconciled to myself after the step I have taken must be the work of more than one day. How can I plot against

the man who has been so recently and so vividly restored to my affection?

ADELAIDE. Strange being! Can you love him whom you envy? It is like sending provisions to an enemy.

WEISLINGEN. I well know that here there must be no dallying. He is aware that I am again Weislingen, and he will watch his advantage over us. Besides, Adelaide, we are not so sluggish as you think. Our troopers are reënforced and watchful; our schemes are proceeding; and the Diet of Augsburg will, I hope, soon bring them to a favourable issue.

ADELAIDE. You go there?

WEISLINGEN. If I could carry a glimpse of hope with me.

[*Kisses her hand.*]

ADELAIDE. Oh! ye infidels! Always signs and wonders required. Go, Weislingen, and accomplish the work! The interest of the bishop, yours and mine, are all so linked together, that were it only for policy's sake —

WEISLINGEN. You jest.

ADELAIDE. I do not jest. The haughty duke has seized my property. Goetz will not be slow to ravage yours; and if we do not hold together, as our enemies do, and gain over the emperor to our side, we are lost.

WEISLINGEN. I fear nothing. Most of the princes think with us. The emperor needs assistance against the Turks, and it is therefore just that he should help us in his turn. What rapture for me to rescue your fortune from rapacious enemies; to crush the mutinous chivalry of Swabia; to restore peace to the bishopric, and then —

ADELAIDE. One day brings on another, and fate is mistress of the future.

WEISLINGEN. But we must lend our endeavours.

ADELAIDE. We do so.



WEISLINGEN. But seriously.

ADELAIDE. Well, then, seriously. Do but go —

WEISLINGEN. Enchantress! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X. — *An Inn.*

*The Bridal of a PEASANT.*

*The BRIDE'S FATHER, BRIDE, BRIDEGROOM, and other Country-folks, GOETZ OF BERLICHINGEN, and HANS OF SELBITZ all discovered at table. TROOPERS and PEASANTS attend.*

GOETZ. It was the best way thus to settle your lawsuit by a merry bridal.

BRIDE'S FATHER. Better than ever I could have dreamed of, noble sir, — to spend my days in quiet with my neighbour, and have a daughter provided for to boot.

BRIDEGROOM. And I to get the bone of contention and a pretty wife into the bargain! Ay, the prettiest in the whole village. Would to Heaven you had consented sooner!

GOETZ. How long have you been at law?

BRIDE'S FATHER. About eight years. I would rather have the fever for twice that time, than go through with it again from the beginning. For these periwigged gentry never give a decision till you tear it out of their very hearts; and, after all, what do you get for your pains? The Devil fly away with the assessor Sapupi for a damned swarthy Italian!

BRIDEGROOM. Yes, he's a pretty fellow: I was before him twice.

BRIDE'S FATHER. And I thrice: and look ye, gentlemen, we got a judgment at last, which set forth that he was as much in the right as I, and I as much as he;

so there we stood like a couple of fools, till a good Providence put it into my head to give him my daughter and the ground besides.

GOETZ (*drinks*). To your better understanding in future.

BRIDE'S FATHER. With all my heart! But, come what may, I'll never go to law again as long as I live. What a mint of money it costs! For every bow made to you by a procurator, you must come down with your dollars.

SELBITZ. But there are annual imperial visitations.

BRIDE'S FATHER. I have never heard of them. Many an extra dollar have they contrived to squeeze out of me. The expenses are horrible.

GOETZ. How mean you?

BRIDE'S FATHER. Why, look you, these gentlemen of the law are always holding out their hands. The assessor alone, God forgive him, eased me of eighteen golden guilders.

BRIDEGROOM. Who?

BRIDE'S FATHER. Why, who else but Sapupi?

GOETZ. That is infamous.

BRIDE'S FATHER. Yes: he asked twenty; and there I had to pay them in the great hall of his fine country-house. I thought my heart would burst with anguish. For look you, my lord, I am well enough off with my house and little farm; but how could I raise the ready cash? I stood there, God knows how it was with me. I had not a single farthing to carry me on my journey. At last I took courage, and told him my case: when he saw I was desperate, he flung me back a couple of guilders, and sent me about my business.

BRIDEGROOM. Impossible! Sapupi?

BRIDE'S FATHER. Ay, he himself! What do you stare at?

BRIDEGROOM. Devil take the rascal! He took fifteen guilders from me too!

BRIDE'S FATHER. The deuce he did!

SELBITZ. They call us robbers, Goetz!

BRIDE'S FATHER. Bribed on both sides! That's why the judgment fell out so queer. Oh! the scoundrel!

GOETZ. You must not let this pass unnoticed.

BRIDE'S FATHER. What can we do?

GOETZ. Why — go to Spire, where there is an imperial visitation: make your complaint; they must inquire into it, and help you to your own again.

BRIDEGROOM. Does your honour think we shall succeed?

GOETZ. If I might take it in hand, I could promise it you.

SELBITZ. The sum is worth an attempt.

GOETZ. Ay: many a day have I ridden out for the fourth part of it.

BRIDE'S FATHER (to BRIDEGROOM). What think'st thou?

BRIDEGROOM. We'll try, come what may.

*Enter GEORGE.*

GEORGE. The Nurembergers have set out.

GOETZ. Whereabouts are they?

GEORGE. If we ride off quietly, we shall just catch them in the wood betwixt Berheim and Mühlbach.

SELBITZ. Excellent.

GOETZ. Well, my children, God bless you, and help every man to his own!

BRIDE'S FATHER. Thanks, gallant sir! Will you not stay to supper?

GOETZ. We cannot. Adieu!

[*Exeunt GOETZ, SELBITZ, and TROOPERS.*]

## ACT III.

SCENE I. — *A Garden at Augsburg.*

*Enter two MERCHANTS of Nuremberg.*

FIRST MERCHANT. We'll stand here, for the emperor must pass this way. He is just coming up the long avenue.

SECOND MERCHANT. Who is he that's with him?

FIRST MERCHANT. Adelbert of Weislingen.

SECOND MERCHANT. The bishop's friend. That's lucky!

FIRST MERCHANT. We'll throw ourselves at his feet.

SECOND MERCHANT. See! they come.

*Enter the EMPEROR and WEISLINGEN.*

FIRST MERCHANT. He looks displeased.

EMPEROR. I am disheartened, Weislingen. When I review my past life, I am ready to despair. So many half — ay, and wholly ruined undertakings — and all because the pettiest feudatory of the empire thinks more of gratifying his own whims than of seconding my endeavours.

*[The MERCHANTS throw themselves at his feet.]*

FIRST MERCHANT. Most mighty! Most gracious!

EMPEROR. Who are ye? What seek ye?

FIRST MERCHANT. Poor merchants of Nuremberg, your Majesty's devoted servants, who implore your aid. Goetz von Berlichingen and Hans von Selbitz fell upon thirty of us as we journeyed from the fair of Frankfort, under an escort from Bamberg: they overpowered and plundered us. We implore your imperial assistance to obtain redress, else we are all ruined men, and shall be compelled to beg our bread.

EMPEROR. Good heavens! What is this? The one has but one hand, the other but one leg: if they both had two hands and two legs, what would you do then?

FIRST MERCHANT. We most humbly beseech your Majesty to cast a look of compassion upon our unfortunate condition.

EMPEROR. How is this? — If a merchant loses a bag of pepper, all Germany is to rise in arms; but when business is to be done, in which the imperial majesty and the empire are interested, should it concern dukedoms, principalities, or kingdoms, there is no bringing you together.

WEISLINGEN. You come at an unseasonable time. Go, and stay at Augsburg for a few days.

MERCHANTS. We make our most humble obeisance.  
[*Exeunt* MERCHANTS.]

EMPEROR. Again new disturbances; they multiply like the hydra's heads!

WEISLINGEN. And can only be extirpated with fire and sword, and a courageous enterprise.

EMPEROR. Do you think so?

WEISLINGEN. Nothing seems to me more advisable, could your Majesty and the princes but accommodate your other unimportant disputes. It is not the body of the state that complains of this malady — Franconia and Swabia alone glow with the embers of civil discord; and even there many of the nobles and free barons long for quiet. Could we but crush Sickingen, Selbitz — and — and Berlichingen, the others would fall asunder; for it is the spirit of these knights which quickens the turbulent multitude.

EMPEROR. Fain would I spare them: they are noble and hardy. Should I be engaged in war, they would follow me to the field.

WEISLINGEN. It is to be wished they had at all times known their duty: moreover it would be dan-

gerous to reward their mutinous bravery by offices of trust. For it is exactly this imperial mercy and forgiveness which they have hitherto so grievously abused, upon which the hope and confidence of their league rest; and this spirit cannot be quelled till we have wholly destroyed their power in the eyes of the world, and taken from them all hope of ever recovering their lost influence.

EMPEROR. You advise severe measures, then?

WEISLINGEN. I see no other means of quelling the spirit of insurrection which has seized upon whole provinces. Do we not already hear the bitterest complaints from the nobles that their vassals and serfs rebel against them, question their authority, and threaten to curtail their hereditary prerogatives? A proceeding which would involve the most fearful consequences.

EMPEROR. This were a fair occasion for proceeding against Berlichingen and Selbitz, but I will not have them personally injured. Could they be taken prisoners, they should swear to renounce their feuds and to remain in their own castles and territories upon their knightly parole. At the next session of the diet we will propose this plan.

WEISLINGEN. A general exclamation of joyful assent will spare your Majesty the trouble of particular detail. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II. — *Jaxthausen.*

*Enter* GOETZ *and* FRANZ VON SICKINGEN.

SICKINGEN. Yes, my friend, I come to beg the heart and hand of your noble sister.

GOETZ. I would you had come sooner. Weislingen, during his imprisonment, obtained her affections,

proposed for her; and I gave my consent. I let the bird loose, and he now despises the benevolent hand that fed him in his distress. He flutters about to seek his food, God knows upon what hedge.

SICKINGEN. Is this so?

GOETZ. Even as I tell you.

SICKINGEN. He has broken a double bond. 'Tis well for you that you were not more closely allied with the traitor.

GOETZ. The poor maiden passes her life in lamentation and prayer.

SICKINGEN. I will comfort her.

GOETZ. What! Could you make up your mind to marry a forsaken —

SICKINGEN. It is to the honour of you both, to have been deceived by him. Should the poor girl be caged in a cloister because the first man who gained her love proved a villain? Not so: I insist on it. She shall be mistress of my castles!

GOETZ. I tell you, he was not indifferent to her.

SICKINGEN. Do you think I cannot efface the recollection of such a wretch? Let us go to her. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE. III. — *The Camp of the Party sent to execute the Imperial Mandate.*

*Imperial CAPTAIN and OFFICERS discovered.*

CAPTAIN. We must be cautious, and spare our people as much as possible. Besides, we have strict orders to overpower and take him alive. It will be difficult to obey, for who will engage with him hand to hand?

FIRST OFFICER. 'Tis true. And he will fight like a wild boar. Besides, he has never in his whole life injured any of us; so each will be glad to leave to the

other the honour of risking life and limb to please the emperor.

SECOND OFFICER. 'Twere shame to us should we not take him. Had I him once by the ears, he should not easily escape.

FIRST OFFICER. Don't seize him with your teeth, however: he might chance to run away with your jaw-bone. My good young sir, such men are not taken like a runaway thief.

SECOND OFFICER. We shall see.

CAPTAIN. By this time he must have had our summons. We must not delay. I mean to despatch a troop to watch his motions.

SECOND OFFICER. Let me lead it.

CAPTAIN. You are unacquainted with the country.

SECOND OFFICER. I have a servant who was born and bred here.

CAPTAIN. That will do.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. — *Jaxthausen.*

SICKINGEN (*alone*).

All goes as I wish! She was somewhat startled at my proposal, and looked at me from head to foot: I'll wager she was comparing me with her gallant. Thank Heaven I can stand the scrutiny! She answered little and confusedly. So much the better! Let it work for a time. A proposal of marriage does not come amiss after such a cruel disappointment.

*Enter* GOETZ.

SICKINGEN. What news, brother?

GOETZ. They have laid me under the ban.

SICKINGEN. How?

GOETZ. There, read the edifying epistle. The emperor has issued an edict against me, which gives my



body for food to the beasts of the earth and the fowls of the air.

SICKINGEN. They shall first furnish them with a dinner themselves. I am here in the very nick of time.

GOETZ. No, Sickingen, you must leave me. Your great undertakings might be ruined, should you become the enemy of the emperor at so unseasonable a time. Besides, you can be of more use to me by remaining neutral. The worst that can happen, is my being made prisoner; and then your good word with the emperor, who esteems you, may rescue me from the misfortune into which your untimely assistance would irremediably plunge us both. To what purpose should you do otherwise? These troops are marching against me; and, if they knew we were united, their numbers would only be increased, and our position consequently be no better. The emperor is at the fountainhead; and I should be utterly ruined were it as easy to inspire soldiers with courage as to collect them into a body.

SICKINGEN. But I can privately reinforce you with a score of troopers.

GOETZ. Good. I have already sent George to Selbitz, and to my people in the neighbourhood. My dear brother, when my forces are collected, they will be such a troop as few princes can bring together.

SICKINGEN. It will be small against the multitude.

GOETZ. One wolf is too many for a whole flock of sheep.

SICKINGEN. But if they have a good shepherd!

GOETZ. Never fear! They are all hirelings; and then, even the best knight can do but little if he cannot act as he pleases. It happened once, that, to oblige the palsgrave, I went to serve against Conrad Schotten: they then presented me with a paper of instructions from the chancery, which set forth, Thus and thus must you proceed. I threw down the paper before the

magistrates, and told them I could not act according to it; that something might happen unprovided for in my instructions, and that I must use my own eyes and judge what it is best for me to do.

SICKINGEN. Good luck, brother! I will hence, and send thee what men I can collect in haste.

GOETZ. Come first to the women. I left them together. I would you had her consent before you depart! Then send me the troopers, and come back in private to carry away my Maria; for my castle, I fear, will shortly be no abode for women.

SICKINGEN. We will hope for the best.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. — *Bamberg. Adelaide's Chamber.*

ADELAIDE and FRANCIS.

ADELAIDE. They have already set out to enforce the ban against both?

FRANCIS. Yes; and my master has the happiness of marching against your enemies. I would gladly have gone also, however rejoiced I always am at being despatched to you. But I will away instantly, and soon return with good news: my master has allowed me to do so.

ADELAIDE. How is he?

FRANCIS. He is well, and commanded me to kiss your hand.

ADELAIDE. There! — Thy lips glow.

FRANCIS (*aside, pressing his breast*). Here glows something yet more fiery. (*Aloud.*) Gracious lady, your servants are the most fortunate of beings!

ADELAIDE. Who goes against Berlichingen?

FRANCIS. The Baron von Sirau. Farewell! Dearest, most gracious lady, I must away. Forget me not!

ADELAIDE. Thou must first take some rest and refreshment.

FRANCIS. I need none, for I have seen you! I am neither weary nor hungry.

ADELAIDE. I know thy fidelity.

FRANCIS. Ah, gracious lady!

ADELAIDE. You can never hold out: you *must* repose and refresh yourself.

FRANCIS. You are too kind to a poor youth. [*Exit.*]

ADELAIDE. The tears stood in his eyes. I love him from my heart. Never did man attach himself to me with such warmth of affection. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VI. — *Jaxthausen.*

GOETZ and GEORGE.

GEORGE. He wants to speak with you in person. I do not know him: he is a tall, well-made man, with keen, dark eyes.

GOETZ. Admit him. [*Exit GEORGE.*]

*Enter LERSE.*

GOETZ. God save you! What bring you?

LERSE. Myself: not much; but, such as it is, it is at your service.

GOETZ. You are welcome, doubly welcome! A brave man, and at a time when, far from expecting new friends, I was in hourly fear of losing the old. Your name?

LERSE. Franz Lerse.

GOETZ. I thank you, Franz, for making me acquainted with a brave man!

LERSE. I made you acquainted with me once before, but then you did not thank me for my pains.

GOETZ. I have no recollection of you.

LERSE. I should be sorry if you had. Do you recollect when, to please the Palsgrave, you rode against Conrad Schotten, and went through Hassfurt on an All-hallow's eve?

GOETZ. I remember it well.

LERSE. And twenty-five troopers encountered you in a village by the way?

GOETZ. Exactly. I at first took them for only twelve. I divided my party, which amounted but to sixteen, and halted in the village behind the barn, intending to let them ride by. Then I thought of falling upon them in the rear, as I had concerted with the other troop.

LERSE. We saw you, however, and stationed ourselves on a height above the village. You drew up beneath the hill, and halted. When we perceived that you did not intend to come up to us, we rode down to you.

GOETZ. And then I saw for the first time that I had thrust my hand into the fire. Five and twenty against eight is no jesting business. Everard Truchsess killed one of my followers, for which I knocked him off his horse. Had they all behaved like him and one other trooper, it would have been all over with me and my little band.

LERSE. And that trooper —

GOETZ. Was as gallant a fellow as I ever saw. He attacked me fiercely; and when I thought I had given him enough, and was engaged elsewhere, he was upon me again, and laid on like a fury; he cut quite through my armour, and wounded me in the arm.

LERSE. Have you forgiven him?

GOETZ. He pleased me only too well.

LERSE. I hope, then, you have cause to be contented with me: since the proof of my valour was on your own person.

GOETZ. Art thou he? Oh, welcome! welcome! Canst thou boast, Maximilian, that, amongst thy followers, thou hast gained one after this fashion?

LERSE. I wonder you did not sooner hit upon me.

GOETZ. How could I think that the man would engage in my service who did his best to overpower me?

LERSE. Even so, my lord. From my youth upward I have served as a trooper, and have had a tussle with many a knight. I was overjoyed when we met you; for I had heard of your prowess, and wished to know you. You saw I gave way, and that it was not from cowardice; for I returned to the charge. In short, I learnt to know you; and from that hour I resolved to enter your service.

GOETZ. How long wilt thou engage with me?

LERSE. For a year, without pay.

GOETZ. No: thou shalt have as much as the others; nay, more, as befits him who gave me so much work at Remlin.

*Enter GEORGE.*

GEORGE. Hans of Selbitz greets you. To-morrow he will be here with fifty men.

GOETZ. 'Tis well.

GEORGE. There is a troop of Imperialists riding down the hill, doubtless to reconnoitre.

GOETZ. How many?

GEORGE. About fifty.

GOETZ. Only fifty! Come, Lerse, we'll have a slash at them; so that when Selbitz comes he may find some work done to his hand.

LERSE. 'Twill be capital practice.

GOETZ. To horse!

*[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VII. — *A Wood, on the Borders of a Morass.*

*Two IMPERIALIST TROOPERS meeting.*

FIRST IMPERIALIST. What dost thou here?

SECOND IMPERIALIST. I have leave of absence for ten minutes. Ever since our quarters were beat up last night, I have had such violent attacks that I can't sit on horseback for two minutes together.

FIRST IMPERIALIST. Is the party far advanced?

SECOND IMPERIALIST. About three miles into the wood.

FIRST IMPERIALIST. Then, why are you playing truant here?

SECOND IMPERIALIST. Prithee, betray me not. I am going to the next village to see if I cannot get some warm bandages, to relieve my complaint. But whence comest thou?

FIRST IMPERIALIST. I am bringing our officer some wine and meat from the nearest village.

SECOND IMPERIALIST. So, so! he stuffs himself under our very noses, and we must starve, — a fine example!

FIRST IMPERIALIST. Come back with me, rascal.

SECOND IMPERIALIST. Call me a fool if I do! There are plenty in our troop who would gladly fast, to be as far away as I am. *[Trampling of horses heard.*

FIRST IMPERIALIST. Hearest thou? — Horses!

SECOND IMPERIALIST. Oh, dear! oh, dear!

FIRST IMPERIALIST. I'll get up into this tree.

SECOND IMPERIALIST. And I'll hide among the rushes. *[They hide themselves.*

*Enter on horseback, GOETZ, LERSE, GEORGE, and TROOPERS, all completely armed.*

GOETZ. Away into the wood, by the ditch on the left — then we have them in the rear. *[They gallop off.*

FIRST IMPERIALIST (*descending*). This is a bad business — Michael! — He answers not — Michael, they are gone! (*Goes toward the marsh.*) Alas, he is sunk! — Michael! — He hears me not: he is suffocated. — Poor coward, art thou done for? — We are slain — Enemies! Enemies on all sides!

*Reënter GOETZ and GEORGE on horseback.*

GOETZ. Yield thee, fellow, or thou diest!

IMPERIALIST. Spare my life!

GOETZ. Thy sword! — George, lead him to the other prisoners, whom Lersé is guarding yonder in the wood — I must pursue their fugitive leader. [*Exit.*]

IMPERIALIST. What has become of the knight, our officer?

GEORGE. My master struck him head over heels from his horse, so that his plume stuck in the mire. His troopers got him up, and off they were as if the Devil were behind them. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII. — *Camp of the Imperialists.*

CAPTAIN and FIRST OFFICER.

FIRST OFFICER. They flee from afar toward the camp.

CAPTAIN. He is most likely hard at their heels — Draw out fifty as far as the mill: if he follows up the pursuit too far, you may perhaps entrap him.

[*Exit OFFICER.*]

*The SECOND OFFICER is borne in.*

CAPTAIN. How now, my young sir — have you got a cracked headpiece?

OFFICER. A plague upon you! The stoutest helmet went to shivers like glass. The demon! — he ran upon me as if he would strike me into the earth!

CAPTAIN. Thank God that you have escaped with your life.

OFFICER. There is little left to be thankful for: two of my ribs are broken — where's the surgeon?

[*He is carried off.*]

SCENE IX. — *Jaxthausen.*

*Enter GOETZ and SELBITZ.*

GOETZ. And what say you to the ban, Selbitz?

SELBITZ. 'Tis a trick of Weislingen's.

GOETZ. Do you think so?

SELBITZ. I do not think — I know it.

GOETZ. How so?

SELBITZ. He was at the diet, I tell thee, and near the emperor's person.

GOETZ. Well, then, we shall frustrate another of his schemes.

SELBITZ. I hope so.

GOETZ. We will away, and course these hares.

SCENE X. — *The Imperial Camp.*

CAPTAIN, OFFICERS, and FOLLOWERS.

CAPTAIN. We shall gain nothing at this work, sirs! He beats one troop after another; and whoever escapes death or captivity, would rather flee to Turkey than return to the camp. Thus our force diminishes daily. We must attack him once for all, and in earnest — I will go myself, and he shall find with whom he has to deal.

OFFICER. We are all content; but he is so well acquainted with the country, and knows every path and ravine so thoroughly, that he will be as difficult to find as a rat in a barn.



CAPTAIN. I warrant you we'll ferret him out. On toward Jaxthausen! Whether he like it or not, he must come to defend his castle.

OFFICER. Shall our whole force march?

CAPTAIN. Yes, certainly — do you know that a hundred of us are melted away already?

OFFICER. Then, let us away with speed, before the whole snowball dissolves; for this is warm work, and we stand here like butter in the sunshine.

[*Exeunt. A march sounded.*]

SCENE XI. — *Mountains and a Wood.*

GOETZ, SELBITZ, and TROOPERS.

GOETZ. They are coming in full force. It was high time that Sickingen's troopers joined us.

SELBITZ. We will divide our party — I will take the left hand by the hill.

GOETZ. Good — and do thou, Lerse, lead fifty men straight through the wood on the right. They are coming across the heath — I will draw up opposite to them. George, stay by me — when you see them attack me, then fall upon their flank: we'll beat the knaves into a mummy — they little think we can face them. [Exeunt.]

SCENE XII. — *A Heath. On one side an Eminence with a ruined Tower, on the other the Forest.*

*Enter, marching, the CAPTAIN OF THE IMPERIALISTS with OFFICERS and his SQUADRON. — Drums and standards.*

CAPTAIN. He halts upon the heath! that's too impudent. He shall smart for it — what! not fear the torrent that threatens to overwhelm him!

OFFICER. I had rather you did not head the troops: he looks as if he meant to plant the first that comes upon him in the mire with his head downmost. Prithee ride in the rear.

CAPTAIN. Not so.

OFFICER. I entreat you. You are the knot which unites this bundle of hazel-twigs: loose it, and he will break them separately like so many reeds.

CAPTAIN. Sound, trumpeter — and let us blow him to hell! [*A charge sounded. Exeunt in full career.*]

SELBITZ, with his TROOPERS, comes from behind the hill galloping.

SELBITZ. Follow me! They shall wish that they could multiply their hands.

[*They gallop across the stage, et exeunt.*]

*Loud alarm.* LERSE and his party sally from the wood.

LERSE. Ho! to the rescue! Goetz is almost surrounded. — Gallant Selbitz, thou hast cut thy way — we will sow the heath with these thistle-heads.

[*Gallop off.*]

*A loud alarm with shouting and firing for some minutes.*

SELBITZ is borne in wounded, by two TROOPERS.

SELBITZ. Leave me here, and hasten to Goetz.

FIRST TROOPER. Let us stay, sir — you need our aid.

SELBITZ. Get one of you on the watch-tower, and tell me how it goes.

FIRST TROOPER. How shall I get up?

SECOND TROOPER. Mount upon my shoulders — you can then reach the ruined part, and thence scramble up to the opening.

[*FIRST TROOPER gets up into the tower.*]

FIRST TROOPER. Alas, sir!

SELBITZ. What seest thou ?

FIRST TROOPER. Your troopers fly toward the hill.

SELBITZ. Rascally cowards! — I would that they stood their ground, and I had a ball through my head. — Ride, one of you, full speed — Curse and thunder them back to the field — Seest thou Goetz ?

[*Exit* SECOND TROOPER.

TROOPER. I see his three black feathers floating in the midst of the wavy tumult.

SELBITZ. Swim, brave swimmer — I lie here.

TROOPER. A white plume — whose is that ?

SELBITZ. The captain's.

TROOPER. Goetz gallops upon him — crash ! Down he goes.

SELBITZ. The captain ?

TROOPER. Yes, sir.

SELBITZ. Hurrah ! Hurrah !

TROOPER. Alas ! alas ! I see Goetz no more.

SELBITZ. Then die, Selbitz !

TROOPER. A dreadful tumult where he stood — George's blue plume vanishes too.

SELBITZ. Come down ! Dost thou not see Lerse ?

TROOPER. No. — Everything is in confusion.

SELBITZ. No more. Come down. — How do Sick-ingen's men bear themselves ?

TROOPER. Well ; one of them flies to the wood — another — another — a whole troop. Goetz is lost !

SELBITZ. Come down.

TROOPER. I cannot — Hurrah ! hurrah ! I see Goetz, I see George.

SELBITZ. On horseback ?

TROOPER. Ay, ay, high on horseback — Victory ! victory ! — they flee.

SELBITZ. The Imperialists ?

TROOPER. Yes, standard and all, Goetz behind them. They disperse — Goetz reaches the ensign — he seizes the standard : he halts. A handful of men

rally round him — My comrade reaches him — they come this way.

*Enter GOETZ, GEORGE, LERSE, and TROOPERS, on horse-back.*

SELBITZ. Joy to thee, Goetz! — Victory! victory!

GOETZ (*dismounting*). Dearly, dearly bought. Thou art wounded, Selbitz!

SELBITZ. But thou dost live and hast conquered! I have done little; and my dogs of troopers! How hast thou come off?

GOETZ. For the present, well! And here I thank George, and thee, Lerse, for my life. I unhorsed the captain: they stabbed my horse, and pressed me hard. George cut his way to me, and sprang off his horse. I threw myself like lightning upon it, and he appeared suddenly like a thunderbolt upon another. How camest thou by thy steed?

GEORGE. A fellow struck at you from behind: as he raised his cuirass in the act, I stabbed him with my dagger. Down he came; and so I rid you of an enemy, and helped myself to a horse.

GOETZ. There we held together till Francis here came to our help, and thereupon we mowed our way out.

LERSE. The hounds whom I led were to have mowed their way in, till our scythes met; but they fled like Imperialists.

GOETZ. Friend and foe all fled, except this little band who protected my rear. I had enough to do with the fellows in front, but the fall of their captain dismayed them: they wavered and fled. I have their banner, and a few prisoners.

SELBITZ. The captain has escaped you?

GOETZ. They rescued him in the scuffle. Come, lads, come, Selbitz. — Make a litter of lances and boughs: thou canst not mount a horse, come to my

castle. They are scattered, but we are very few; and I know not what troops they may have in reserve. I will be your host, my friends. Wine will taste well after such an action. [*Exeunt, carrying SELBITZ.*]

SCENE XIII. — *The Camp.*

*The CAPTAIN and IMPERIALISTS.*

CAPTAIN. I could kill you all with my own hand. -- What! to turn tail! He had not a handful of men left. To give way before one man! No one will believe it but those who wish to make a jest of us. Ride round the country, you, and you, and you: collect our scattered soldiers, or cut them down wherever you find them. We must grind these notches out of our blades, even should we spoil our swords in the operation. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XIV. — *Jaxthausen.*

GOETZ, LERSE, and GEORGE.

GOETZ. We must not lose a moment. My poor fellows, I dare allow you no rest. Gallop round and strive to enlist troopers, appoint them to assemble at Weilernd, where they will be most secure. Should we delay a moment, they will be before the castle. — (*Exeunt LERSE and GEORGE.*) — I must send out a scout. This begins to grow warm. — If we had but brave foemen to deal with! But these fellows are formidable only through their number. [*Exit.*]

*Enter SICKINGEN and MARIA.*

MARIA. I beseech thee, dear Sickingen, do not leave my brother! His horsemen, your own, and those of Selbitz, all are scattered: he is alone. Selbitz

has been carried home to his castle wounded. I fear the worst.

SICKINGEN. Be comforted: I will not leave him.

*Enter GOETZ.*

GOETZ. Come to the chapel, the priest waits: in a few minutes you shall be united.

SICKINGEN. Let me remain with you.

GOETZ. You must come now to the chapel.

SICKINGEN. Willingly! — and then —

GOETZ. Then you go your way.

SICKINGEN. Goetz!

GOETZ. Will you not to the chapel?

SICKINGEN. Come, come!

*[Exeunt.]*

SCENE XV. — *Camp.*

CAPTAIN *and* OFFICERS.

CAPTAIN. How many are we in all?

OFFICER. A hundred and fifty —

CAPTAIN. Out of four hundred. — That is bad. Set out for Jaxthausen at once, before he recovers, and attacks us once more.

SCENE XVI. — *Jaxthausen.*

GOETZ, ELIZABETH, MARIA, *and* SICKINGEN.

GOETZ. God bless you, give you happy days, and keep those for your children which he denies to you!

ELIZABETH. And may they be virtuous as you — then let come what will.

SICKINGEN. I thank you. — And you, my Maria! As I led you to the altar, so shall you lead me to happiness.

MARIA. Our pilgrimage will be together toward that distant and promised land.

GOETZ. A prosperous journey.

MARIA. That was not what I meant — we do not leave you.

GOETZ. You must, sister.

MARIA. You are very harsh, brother.

GOETZ. And you more affectionate than prudent.

*Enter GEORGE.*

GEORGE (*aside to GOETZ*). I can collect no troopers: one was inclined to come, but he changed his mind, and refused.

GOETZ (*to GEORGE*). 'Tis well, George. Fortune begins to look coldly on me. I foreboded it, however. (*Aloud.*) Sickingen, I entreat you, depart this very evening. Persuade Maria. — You are her husband: let her feel it. When women come across our undertakings, our enemies are more secure in the open field, than they would else be in their castles.

*Enter a TROOPER.*

TROOPER (*aside to GOETZ*). The Imperial squadron is in full and rapid march hither.

GOETZ. I have roused them with stripes of the rod! How many are they?

TROOPER. About two hundred. They can scarcely be six miles from us.

GOETZ. Have they passed the river yet?

TROOPER. No, my lord.

GOETZ. Had I but fifty men, they should not cross it. Hast thou seen Larse?

TROOPER. No, my lord.

GOETZ. Tell all to hold themselves ready. We must part, dear friends. Weep on, my gentle Maria. Many a moment of happiness is yet in store for thee. It is better thou shouldst weep on thy wedding-day,

than that present joy should be the forerunner of future misery. Farewell, Maria! — Farewell, brother!

MARIA. I cannot leave you, sister. Dear brother, let us stay. Dost thou value my husband so little as to refuse his help in thy extremity?

GOETZ. Yes: it is gone far with me. Perhaps my fall is near. You are but beginning life, and should separate your lot from mine. I have ordered your horses to be saddled: you must away instantly.

MARIA. Brother! brother!

ELIZABETH (*to SICKINGEN*). Yield to his wishes. Speak to her.

SICKINGEN. Dear Maria! we must go.

MARIA. Thou too? My heart will break!

GOETZ. Then, stay. In a few hours my castle will be surrounded.

MARIA (*weeping bitterly*). Alas! alas!

GOETZ. We will defend ourselves as long as we can.

MARIA. Mother of God, have mercy upon us.

GOETZ. And at last we must die or surrender. Thy tears will then have involved thy noble husband in the same misfortune with me.

MARIA. Thou torturest me!

GOETZ. Remain! Remain! We shall be taken together! Sickingen, thou wilt fall with me into the pit, out of which I had hoped thou shouldst have helped me.

MARIA. We will away — Sister — sister!

GOETZ. Place her in safety, and then think of me.

SICKINGEN. Never will I repose a night by her side till I know thou art out of danger.

GOETZ. Sister! dear sister. [*Kisses her.*]

SICKINGEN. Away! away!

GOETZ. Yet one moment! I shall see you again. Be comforted, we shall meet again. (*Exeunt SICKINGEN and MARIA.*) I urged her to depart — yet now that



she leaves me, what would I not give to detain her!  
Elizabeth, thou stayest with me.

ELIZABETH. Till death! [Exit.

GOETZ. Whom God loves, to him may He give such  
a wife.

*Enter* GEORGE.

GEORGE. They are near! I perceived them from  
the tower. The sun is rising, and I saw their lances  
glitter. I cared no more for them than a cat would  
for a whole army of mice. It is we, though, who act  
the rats in this play.

GOETZ. Look to the fastenings of the gates: barri-  
cade them with beams and stones. *(Exit* GEORGE.)  
We'll exercise their patience, and they may chew away  
their valour in biting their nails. *(A trumpet from  
without. GOETZ goes to the window.)* Aha! Here  
comes a red-coated rascal to ask me whether I will be a  
scoundrel! What says he? *(The voice of the HERALD  
is heard indistinctly, as from a distance. GOETZ mut-  
ters to himself.)* A rope for thy throat! *(Voice again.)*  
"Offended majesty!" — Some priest has drawn up that  
proclamation. *(Voice concludes, and GOETZ answers  
from the window.)* Surrender — surrender at discre-  
tion! With whom speak you? Am I a robber? Tell  
your captain, that for the emperor I entertain, as I have  
ever done, all due respect; but, as for him, he may —  
*[Shuts the window with violence.*

SCENE XVII. — *The Kitchen.*

ELIZABETH *preparing food.* *Enter* GOETZ.

GOETZ. You have hard work, my poor wife!

ELIZABETH. Would it might last! But you can  
hardly hold out long.

GOETZ. We have not had time to provide ourselves.

ELIZABETH. And so many people as you have been wont to entertain. The wine is well-nigh finished.

GOETZ. If we can but hold out a certain time, they must propose a capitulation. We are doing them some damage, I promise you. They shoot the whole day, and only wound our walls and break our windows. Lerse is a gallant fellow. He slips about with his gun: if a rogue comes too nigh — Pop! there he lies!

[*Firing.*

*Enter* TROOPER.

TROOPER. We want live coals, precious lady!

GOETZ. For what?

TROOPER. Our bullets are spent: we must cast some new ones.

GOETZ. How goes it with the powder?

TROOPER. There is as yet no want: we save our fire.

[*Firing at intervals. Exeunt* GOETZ and ELIZABETH.

*Enter* LERSE *with a bullet-mould. Servants with coals.*

LERSE. Set them down, and then go and see for lead about the house: meanwhile I will make shift with this. (*Goes to the window, and takes out the leaden frames.*) Everything must be turned to account. So it is in this world — no one knows what a thing may come to: the glazier who made these frames little thought that the lead here was to give one of his grandsons his last headache; and the father that begot me little knew whether the fowls of heaven or the worms of the earth would pick my bones.

*Enter* GEORGE *with a leaden spout.*

GEORGE. Here's lead for thee! If you hit with only half of it, not one will return to tell his Majesty "Thy servants have sped ill!"

LERSE (*cutting it down*). A famous piece!

GEORGE. The rain must seek some other way. I'm not afraid of it — a brave trooper and a smart shower will always find their road. [*They cast balls.*]

LERSE. Hold the ladle. (*Goes to the window.*) Yonder is a fellow creeping about with his rifle: he thinks our fire is spent. He shall have a bullet warm from the pan. [*He loads his rifle.*]

GEORGE (*puts down the mould*). Let me see.

LERSE. (*Fires.*) There lies the game!

GEORGE. He fired at me as I stepped out on the roof to get the lead. He killed a pigeon that sat near me: it fell into the spout. I thanked him for my dinner, and went back with the double booty.

[*They cast balls.*]

LERSE. Now let us load, and go through the castle to earn our dinner.

*Enter GOETZ.*

GOETZ. Stay, Lerse, I must speak with thee. I will not keep thee, George, from the sport.

[*Exit GEORGE.*]

GOETZ. They offer terms.

LERSE. I will go and hear what they have to say.

GOETZ. They will require me to enter myself into ward in some town on my knightly parole.

LERSE. That won't do. Suppose they allow us free liberty of departure? for we can expect no relief from Sickingen. We will bury all the valuables where no divining-rod shall find them; leave them the bare walls, and come out with flying colours.

GOETZ. They will not permit us.

LERSE. It is worth the asking. We will demand a safe conduct, and I will sally out.

SCENE XVIII. — *A Hall.*

GOETZ, ELIZABETH, GEORGE, and TROOPERS at table.

GOETZ. Danger unites us, my friends! Be of good cheer: don't forget the bottle! The flask is empty. Come, another, dear wife! (ELIZABETH shakes her head.) Is there no more?

ELIZABETH (*aside*). Only one, which I have set apart for you.

GOETZ. Not so, my love! Bring it out: they need strengthening more than I, for it is my quarrel.

ELIZABETH. Fetch it from the cupboard.

GOETZ. It is the last, and I feel as if we need not spare it. It is long since I have been so merry. (*They fill.*) To the health of the emperor!

ALL. Long live the emperor!

GOETZ. Be it our last word when we die! I love him, for our fate is similar; but I am happier than he. To please the princes, he must direct his imperial squadrons against mice, while the rats gnaw his possessions. — I know he often wishes himself dead, rather than to be any longer the soul of such a crippled body. (*They fill.*) It will just go once more round. And when our blood runs low, like this flask; when we pour out its last ebbing drop (*empties the wine drop by drop into his goblet*), — what then shall be our cry?

GEORGE. Freedom for ever!

GOETZ. Freedom for ever!

ALL. Freedom for ever!

GOETZ. And, if that survive us, we can die happy; for our spirits shall see our children's children and their emperor happy! Did the servants of princes show the same filial attachment to their masters as you to me — did their masters serve the emperor as I would serve him —

GEORGE. Things would be widely different.

GOETZ. Not so much so as it would appear. Have I not known worthy men among the princes? And can the race be extinct? Men, happy in their own minds and in their subjects, who could bear a free, noble brother in their neighbourhood without harbouring either fear or envy; whose hearts expanded when they saw their table surrounded by their free equals, and who did not think the knights unfit companions till they had degraded themselves by courtly homage.

GEORGE. Have you known such princes?

GOETZ. Ay, truly. As long as I live I shall recollect how the Landgrave of Hanau gave a grand hunting-party, and the princes and free feudatories dined under the open heaven, and the country people all thronged to see them: it was no selfish masquerade instituted for his own private pleasure or vanity. To see the great round-headed peasant lads and the pretty brown girls, the sturdy hinds, and the venerable old men, a crowd of happy faces, all as merry as if they rejoiced in the splendour of their master, which he shared with them under God's free sky!

GEORGE. He must have been as good a master as you.

GOETZ. And may we not hope that many such will rule together some future day, to whom reverence for the emperor, peace and friendship with their neighbours, and the love of their vassals, shall be the best and dearest family treasure handed down to their children's children? Every one will then keep and improve his own, instead of reckoning nothing as gain that is not stolen from his neighbours.

GEORGE. And should we have no more forays?

GOETZ. Would to God there were no restless spirits in all Germany!— we should still have enough to do! We would clear the mountains of wolves, and bring our peaceable laborious neighbour a dish of game from

the wood, and eat it together. Were that not full employment, we would join our brethren, and, like cherubims with flaming swords, defend the frontiers of the empire against those wolves the Turks, and those foxes the French, and guard for our beloved emperor both extremities of his extensive empire. That would be a life, George! To risk one's head for the safety of all Germany. (GEORGE *springs up*.) Whither away?

GEORGE. Alas! I forgot we were besieged — besieged by the very emperor; and, before we can expose our lives in his defence, we must risk them for our liberty.

GOETZ. Be of good cheer.

*Enter LERSE.*

LERSE. Freedom! freedom! The cowardly poltroons — the hesitating, irresolute asses. You are to depart with men, weapons, horses, and armour: provisions you are to leave behind.

GOETZ. They will hardly find enough to exercise their jaws.

LERSE (*aside to GOETZ*). Have you hidden the plate and money?

GOETZ. No! Wife, go with Lerse: he has something to tell thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XIX. — *The Court of the Castle.*

GEORGE (*in the stable. Sings*).

An urchin once, as I have heard,  
                   Ha! ha!  
 Had caught and caged a little bird,  
                   Sa! sa!  
                   Ha! ha!  
                   Sa! sa!

He viewed the prize with heart elate,

Ha! ha!

Thrust in his hand — ah, treacherous fate!

Sa! sa!

Ha! ha!

Sa! sa!

Away the titmouse winged its flight,

Ha! ha!

And laughed to scorn the silly wight,

Sa! sa!

Ha! ha!

Sa! sa!

*Enter GOETZ.*

GOETZ. How goes it?

GEORGE (*brings out his horse*). All saddled.

GOETZ. Thou art quick.

GEORGE. As the bird escaped from the cage.

*Enter all the besieged.*

GOETZ. Have you all your rifles? Not yet! Go, take the best from the armory; it is all one: we'll ride on in advance.

GEORGE (*sings*).

Ha! ha!

Sa! sa!

Ha! ha!

SCENE XX. — *The Armory.*

*Two TROOPERS choosing guns.*

FIRST TROOPER. I'll have this one.

SECOND TROOPER. And I this — but yonder's a better.

FIRST TROOPER. Never mind — make haste.

[*Tumult and firing without.*]

SECOND TROOPER. Hark!

FIRST TROOPER (*springs to the window*). Good heavens, they are murdering our master! He is unhorsed! George is down.

SECOND TROOPER. How shall we get off? Over the wall by the walnut-tree, and into the field.

[*Exit.*]

FIRST TROOPER. Lerse keeps his ground: I will to him: If they die, I will not survive them. [*Exit.*]

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I. — *An Inn in the City of Heilbronn.*

GOETZ (*solus*).

GOETZ. I am like the evil spirit whom the Capuchin conjured into a sack. I fret and labour, but all in vain. The perjured villains! (*Enter ELIZABETH.*) What news, Elizabeth, of my dear, my trusty followers?

ELIZABETH. Nothing certain: some are slain, some are prisoners; no one could or would tell me further particulars.

GOETZ. Is this the reward of fidelity, of filial obedience? — “That it may be well with thee, and that thy days may be long in the land!”

ELIZABETH. Dear husband, murmur not against our heavenly Father. They have their reward. It was born with them, — a noble and generous heart. Even in the dungeon they are free. Pay attention to the imperial commissioners: their heavy gold chains become them —

GOETZ. As a necklace becomes a sow! I should like to see George and Lerse in fetters!

ELIZABETH. It were a sight to make angels weep.



GOETZ. I would not weep—I would clinch my teeth, and gnaw my lip in fury. What! in fetters? Had ye but loved me less, dear lads! I could never look at them enough . . . What! to break their word, pledged in the name of the emperor!

ELIZABETH. Put away these thoughts. Reflect: you must appear before the council—you are in no mood to meet them, and I fear the worst.

GOETZ. What harm can they do me?

ELIZABETH. Here comes the sergeant.

GOETZ. What! the ass of justice that carries the sacks to the mill and the dung to the field? What now?

*Enter* SERGEANT.

SERGEANT. The lords commissioners are at the Council House, and require your presence.

GOETZ. I come.

SERGEANT. I am to escort you.

GOETZ. Too much honour.

ELIZABETH. Be but cool.

GOETZ. Fear nothing.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. — *The Town House at Heilbronn.*

*The IMPERIAL COMMISSIONERS seated at a table. The CAPTAIN and the MAGISTRATES of the city attending.*

MAGISTRATE. In pursuance of your order, we have collected the stoutest and most determined of our citizens. They are at hand, in order, at a nod from you, to seize Berlichingen.

COMMISSIONER. We shall have much pleasure in communicating to his Imperial Majesty the zeal with which you have obeyed his illustrious commands.—Are they artisans?

MAGISTRATE. Smiths, coopers, and carpenters, men with hands hardened by labour; and resolute here.

[*Points to his breast.*]

COMMISSIONER. 'Tis well.

*Enter* SERGEANT.

SERGEANT. Goetz von Berlichingen waits without.

COMMISSIONER. Admit him.

*Enter* GOETZ.

GOETZ. God save you, sirs! What would you with me?

COMMISSIONER. First, that you consider where you are, and in whose presence.

GOETZ. By my faith, I know you right well, sirs.

COMMISSIONER. You acknowledge allegiance.

GOETZ. With all my heart.

COMMISSIONER. Be seated.

GOETZ. What, down there? I'd rather stand. That stool smells so of poor sinners, as indeed does the whole apartment.

COMMISSIONER. Stand, then.

GOETZ. To business, if you please.

COMMISSIONER. We shall proceed in due order.

GOETZ. I am glad to hear it. Would you had always done so.

COMMISSIONER. You know how you fell into our hands, and are a prisoner at discretion.

GOETZ. What will you give me to forget it?

COMMISSIONER. Could I give you modesty, I should better your affairs.

GOETZ. Better my affairs! could you but do that! To repair is more difficult than to destroy.

SECRETARY. Shall I put all this on record?

COMMISSIONER. Only what is to the purpose.

GOETZ. You may put it in print, if you like: what do I care!

COMMISSIONER. You fell into the power of the emperor, whose paternal goodness got the better of his justice, and, instead of throwing you into a dungeon, ordered you to repair to his beloved city of Heilbronn. You gave your knightly parole to appear, and await the termination in all humility.

GOETZ. Well : I am here, and await it.

COMMISSIONER. And we are here to intimate to you his Imperial Majesty's mercy and clemency. He is pleased to forgive your rebellion, to release you from the ban and all well-merited punishment, provided you do, with becoming humility, receive his bounty, and subscribe to the articles which shall be read unto you.

GOETZ. I am his Majesty's faithful servant, as ever. One word ere you proceed. My people — where are they ? What will be done with them ?

COMMISSIONER. That concerns you not.

GOETZ. So may the emperor turn his face from you in the hour of your need. They were my comrades, and are so now. What have you done with them ?

COMMISSIONER. We are not bound to account to you.

GOETZ. Ah ! I forgot that you are not even pledged to perform what you have promised, much less —

COMMISSIONER. Our business is, to lay the articles before you. Submit yourself to the emperor, and you may find a way to petition for the life and freedom of your comrades.

GOETZ. Your paper.

COMMISSIONER. Secretary, read it.

SECRETARY (*reads*). " I, Goetz of Berlichingen, make public acknowledgment, by these presents, that I, having lately risen in rebellion against the emperor and empire — "

GOETZ. 'Tis false ! I am no rebel, I have committed no offence against the emperor, and with the empire I have no concern.

COMMISSIONER. Be silent, and hear further.

GOETZ. I will hear no further. Let any one arise and bear witness. Have I ever taken one step against the emperor, or against the house of Austria? Has not the whole tenor of my conduct proved that I feel better than any one else what all Germany owes to its head, and especially what the free knights and feudatories owe to their liege lord the emperor? I should be a villain could I be induced to subscribe that paper.

COMMISSIONER. Yet we have strict orders to try and persuade you by fair means, or, in case of your refusal, to throw you into prison. .

GOETZ. Into prison! — Me?

COMMISSIONER. Where you may expect your fate from the hands of justice, since you will not take it from those of mercy.

GOETZ. To prison! You abuse the imperial power! To prison! That was not the emperor's command. What, ye traitors, to dig a pit for me, and hang out your oath, your knightly honour, as the bait! To promise me permission to ward myself on parole, and then again to break your treaty!

COMMISSIONER. We owe no faith to robbers.

GOETZ. Wert thou not the representative of my sovereign, whom I respect even in the vilest counterfeit, thou shouldst swallow that word, or choke upon it. I was engaged in an honourable feud. Thou mightest thank God, and magnify thyself before the world, hadst thou ever done as gallant a deed as that with which I now stand charged. (*The COMMISSIONER makes a sign to the MAGISTRATE of Heilbronn, who rings a bell.*) Not for the sake of paltry gain, not to wrest followers or lands from the weak and the defenceless, have I sallied forth. To rescue my page and defend my own person — see ye any rebellion in that? The emperor and his magnates, reposing on their pillows, would never

have felt our need. I have, God be praised, one hand left; and I have done well to use it.

*Enter a party of Artisans armed with halberds and swords.*

GOETZ. What means this?

COMMISSIONER. You will not listen. — Seize him!

GOETZ. Let none come near me who is not a very Hungarian ox. One salutation from my iron fist shall cure him of headache, toothache, and every other ache under the wide heaven! (*They rush upon him. He strikes one down, and snatches a sword from another. They stand aloof.*) Come on! come on! I should like to become acquainted with the bravest among you.

COMMISSIONER. Surrender!

GOETZ. With a sword in my hand! Know ye not that it depends but upon myself to make way through all these hares and gain the open field? But I will teach you how a man should keep his word. Promise me but free ward, and I will give up my sword, and am again your prisoner.

COMMISSIONER. How! Would you treat with the emperor, sword in hand?

GOETZ. God forbid!—only with you and your worthy fraternity! You may go home, good people: you are only losing your time, and here there is nothing to be got but bruises.

COMMISSIONER. Seize him! What! does not your love for the emperor supply you with courage?

GOETZ. No more than the emperor supplies them with plaster for the wounds their courage would earn them.

*Enter SERGEANT hastily.*

OFFICER. The warder has just discovered, from the castle tower, a troop of more than two hundred horse-

men hastening toward the town. Unperceived by us, they have pressed forward from behind the hill, and threaten our walls.

COMMISSIONER. Alas! alas! What can this mean?

A SOLDIER *enters*.

SOLDIER. Francis of Sickingen waits at the draw-bridge, and informs you that he has heard how perfidiously you have broken your word to his brother-in-law, and how the Council of Heilbronn have aided and abetted in the treason. He is now come to insist upon justice, and, if refused it, threatens, within an hour, to fire the four quarters of your town, and abandon it to be plundered by his vassals.

GOETZ. My gallant brother!

COMMISSIONER. Withdraw, Goetz. (*Exit GOETZ.*)  
What is to be done?

MAGISTRATE. Have compassion upon us and our town! Sickingen is inexorable in his wrath: he will keep his word.

COMMISSIONER. Shall we forget what is due to ourselves and the emperor?

CAPTAIN. If we had but men to enforce it; but, situated as we are, a show of resistance would only make matters worse. It is better for us to yield.

MAGISTRATE. Let us apply to Goetz to put in a good word for us. I feel as though I saw the town already in flames.

COMMISSIONER. Let Goetz approach. (*Enter GOETZ.*)

GOETZ. What now?

COMMISSIONER. Thou wilt do well to dissuade thy brother-in-law from his rebellious interference. Instead of rescuing thee, he will only plunge thee deeper in destruction, and become the companion of thy fall!

GOETZ (*sees Elizabeth at the door, and speaks to her aside*). Go, tell him instantly to break in and force his way hither, but to spare the town. As for these

rascals, if they offer any resistance, let him use force. I care not if I lose my life, provided they are all knocked on the head at the same time.

SCENE III. — *A large Hall in the Council-House, beset by SICKINGEN'S Troops.*

*Enter SICKINGEN and GOETZ.*

GOETZ. That was help from heaven. How camest thou so opportunely and unexpectedly, brother?

SICKINGEN. Without witchcraft. I had despatched two or three messengers to learn how it fared with thee: when I heard of the perjury of these fellows, I set out instantly; and now we have them safe.

GOETZ. I ask nothing but knightly ward upon my parole.

SICKINGEN. You are too noble. Not even to avail yourself of the advantage which the honest man has over the perjurer! They are in the wrong, and we will not give them cushions to sit upon. They have shamefully abused the imperial authority; and, if I know anything of the emperor, you might safely insist upon more favourable terms. You ask too little.

GOETZ. I have ever been content with little.

SICKINGEN. And therefore that little has always been denied thee. My proposal is, that they shall release your servants, and permit you all to return to your castle on parole — you can promise not to leave it till the emperor's pleasure be known. You will be safer there than here.

GOETZ. They will say my property is escheated to the emperor.

SICKINGEN. Then we will answer, thou canst dwell there, and keep it for his service till he restores it to thee again. Let them wriggle like eels in the net,

they shall not escape us! They may talk of the imperial dignity — of their commission. We will not mind that. I know the emperor, and have some influence with him. He has ever wished to have thee in his service. You will not be long in your castle without being summoned to serve him.

GOETZ. God grant it, ere I forget the use of arms!

SICKINGEN. Valour can never be forgotten, as it can never be learnt. Fear nothing! When thy affairs are settled, I will repair to court, where my enterprises begin to ripen. Good fortune seems to smile on them. I want only to sound the emperor's mind. The towns of Triers and Pfalz as soon expect that the sky should fall, as that I shall come down upon their heads. But I will come like a hail-storm! and, if I am successful, thou shalt soon be brother to an elector. I had hoped for thy assistance in this undertaking.

GOETZ (*looks at his hand*). Oh! that explains the dream I had the night before I promised Maria to Weislingen. I thought he vowed eternal fidelity, and held my iron hand so fast that it loosened from the arm. Alas! I am at this moment more defenceless than when it was shot away. Weislingen! Weislingen!

SICKINGEN. Forget the traitor! We will thwart his plans, and undermine his authority, till shame and remorse shall gnaw him to death. I see, I see the downfall of our enemies. — Goetz, only other six months!

GOETZ. Thy soul soars high! I know not why, but for some time past no fair prospects have dawned upon me. I have been ere now in sore distress — I have been a prisoner before — but never did I experience such a depression.

SICKINGEN. Success gives courage. Come, let us to the bigwigs. They have had time enough for holding forth: let us for once take the trouble upon ourselves.

[*Exeunt.*



SCENE IV. — *The Castle of Adelaide, Augsburg.*

ADELAIDE and WEISLINGEN discovered.

ADELAIDE. This is detestable.

WEISLINGEN. I have gnashed my teeth. So good a plan — so well followed out — and, after all, to leave him in possession of his castle! That cursed Sickingen!

ADELAIDE. The council should not have consented.

WEISLINGEN. They were in the net. What else could they do? Sickingen threatened them with fire and sword — the haughty, vindictive man! I hate him! His power waxes like a mountain torrent — let it but gain a few brooks, and others come pouring to its aid.

ADELAIDE. Have they no emperor?

WEISLINGEN. My dear wife, he waxes old and feeble: he is only the shadow of what he was. When he heard what had been done, and I and the other counsellors murmured indignantly, "Let them alone!" said he: "I can spare my old Goetz his little fortress; and, if he remains quiet there, what have you to say against him?" We spoke of the welfare of the state: "Oh," said he, "that I had always had counsellors who would have urged my restless spirit to consult more the happiness of individuals!"

ADELAIDE. He has lost the spirit of a prince!

WEISLINGEN. We inveighed against Sickingen! — "He is my faithful servant," said he: "and, if he has not acted by my express order, he has performed better what I wished than my plenipotentiaries; and I can ratify what he has done as well after as before."

ADELAIDE. 'Tis enough to drive one mad.

WEISLINGEN. Yet I have not given up all hope. Goetz is on parole to remain quiet in his castle. 'Tis

impossible for him to keep his promise, and we shall soon have some new cause of complaint.

ADELAIDE. That is the more likely, as we may hope that the old emperor will soon leave the world; and Charles, his gallant successor, will display a more princely mind.

WEISLINGEN. Charles! He is neither chosen nor crowned.

ADELAIDE. Who does not expect and hope for that event?

WEISLINGEN. You have a great idea of his abilities: one might almost think you looked on him with partial eyes.

ADELAIDE. You insult me, Weislingen. For what do you take me?

WEISLINGEN. I do not mean to offend, but I cannot be silent upon the subject. Charles's marked attentions to you disquiet me.

ADELAIDE. And do I receive them as —

WEISLINGEN. You are a woman, and no woman hates those who pay their court to her.

ADELAIDE. This from you!

WEISLINGEN. It cuts me to the heart — the dreadful thought — Adelaide.

ADELAIDE. Can I not cure thee of this folly?

WEISLINGEN. If thou wouldst — Thou canst leave the court.

ADELAIDE. But upon what pretence? Art thou not here? Must I leave you and all my friends, to shut myself up with the owls in your solitary castle? No, Weislingen, that will never do: be at rest, thou knowest I love thee.

WEISLINGEN. That is my anchor so long as the cable holds. [Exit.

ADELAIDE. Ah! It is come to this? This was yet wanting. The projects of my bosom are too great to brook the interruption. Charles — the great, the gal-

lant Charles — the future emperor — shall he be the only man unrewarded by my favour? Think not, Weislingen, to hinder me — else shalt thou to earth: my way lies over thee!

*Enter FRANCIS (with a letter).*

FRANCIS. Here, gracious lady.

ADELAIDE. Hadst thou it from Charles's own hand?

FRANCIS. Yes.

ADELAIDE. What ails thee? Thou lookest so mournful!

FRANCIS. It is your pleasure that I should pine away, and waste my fairest years in agonising despair.

ADELAIDE (*aside*). I pity him; and how little would it cost me to make him happy! (*Aloud.*) Be of good courage, youth! I know thy love and fidelity, and will not be ungrateful.

FRANCIS (*with stifled breath*). If thou wert capable of ingratitude, I could not survive it. There boils not a drop of blood in my veins but what is thine own — I have not a single feeling but to love and to serve thee!

ADELAIDE. Dear Francis!

FRANCIS. You flatter me. (*Bursts into tears.*) Does my attachment deserve only to be a stepping-stool to another, — to see all your thoughts fixed upon Charles?

ADELAIDE. You know not what you wish, and still less what you say.

FRANCIS (*stamping with vexation and rage*). No more will I be your slave, your go-between!

ADELAIDE. Francis, you forget yourself.

FRANCIS. To sacrifice my beloved master and myself —

ADELAIDE. Out of my sight!

FRANCIS. Gracious lady!

ADELAIDE. Go, betray to thy beloved master the secret of my soul! Fool that I was to take thee for what thou art not!

FRANCIS. Dear lady! you know how I love you.

ADELAIDE. And thou, who wast my friend — so near my heart — go, betray me.

FRANCIS. Rather would I tear my heart from my breast! Forgive me, gentle lady! my heart is too full, my senses desert me.

ADELAIDE. Thou dear, affectionate boy! (*She takes him by both hands, draws him toward her, and kisses him. He throws himself weeping upon her neck.*) Leave me!

FRANCIS (*his voice choked by tears*). Heavens!

ADELAIDE. Leave me! The walls are traitors. Leave me! (*Breaks from him.*) Be but steady in fidelity and love, and the fairest reward is thine.

[*Exit.*

FRANCIS. The fairest reward! let me but live till that moment — I could murder my father, were he an obstacle to my happiness!

[*Exit.*

#### SCENE V. — *Jaxthausen.*

GOETZ seated at a table with writing materials. ELIZABETH beside him with her work.

GOETZ. This idle life does not suit me. My confinement becomes more irksome every day: I would I could sleep, or persuade myself that quiet is agreeable.

ELIZABETH. Continue writing the account of thy deeds which thou hast commenced. Give into the hands of thy friends evidence to put thine enemies to shame: make a noble posterity acquainted with thy real character.

GOETZ. Alas! writing is but busy idleness: it wearies me. While I am writing what I have done, I lament the misspent time in which I might do more.

ELIZABETH (*takes the writing*). Be not impatient. Thou hast got as far as thy first imprisonment at Heilbronn.

GOETZ. That was always an unlucky place to me.

ELIZABETH (*reads*). "There were even some of the confederates who told me that I had acted foolishly in appearing before my bitterest enemies, who, as I might suspect, would not deal justly with me." And what didst thou answer? Write on.

GOETZ. I said, "Have I not often risked life and limb for the welfare and property of others, and shall I not do so for the honour of my knightly word?"

ELIZABETH. Thus does fame speak of thee.

GOETZ. They shall not rob me of my honour. They have taken all else from me, — property — liberty — everything.

ELIZABETH. I happened once to stand in an inn near the Lords of Miltenberg and Singlingen, who knew me not. Then I was joyful as at the birth of my first-born; for they extolled thee to each other, and said, "He is the mirror of knighthood, noble and merciful in prosperity, dauntless and true in misfortune."

GOETZ. Let them show me the man to whom I have broken my word. Heaven knows, my ambition has ever been to labour for my neighbour more than for myself, and to acquire the fame of a gallant and irreproachable knight, rather than principalities or power; and, God be praised! I have gained the meed of my labour.

*Enter GEORGE and LERSE with game.*

GOETZ. Good luck to my gallant huntsmen!

GEORGE. Such have we become from gallant troopers. Boots can easily be cut down into buskins.

LERSE. The chase is always something — 'tis a kind of war.

GEORGE. Yes; if we were not always crossed by these imperial gamekeepers. Don't you recollect, my lord, how you prophesied we should become huntsmen when the world was turned topsy-turvy? We are become so now without waiting for that.

GOETZ. 'Tis all the same: we are pushed out of our sphere.

GEORGE. These are wonderful times! For eight days a dreadful comet has been seen: all Germany fears that it portends the death of the emperor, who is very ill.

GOETZ. Very ill! Then, our career draws to a close.

LERSE. And in the neighbourhood there are terrible commotions: the peasants have made a formidable insurrection.

GOETZ. Where?

LERSE. In the heart of Swabia: they are plundering, burning, and slaying. I fear they will sack the whole country.

GEORGE. It is a horrible warfare! They have already risen in a hundred places, and daily increase in number. A hurricane, too, has lately torn up whole forests; and, in the place where the insurrection began, two fiery swords have been seen in the sky crossing each other.

GOETZ. Then, some of my poor friends and neighbours no doubt suffer innocently.

GEORGE. Alas! that we are pent up thus!

## ACT V.

SCENE I. — *A Village plundered by the insurgent Peasantry. Shrieks and tumult. Women, old Men, and Children fly across the Stage.*

OLD MAN. Away! away! let us fly from the murdering dogs.

WOMAN. Sacred heaven! How blood-red is the sky! how blood-red the setting sun!

ANOTHER. That must be fire.

A THIRD. My husband! my husband!

OLD MAN. Away! away! To the wood! [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter LINK and Insurgents.*

LINK. Whoever opposes you, down with him! The village is ours. Let none of the booty be injured, none be left behind. Plunder clean and quickly. We must soon set fire —

*Enter METZLER, coming down the hill.*

METZLER. How do things go with you, Link?

LINK. Merrily enough, as you see: you are just in time for the fun. — Whence come you?

METZLER. From Weinsberg. There was a jubilee.

LINK. How so?

METZLER. We stabbed them all, in such heaps, it was a joy to see it!

LINK. All whom?

METZLER. Dietrich von Weiler led up the dance. The fool! We were all raging round the churchsteeple. He looked out, and wished to treat with us. — Baf! A ball through his head! Up we rushed like a tempest, and the fellow soon made his exit by the window.

LINK. Huzza!

METZLER (*to the peasants*). Ye dogs, must I find you legs? How they gape and loiter, the asses!

LINK. Set fire! Let them roast in the flames! forward! Push on, ye dolts.

METZLER. Then we brought out Helfenstein, Eltershofen, thirteen of the nobility, — eighty in all. They were led out on the plain before Heilbronn. What a shouting and jubilee among our lads as the long row of miserable sinners passed by! they stared at each other; and, heaven and earth! we surrounded them before they were aware, and then despatched them all with our pikes.

LINK. Why was I not there?

METZLER. Never in all my life did I see such fun.

LINK. On! on! Bring all out!

PEASANT. All's clear.

LINK. Then, fire the village at the four corners.

METZLER. 'Twill make a fine bonfire! Hadst thou but seen how the fellows tumbled over one another, and croaked like frogs! It warmed my heart like a cup of brandy. One Rexinger was there, a fellow with a white plume and flaxen locks, who, when he went out hunting, used to drive us before him like dogs, and with dogs. I had not caught sight of him all the while, when suddenly his fool's visage looked me full in the face. Push! went the spear between his ribs, and there he lay stretched on all-fours above his companions. The fellows lay kicking in a heap like the hares that used to be driven together at their grand hunting-parties.

LINK. It smokes finely already!

METZLER. Yonder it burns! Come, let us with the booty to the main body.

LINK. Where do they halt?

METZLER. Between this and Heilbronn. They wish to choose a captain whom every one will respect, for



we are after all only their equals: they feel this, and turn restive.

LINK. Whom do they propose?

METZLER. Maximilian Stumpf, or Goetz von Berlichingen.

LINK. That would be well. 'Twould give the thing credit should Goetz accept it. He has ever been held a worthy, independent knight. Away, away! We march toward Heilbronn! Pass the word.

METZLER. The fire will light us a good part of the way. Hast thou seen the great comet?

LINK. Yes. It is a dreadful ghastly sign! As we march by night we can see it well. It rises about one o'clock.

METZLER. And is visible but for an hour and a quarter, like an arm brandishing a sword, and bloody red!

LINK. Didst thou mark the three stars at the sword's hilt and point?

METZLER. And the broad haze-coloured stripe illuminated by a thousand streamers like lances, and between them little swords.

LINK. I shuddered with horror. The sky was pale red, streaked with ruddy flames, and among them grisly figures with shaggy hairs and beards.

METZLER. Did you see them too? And how they all swam about as though in a sea of blood, and struggled in confusion, enough to turn one's brain!

LINK. Away! away! [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. — *Open Country. In the distance two Villages and an Abbey are burning.*

KOHL, WILD, MAXIMILIAN STUMF, *Insurgents.*

STUMF. You cannot ask me to be your leader; it were bad for you and for me; I am a vassal of the

palsgrave, and how shall I make war against my liege lord? Besides, you would always suspect I did not act from my heart.

KOHL. We knew well thou wouldst make some excuse.

*Enter* GEORGE, LERSE, and GOETZ.

GOETZ. What would you with me?

KOHL. You must be our captain.

GOETZ. How can I break my knightly word to the emperor? I am under the ban: I cannot quit my territory.

WILD. That's no excuse.

GOETZ. And were I free, and you wanted to deal with the lords and nobles as you did at Weinsberg, laying waste the country round with fire and sword, and should wish me to be an abettor of your shameless, barbarous doings, rather than be your captain, you should slay me like a mad dog!

KOHL. What has been done cannot be undone.

STUMF. That was just the misfortune, that they had no leader whom they honoured, and who could bridle their fury. I beseech thee, Goetz, accept the office! The princes will be grateful: all Germany will thank thee. It will be for the weal and prosperity of all. The country and its inhabitants will be preserved.

GOETZ. Why dost not thou accept it?

STUMF. I have given them reasons for my refusal.

KOHL. We have no time to waste in useless speeches. Once for all! Goetz, be our chief, or look to thy castle and thy head! Take two hours to consider of it. Guard him!

GOETZ. To what purpose? I am as resolved now as I shall ever be. Why have ye risen up in arms? If to recover your rights and freedom, why do you plunder and lay waste the land? Will you abstain

from such evil doings, and act as true men who know what they want? Then will I be your chief for eight days, and help you in your lawful and orderly demands.

WILD. What has been done was done in the first heat, and thy interference is not needed to prevent it for the future.

KOHL. Thou must engage with us at least for a quarter of a year.

STUMF. Say four weeks: that will satisfy both parties.

KOHL. Your hand!

GOETZ. But you must promise to send the treaty you have made with me in writing to all your troops, and to punish severely those who infringe it.

WILD. Well, it shall be done.

GOETZ. Then, I bind myself to you for four weeks.

STUMF. Good fortune to you! In whatever thou doest, spare our noble lord the palsgrave.

KOHL (*aside*). See that none speak to him without our knowledge.

GOETZ. Lerse, go to my wife. Protect her: you shall have news of me.

[*Exeunt* GOETZ, STUMF, LERSE, and some PEASANTS.]

*Enter* METZLER, LINK, and their followers.

METZLER. Who talks of a treaty? What's the use of a treaty?

LINK. It is shameful to make any such bargain!

KOHL. We know as well what we want as you, and we may do or let alone what we please.

WILD. This raging and burning and murdering must have an end some day or other; and, by renouncing it just now, we gain a brave leader.

METZLER. How? An end? Thou traitor! why are we here but to avenge ourselves on our enemies,

and enrich ourselves at their expense? Some prince's slave has been tampering with thee.

KOHL. Come, Wild: he is like a brute-beast.

[*Exeunt* WILD and KOHL.]

METZLER. Ay, go your way: no band will stick by you. The villains! Link, we'll set on the others to burn Miltenberg yonder; and, if they begin a quarrel about the treaty, we'll cut off the heads of those that made it.

LINK. We have still the greater body of peasants on our side.

[*Exeunt with* INSURGENTS.]

SCENE III. — *A Hill, and Prospect of the Country.*  
*In the flat scene a Mill. A body of Horsemen.*

WEISLINGEN *comes out of the Mill, followed by*  
FRANCIS *and a* COURIER.

WEISLINGEN. My horse! Have you announced it to the other nobles?

COURIER. At least seven standards will meet you in the wood behind Miltenberg. The peasants are marching in that direction. Couriers are despatched on all sides: the entire confederacy will soon be assembled. Our plan cannot fail, and they say there is dissension among them.

WEISLINGEN. So much the better. Francis!

FRANCIS. Gracious sir!

WEISLINGEN. Discharge thine errand punctually. I bind it upon thy soul. Give her the letter. She shall from the court to my castle instantly. Thou must see her depart, and bring me notice of it.

FRANCIS. Your commands shall be obeyed.

WEISLINGEN. Tell her she *shall* go. (*To the* COURIER.) Lead us by the nearest and best road.

COURIER. We must go round: all the rivers are swollen with the late heavy rains.

SCENE IV. — *Jaxthausen.*ELIZABETH *and* LERSE.

LERSE. Gracious lady, be comforted!

ELIZABETH. Alas! Lerse, the tears stood in his eyes when he took leave of me. It is dreadful, dreadful!

LERSE. He will return.

ELIZABETH. It is not that. When he went forth to gain honourable victories, never did grief sit heavy at my heart. I then rejoiced in the prospect of his return, which I now dread.

LERSE. So noble a man.

ELIZABETH. Call him not so. There lies the new misery. The miscreants! they threatened to murder his family and burn his castle. Should he return, gloomy, most gloomy, shall I see his brow. His enemies will forge scandalous accusations against him, which he will be unable to refute.

LERSE. He will and can.

ELIZABETH. He has broken his parole. — Canst thou deny that?

LERSE. No! he was constrained: what reason is there to condemn him?

ELIZABETH. Malice seeks not reasons, but pretexts. He has become an ally of rebels, malefactors, and murderers:— he has become their chief. Say No to that.

LERSE. Cease to torment yourself and me. Have they not solemnly sworn to abjure all such doings as those at Weinsberg? Did not I myself hear them say, in remorse, that, had not that been done already, it never should have been done? Must not the princes and nobles return him their best thanks for having undertaken the dangerous office of leading these unruly

people, in order to restrain their rage, and to save so many lives and possessions?

ELIZABETH. Thou art an affectionate pleader. Should they take him prisoner, deal with him as with a rebel, and bring his gray hairs . . . LERSE, I should go mad.

LERSE. Send sleep to refresh her body, dear Father of mankind, if thou deniest comfort to her soul.

ELIZABETH. George has promised to bring news, but he will not be allowed to do so. They are worse than prisoners. Well I know they are watched like enemies. — The gallant boy! he would not leave his master.

LERSE. The very heart within me bled when he bade me leave him. — Had you not needed my help, all the terrors of grisly death should not have separated us.

ELIZABETH. I know not where Sickingen is. — Could I but send a message to Maria!

LERSE. Write your message: I will take charge of it. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. — *A Village.*

*Enter* GOETZ *and* GEORGE.

GOETZ. To horse, George! Quick! I see Miltenberg in flames. Is it thus they keep the treaty? Ride to them, tell them my purpose. The murderous incendiaries — I renounce them — Let them make a thieving gipsy their captain, not me! — Quick, George! (*Exit* George.) Would that I were a thousand miles hence, at the bottom of the deepest dungeon in Turkey! Could I but come off with honour from them! I have thwarted them every day, and told them the bitterest truths, in the hope they might weary of me and let me go.

*Enter an* UNKNOWN.

UNKNOWN. God save you, gallant sir!

GOETZ. I thank you! What is your errand? Your name?

UNKNOWN. My name does not concern my business. I come to tell you that your life is in danger. The insurgent leaders are weary of hearing from you such harsh language, and are resolved to rid themselves of you. Speak them fair, or endeavour to escape from them; and God be with you. [*Exit.*]

GOETZ. To quit life in this fashion, Goetz, to end thus? But be it so — My death will be the clearest proof to the world that I have had nothing in common with the miscreants.

*Enter INSURGENTS.*

FIRST INSURGENT. Captain, they are prisoners, they are slain!

GOETZ. Who?

SECOND INSURGENT. Those who burned Miltenberg: a troop of confederate cavalry suddenly charged upon them from behind the hill.

GOETZ. They have their reward. Oh, George! George! They have taken him prisoner with the caitiffs — My George! my George!

*Enter INSURGENTS in confusion.*

LINK. Up, sir captain, up! — There is no time to lose. The enemy is at hand and in force.

GOETZ. Who burned Miltenberg?

METZLER. If you mean to pick a quarrel, we'll soon show you how we'll end it.

KOHL. Look to your own safety and ours. — Up!

GOETZ (to METZLER). Darest thou threaten me, thou scoundrel? . . . Thinkest thou to awe me, because thy garments are stained with the Count of Helfenstein's blood?

METZLER. Berlichingen!

GOETZ. Thou mayest call me by my name, and my children will not be ashamed to hear it.

METZLER. Out upon thee, coward! — prince's slave!

[GOETZ strikes him down. The others interpose.

KOHL. Ye are mad! — The enemy are breaking in on all sides, and you quarrel!

LINK. Away! Away!

[Cries and tumult. The INSURGENTS flee across the stage.

*Enter WEISLINGEN and TROOPERS.*

WEISLINGEN. Pursue! Pursue! they flee! — Stop neither for darkness nor rain. — I hear Goetz is among them: look that he escape you not. Our friends say he is sorely wounded. (*Exeunt TROOPERS.*) And when I have caught thee — it will be merciful secretly to execute the sentence of death in prison. Thus he perishes from the memory of man; and then, foolish heart, thou mayst beat more freely.

SCENE VI. — *The Front of a Gipsy Hut in a wild Forest. Night. A Fire before the Hut, at which are seated the Mother of the Gipsies and a Girl.*

MOTHER. Throw some fresh straw upon the thatch, daughter: there'll be heavy rain again to-night.

*Enter a GIPSY BOY.*

BOY. A dormouse, mother! and look! two field-mice!

MOTHER. I'll skin them and roast them for thee, and thou shalt have a cap of their skins. Thou bleedest!

BOY. Dormouse bit me.



MOTHER. Fetch some dead wood, that the fire may burn bright when thy father comes: he will be wet through and through.

*Another Gipsy Woman, with a child at her back.*

FIRST WOMAN. Hast thou had good luck?

SECOND WOMAN. Ill enough. The whole country is in an uproar: one's life is not safe a moment. Two villages are in a blaze.

FIRST WOMAN. Is it fire that glares so yonder? I have been watching it long. One is so accustomed now to fiery signs in the heavens.

*The CAPTAIN OF THE GIPSIES enters with three of his gang.*

CAPTAIN. Heard ye the wild huntsmen?

FIRST WOMAN. He is passing over us now.

CAPTAIN. How the hounds give tongue! Wow! Wow!

SECOND MAN. How the whips crack!

THIRD MAN. And the huntsmen cheer them—Hallo—ho!

MOTHER. 'Tis the Devil's chase.

CAPTAIN. We have been fishing in troubled waters. The peasants rob each other: there's no harm in our helping them.

SECOND WOMAN. What hast thou got, Wolf?

WOLF. A hare and a capon, a spit, a bundle of linen, three spoons and a bridle.

STICKS. I have a blanket and a pair of boots, also a flint and tinder-box.

MOTHER. All wet as mire: I'll dry them, give them here!

*[Trampling without.]*

CAPTAIN. Hark!—A horse! Go see who it is.

*Enter GOETZ on horseback.*

GOETZ. I thank thee, God! I see fire — they are gipsies — My wounds bleed sorely — my foes are close behind me! — Great God, this is a fearful end!

CAPTAIN. Is it in peace thou comest?

GOETZ. I crave help from you — My wounds exhaust me: assist me to dismount!

CAPTAIN. Help him! — A gallant warrior in look and speech.

WOLF (*aside*). 'Tis Goetz von Berlichingen!

CAPTAIN. Welcome! welcome! — All that we have is yours.

GOETZ. Thanks, thanks!

CAPTAIN. Come to my hut. [*Exeunt to the hut.*]

### SCENE VII. — *Inside the Hut.*

CAPTAIN, GIPSIES, and GOETZ.

CAPTAIN. Call our mother: tell her to bring blood-wort and bandages. (GOETZ *unarms himself*.) Here is my holiday doublet.

GOETZ. God reward you!

[*The MOTHER binds his wounds.*]

CAPTAIN. I rejoice that you are come.

GOETZ. Do you know me?

CAPTAIN. Who does not know you, Goetz? Our lives and heart's blood are yours.

*Enter STICKS.*

STICKS. Horsemen are coming through the wood. They are confederates.

CAPTAIN. Your pursuers! They shall not harm you. Away, Sticks, call the others: we know the passes better than they. We shall shoot them ere they are aware of us.

[*Exeunt CAPTAIN and MEN - GIPSIES with their guns*]

GOETZ (*alone*). Oh, Emperor! Emperor! Robbers protect thy children. (*A sharp firing.*) The wild foresters! Steady and true!

*Enter WOMEN.*

WOMEN. Flee, flee! The enemy has overpowered us.

GOETZ. Where is my horse?

WOMEN. Here.

GOETZ (*girds on his sword and mounts without his armour*). For the last time shall you feel my arm. I am not so weak yet. [*Exit. — Tumult.*]

WOMEN. He gallops to join our party. [*Firing.*]

*Enter WOLF.*

WOLF. Away! Away! All is lost!—The captain is shot!—Goetz a prisoner.

[*The WOMEN scream, and fly into the wood.*]

SCENE VIII. — ADELAIDE'S *Bedchamber.*

*Enter ADELAIDE with a letter.*

ADELAIDE. He, or I! The tyrant—to threaten me! We will anticipate him. Who glides through the antechamber? (*A low knock at the door.*) Who is there?

FRANCIS (*in a low voice*). Open, gracious lady!

ADELAIDE. Francis! He well deserves that I should admit him. [*Opens the door.*]

FRANCIS (*throws himself on her neck*). My dear, my gracious lady!

ADELAIDE. What audacity! If any one should hear you!

FRANCIS. Oh — all — all are asleep!

ADELAIDE. What wouldst thou?

FRANCIS. I cannot rest. The threats of my master — your fate — my heart.

ADELAIDE. He was incensed against me when you parted from him.

FRANCIS. He was as I have never seen him. — “To my castle,” said he, “she must — she *shall* go.”

ADELAIDE. And shall we obey?

FRANCIS. I know not, dear lady!

ADELAIDE. Thou foolish, infatuated boy! Thou dost not see where this will end. Here he knows I am in safety. He has long had designs on my freedom, and therefore wishes to get me to his castle — there he will have power to use me as his hate shall dictate.

FRANCIS. He shall not!

ADELAIDE. Wilt thou prevent him?

FRANCIS. He shall not!

ADELAIDE. I foresee the whole misery of my fate. He will tear me forcibly from his castle to immure me in a cloister.

FRANCIS. Hell and damnation!

ADELAIDE. Wilt thou rescue me?

FRANCIS. Anything! Everything!

ADELAIDE (*throws herself weeping upon his neck*). Francis! Oh, save me!

FRANCIS. He shall fall. I will plant my foot upon his neck.

ADELAIDE. No violence. You shall carry a submissive letter to him announcing obedience — Then give him this vial in his wine.

FRANCIS. Give it me! Thou shalt be free!

ADELAIDE. Free! — And then no more shalt thou need to come to my chamber trembling and in fear. No more shall I need anxiously say, “Away, Francis! the morning dawns.”

SCENE IX. — *Street before the Prison at Heilbronn.*

ELIZABETH *and* LERSE.

LERSE. Heaven relieve your distress, gracious lady! Maria is come.

ELIZABETH. God be praised! Lerse, we have sunk into dreadful misery. My worst forebodings are realised! A prisoner — thrown as an assassin and malefactor into the deepest dungeon.

LERSE. I know all.

ELIZABETH. Thou knowest nothing. Our distress is too — too great! His age, his wounds, a slow fever — and, more than all, the despondency of his mind, to think that this should be his end.

LERSE. Ay, and that Weislingen should be commissioner!

ELIZABETH. Weislingen!

LERSE. They have acted with unheard-of severity. Metzler has been burnt alive — hundreds of his associates broken upon the wheel, beheaded, quartered, and impaled. All the country round looks like a slaughter-house, where human flesh is cheap.

ELIZABETH. Weislingen commissioner! O Heaven! a ray of hope! Maria shall go to him: he cannot refuse her. He had ever a compassionate heart; and when he sees her whom he once loved so much, whom he has made so miserable — Where is she?

LERSE. Still at the inn.

ELIZABETH. Take me to her. She must away instantly. I fear the worst. [*Exeunt*

SCENE X. — *An Apartment in Weislingen's Castle.*WEISLINGEN, *alone.*

WEISLINGEN. I am so ill, so weak — all my bones are hollow — this wretched fever has consumed their very marrow. No rest, no sleep, by day or night! and when I slumber, such fearful dreams! Last night methought I met Goetz in the forest. He drew his sword, and defied me to combat. I grasped mine, but my hand failed me. He darted on me a look of contempt, sheathed his weapon, and passed on. He is a prisoner, yet I tremble to think of him. Miserable man! Thine own voice has condemned him, yet thou tremblest like a malefactor at his very shadow. And shall he die? Goetz! Goetz! we mortals are not our own masters. Fiends have empire over us, and shape our actions after their own hellish will, to goad us to perdition. (*Sits down.*) Weak! Weak! Why are my nails so blue? A cold, clammy, wasting sweat drenches every limb. Everything swims before my eyes. Could I but sleep! Alas!

*Enter MARIA.*

WEISLINGEN. Mother of God! Leave me in peace — leave me in peace! This spectre was yet wanting. Maria is dead, and she appears to the traitor. Leave me, blessed spirit! I am wretched enough.

MARIA. Weislingen, I am no spirit. I am Maria.

WEISLINGEN. It is her voice!

MARIA. I came to beg my brother's life of thee. He is guiltless, however culpable he may appear.

WEISLINGEN. Hush! Maria — Angel of heaven as thou art, thou bringest with thee the torments of hell! Speak no more!

MARIA. And must my brother die? Weislingen, it is horrible that I should have to tell thee he is guiltless; that I should be compelled to come as a suppliant to restrain thee from a most fearful murder. Thy soul to its inmost depths is possessed by evil powers. Can this be Adelbert?

WEISLINGEN. Thou seest — the consuming breath of the grave hath swept over me — my strength sinks in death — I die in misery, and thou comest to drive me to despair. Could I but tell thee all, thy bitterest hate would melt to sorrow and compassion. O Maria! Maria!

MARIA. Weislingen, my brother is pining in a dungeon — The anguish of his wounds — his age — oh, hadst thou the heart to bring his gray hairs . . . Weislingen, we should despair!

WEISLINGEN. Enough! [Rings a hand-bell.

*Enter FRANCIS in great agitation.*

FRANCIS. Gracious sir.

WEISLINGEN. Those papers, Francis. (*He gives them.* WEISLINGEN *tears open a packet, and shows MARIA a paper.*) Here is thy brother's death-warrant signed!

MARIA. God in heaven!

WEISLINGEN. And thus I tear it. He shall live! But can I restore what I have destroyed? Weep not so, Francis! Dear youth, my wretchedness lies deeply at thy heart.

[FRANCIS *throws himself at his feet, and clasps his knees.*

MARIA (*apart*). He is ill — very ill. The sight of him rends my heart. I loved him! And now that I again approach him, I feel how dearly —

WEISLINGEN. Francis, arise, and cease to weep — I may recover! While there is life, there is hope.

FRANCIS. You cannot! You must die!

WEISLINGEN. Must?

FRANCIS (*beside himself*). Poison! poison! — from your wife! I — I gave it. [*Rushes out.*]

WEISLINGEN. Follow him, Maria — he is desperate. [*Exit MARIA.*]

Poison from my wife! Alas! alas! I feel it. Torture and death!

MARIA (*within*). Help! help!

WEISLINGEN (*attempts in vain to rise*). God! I cannot.

MARIA (*reëntering*). He is gone! He threw himself desperately from a window of the hall into the river.

WEISLINGEN. It is well with him. Thy brother is out of danger. The other commissioners, especially Seckendorf, are his friends. They will readily allow him to ward himself upon his knightly word. Farewell, Maria! Now go.

MARIA. I will stay with thee — thou poor forsaken one!

WEISLINGEN. Poor and forsaken indeed! O God, thou art a terrible avenger! My wife!

MARIA. Remove from thee that thought. Turn thy soul to the throne of mercy.

WEISLINGEN. Go, thou gentle spirit! leave me to my misery! Horrible! Even thy presence, Maria, even the attendance of my only comforter, is agony.

MARIA (*aside*). Strengthen me, Heaven! My soul droops with his.

WEISLINGEN. Alas! alas! Poison from my wife! My Francis seduced by the wretch! She waits — listens to every horse's hoof for the messenger who brings her the news of my death. And thou, too, Maria, wherefore art thou come to awaken every slumbering recollection of my sins? Leave me, leave me that I may die!



MARIA. Let me stay! Thou art alone: think I am thy nurse. Forget all. May God forgive thee as freely as I do!

WEISLINGEN. Thou spirit of love! pray for me! pray for me! My heart is scared.

MARIA. There is forgiveness for thee. — Thou art exhausted.

WEISLINGEN. I die! I die! and yet I cannot die. In the fearful contest between life and death lie the torments of hell.

MARIA. Heavenly Father, have compassion upon him. Grant him but one token of thy love, that his heart may be opened to comfort, and his soul to the hope of eternal life, even in the agony of death!

SCENE XI. — *A Narrow Vault dimly illuminated. The Judges of the Secret Tribunal discovered seated, all muffled in Black Cloaks.*

ELDEST JUDGE. Judges of the Secret Tribunal, sworn by the cord and the steel to be inflexible in justice, to judge in secret, and to avenge in secret, like the Deity! Are your hands clean and your hearts pure? Raise them to heaven, and cry, Woe upon evil-doers!

ALL. Woe! woe!

ELDEST JUDGE. Crier, begin the diet of judgment.

CRIER. I cry, I cry for accusation against evil-doers! He whose heart is pure, whose hands are clean to swear by the cord and the steel, let him lift up his voice and call upon the steel and the cord for vengeance! vengeance! vengeance!

ACCUSER (*comes forward*). My heart is pure from misdeed, and my hands are clean from innocent blood: God pardon my sins of thought, and prevent their exe-

cution. I raise my hand on high, and cry for vengeance! vengeance! vengeance!

ELDEST JUDGE. Vengeance upon whom?

ACCUSER. I call upon the cord and the steel for vengeance against Adelaide of Weislingen. She has committed adultery and murder. She has poisoned her husband by the hands of his servant — the servant hath slain himself — the husband is dead.

ELDEST JUDGE. Dost thou swear by the God of truth, that thy accusation is true?

ACCUSER. I swear!

ELDEST JUDGE. Dost thou invoke upon thine own head the punishment of murder and adultery, should thy accusation be found false?

ACCUSER. On my head be it.

ELDEST JUDGE. Your voices!

*[They converse a few minutes in whispers.]*

ACCUSER. Judges of the Secret Tribunal, what is your sentence upon Adelaide of Weislingen, accused of murder and adultery?

ELDEST JUDGE. She shall die! — she shall die a bitter and twofold death! By the double doom of the steel and the cord shall she expiate the double crime. Raise your hands to heaven and cry, Woe, woe upon her! Be she delivered into the hands of the avenger.

ALL. Woe! woe!

ELDEST JUDGE. Woe! Avenger, come forth.

*[A man advances.]*

Here, take thou the cord and the steel! Within eight days shalt thou blot her out from before the face of heaven: wheresoever thou findest her, down with her into the dust. Judges, ye that judge in secret, and avenge in secret like the Deity, keep your hearts from wickedness, and your hands from innocent blood!

*[Scene closes.]*

SCENE XII. — *The Court of an Inn.*

LERSE and MARIA.

MARIA. The horses have rested long enough: we will away, Lerse.

LERSE. Stay till to-morrow: this is a dreadful night.

MARIA. Lerse, I cannot rest till I have seen my brother. Let us away: the weather is clearing up—we may expect a fair morning.

LERSE. Be it as you will.

SCENE XIII. — *The Prison at Heilbronn.*

GOETZ and ELIZABETH.

ELIZABETH. I entreat thee, dear husband, speak to me. Thy silence alarms me: thy spirit consumes thee, pent up within thy breast. Come, let me see thy wounds: they mend daily. In this desponding melancholy I know thee no longer!

GOETZ. Seekest thou Goetz? He is long since gone! Piece by piece have they robbed me of all I held dear, — my hand, my property, my freedom, my good name! My life! Of what value is it to me? What news of George? Is Lerse gone to seek him?

ELIZABETH. He is, my love! Be of good cheer: things may yet take a favourable turn.

GOETZ. He whom God hath stricken lifts himself up no more! I best know the load I have to bear. — To misfortune I am inured. — But now it is not Weislingen alone, not the peasants alone, not the death of the emperor, nor my wounds, — it is the whole united. . . . My hour is come! I had hoped

it should have been like my life. But his will be done!

ELIZABETH. Wilt not thou eat something?

GOETZ. Nothing, my love. See how the sun shines yonder!

ELIZABETH. It is a fine spring day!

GOETZ. My love, wilt thou ask the keeper's permission for me to walk in his little garden for half an hour, that I may look upon the clear face of heaven, the pure air, and the blessed sun?

ELIZABETH. I will — and he will readily grant it.

SCENE THE LAST. — *The Prison Garden.*

LERSE and MARIA.

MARIA. Go in, and see how it stands with them.

[*Exit* LERSE.]

*Enter* ELIZABETH and KEEPER.

ELIZABETH (*to the* KEEPER). God reward your kindness and attention to my husband! (*Exit* KEEPER.)  
Maria, how hast thou sped?

MARIA. My brother is safe! But my heart is torn asunder. Weislingen is dead! Poisoned by his wife. My husband is in danger — the princes are becoming too powerful for him: they say he is surrounded and besieged.

ELIZABETH. Believe not the rumour, and let not Goetz hear it.

MARIA. How is it with him?

ELIZABETH. I feared he would not survive till thy return: the hand of the Lord is heavy on him. And George is dead!

MARIA. George! The gallant boy!

ELIZABETH. When the miscreants were burning Miltenberg, his master sent him to check their villainy. A body of cavalry charged upon them: had they all behaved as George, they must all have had as clear a conscience. Many were killed, and George among them: he died the death of a warrior.

MARIA. Does Goetz know it?

ELIZABETH. We conceal it from him. He questions me ten times a day concerning him, and sends me as often to see what is become of him. I fear to give his heart this last wound.

MARIA. O God! What are the hopes of this world?

*Enter* GOETZ, LERSE, *and* KEEPER.

GOETZ. Almighty God! How lovely it is beneath thy heaven! How free! The trees put forth their buds, and all the world awakes to hope. . . . Farewell, my children! My roots are cut away, my strength totters to the grave.

ELIZABETH. Shall I not send Lerse to the convent for thy son, that thou mayst once more see and bless him?

GOETZ. Let him be: he needs not my blessing, he is holier than I.—Upon our wedding-day, Elizabeth, could I have thought I should die thus!—My old father blessed us, and prayed for a succession of noble and gallant sons.—God, thou hast not heard him. I am the last. . . . Lerse, thy countenance cheers me in the hour of death, more than in our most daring fights: then, my spirit encouraged all of you; now, thine supports me . . . Oh, that I could but once more see George, and sun myself in his look! You turn away, and weep. He is dead? George is dead? Then die, Goetz! Thou hast outlived thyself, outlived the noblest of thy servants. . . . How died he? Alas! they took him among the incendiaries, and he has been executed?

ELIZABETH. No! he was slain at Miltenberg, while fighting for his freedom like a lion.

GOETZ. God be praised! He was the kindest youth under the sun, and one of the bravest. . . . Now release my soul. My poor wife! I leave thee in a wicked world. Lerse, forsake her not! Lock your hearts more carefully than your doors. The age of fraud is at hand, treachery will reign unchecked. The worthless will gain the ascendancy by cunning, and the noble will fall into their net. Maria, may God restore thy husband to thee! May he not fall the deeper for having risen so high! Selbitz is dead, and the good emperor, and my George. . . . Give me a draught of water! . . . Heavenly air! Freedom! freedom!

[*He dies.*

ELIZABETH. Freedom is above, — above, with thee! The world is a prison-house.

MARIA. Noble man! Woe to this age that rejected thee!

LERSE. And woe to the future, that shall misjudge thee!

# The Fellow Culprits

Comedy in Verse and in Three Acts

Translated by Edgar A. Bowring, C. B.

er comedy, like the preceding piece, was written during the author's residence at Leipsic; but it was touched up and revised at intervals, during subsequent years, until it was included in his collected works. That its author considered it of some importance, is shown by the fact that it was one of the plays acted by the amateur company at the court of Weimar.

**Dramatis Persona**

**The Host.**

**SOPHIA**, his daughter.

**SOLLER**, her husband.

**ALCESTES.**

**A WAITER.**

**The Scene is in the Inn.**



# The Fellow Culprits

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## ACT I.

### SCENE I. *The Inn Parlour.*

*in a domino at a table, with a bottle of wine before him. SOPHIA, opposite him, sewing a white cap on to a hat. The HOST enters. At the back of the stage is a table with pen, ink, and paper. A large easy-chair is near it.*

HOST.

ANOTHER ball! My son, I'm sick of all this riot;  
I thought that by this time you'd like a little quiet.  
I certainly ne'er gave my daughter's hand to you,  
To see my hard-won cash so recklessly run through.  
I'm getting old, and sought my forces to recruit;  
Assistance wanted I, and so allow'd your suit:  
A nice assistance yours, to waste each little earning.

(SOLLER hums a tune to himself.)

Yes, sing away! You'll soon another song be learning.  
A good-for-nothing chap, whose folly few men's matches,  
Plays, drinks, tobacco smokes, and plots of all kinds  
hatches.

You revel all the night, are half the day in bed:  
No prince throughout the land an easier life e'er led.

There the adventurer sits, with spreading sleeves.

Ha! ha!

The king of coxcombs he!

SOLLER (*drinks*).

I drink your health, papa!

HOST.

You drink my health, indeed! Enough to give me fever!

SOPHIA.

My father, pray be kind!

SOLLER (*drinks*).

Soph, happy be for ever!

SOPHIA.

Be happy! Ah, could I but see you two agree!

HOST.

Unless he changes much, that certainly can't be.  
 I've long indeed been sick of these disputes eternal;  
 But while he thus behaves, the nuisance is infernal.  
 He is a wicked man, cold, thankless to the last;  
 He sees not what he is, remembers not the past:  
 The poverty from which I saved him, he forgets,  
 And my munificence in paying all his debts.  
 Distress, repentance, time, no change in him have  
 wrought:  
 The man who's once a scamp is always good for nought.

SOPHIA.

He'll surely change some day.

HOST.

He little hurry shows.

SOPHIA.

'Tis but the way of youth.

SOLLER (*drinks*).

To all we love, here goes!

HOST.

In at one ear, forsooth, and at the other out.

He doesn't hear me. I a cipher am, no doubt.

Now for twenty years an honour'd life have led:

I have saved, you hope to make your own instead,

by bit consume? If this is what you're at,

much mistaken, friend! 'Tis not so bad as that.

Endured, and long will still last, my vocation:

Of the Black Bear is known throughout crea-

The Polish Bear is he, his skin he looks to well:

My house is painted now, I call it a hotel.

Soon cavaliers will come, and gold will fall in showers:

We none must idle be, or waste in drink our hours.

To bed at twelve o'clock, up as soon as it is day,

That's it!

SOLLER.

All this, just now, is pretty far away.

May things go on as now, and never get less steady!

Where are our many guests? The rooms above are

ready.

HOST.

Few travel at this time: the house will fill up soon.

Has Squire Alcestes not two rooms and the saloon?

SOLLER.

That's nothing, yes : a right good customer is he ;  
 Yet sixty minutes good in ev'ry hour there be,  
 And Squire Alcestes knows why he is here.

HOST.

Knows why ?

SOLLER.

But, apropos, papa ! To-day informed was I :  
 A corps of brave young folks in Germany's preparing  
 To help America, both gold and succour bearing.  
 If they get men enough, and courage for the mission,  
 Next spring, 'tis said, they'll start upon their expedition.

HOST.

Yes, oft I've heard them boast, as they a bottle share,  
 What wonders they would do for my compatriots there ;  
 Then freedom was the cry, vast valour they affected,  
 But when the morning came their vows none recollected.

SOLLER.

Ah, there are chaps enough, who're always gushing  
 over :  
 There's one not far from you who is an ardent lover ;  
 Would he romantic be, or aim at the sublime,  
 With head well placed in front, he'll scour the world in  
 time.

HOST.

If from our customers that one would take a hint,  
 'Twould be so nice, and he could write us, without  
 stint,  
 Such letters ! What a joke !

SOLLER.

'Tis deuced far from here.

HOST.

What matters that? In time the letters would appear.  
I'll go up-stairs at once, and with the map's assistance,  
That's in the little room, I'll soon find out the distance.

SCENE II. — SOPHIA, SOLLER.

SOLLER.

One's pretty well off here, when one can read the  
papers.

SOPHIA.

him have his way.

SOLLER.

I'm calm, and have no vapours:  
'Tis well for him, indeed! Was ever such a bully!

SOPHIA.

I pray you —

SOLLER.

No! I needs must speak my mind out fully!  
A year ago was I, as I can ne'er forget,  
A trav'ller here by chance, head over ears in debt —

SOPHIA.

My dear, be not so cross!

SOLLER.

Those thoughts will still molest me.  
And yet Sophia found she didn't quite detest me.

SOPHIA.

You leave me ne'er in peace, reproaching night and day.

SOLLER.

I don't reproach you, dear; 'tis but my little way.  
A pretty woman ne'er can be by man held hateful,  
Whatever may betide! You see I'm not ungrateful.  
Sophia pretty is, and I am not of stone:  
'Tis my delight that you now me as husband own.  
I love you —

SOPHIA.

Yet you ne'er allow a moment's bliss.

SOLLER.

There's nothing in it, love! But I can tell you this:  
Alcestes loved you well, for you with love did burn;  
You long have known him too, and loved him in return.

SOPHIA.

Ah!

SOLLER.

No: don't be disturb'd. I see no evil there:  
If we should plant a tree, it shoots up in the air;  
And when it brings forth fruit, who happens to be by  
Will eat it, and next year there's more. Sophia, I  
Know you too well to feel the least annoyance after.  
I find it laughable.

SOPHIA.

I see no cause for laughter.

“Alcestes loved me well, for me with love did burn ;  
I long have known him too, and loved him in return.”  
What’s after that ?

SOLLER.

Why, nought ! I never said, in truth,  
That more remains behind. For in her early youth,  
When first a maiden blooms, she loves in make-believe :  
A something stirs her heart, but what, she can’t con-  
ceive.

At forfeits she will kiss : she presently grows bigger ;  
The kiss still nicer is, impress’d with greater vigour.  
She knows not why she now her mother’s blame incurs :  
Her virtue when she loves, she’s guileless when she errs.  
If experience comes her other gifts to swell,  
She makes a prudent wife, her husband likes it well.

SOPHIA.

Do you understand me not.

SOLLER.

I only meant to quiz ;  
What drinking is to men, a kiss to maidens is :  
One glass, and then one more, till on the ground we  
sink ;  
If we would sober keep, the plan is — not to drink.  
Enough that you are mine ! — Is’t not three years and  
more  
Since Squire Alcestes here was guest and friend before ?  
How long was he away ?

SOPHIA.

Three years, I think.

SOLLER.

He's been a fortnight here this time —

And now

SOPHIA.

I know not what you mean.

My love, I vow

SOLLER.

'Tis only conversation :  
'Tween man and wife there is so little explanation.  
But wherefore is he here ?

SOPHIA.

For pleasure, I suppose.

SOLLER.

Perchance his heart for you with love still overflows.  
If he still loves, would you still treat him as before ?

SOPHIA.

Love's capable of much, but duty is of more.  
You think —

SOLLER.

I nothing think ; and understand the saying :  
A man's worth more than fops who live by fiddle-play-  
ing.  
The sweetest tunes we hear in any shepherd's song  
Are only tunes ; and tunes the palate cloy ere long.



SOPHIA.

'Tis well to talk of tunes. Does yours sound much more gaily?

The state of discontent in which you live grows daily.

No moment in the day is from your teasing free:

If folks would be beloved, they lovable must be.

And were you quite the man, happy to make a maiden?

Why should I always be with your reproaches laden

For what is nothing? Yes, the house is near a crash:

You will not do a stroke, and only spend the cash.

You live from hand to mouth; your debts are always many;

And when your wife wants aught, she cannot get a penny,

And you won't take the pains to earn it for her. Yes:

    a good man, would you a worthy wife possess.

    p her to pass her time, and what she needs, obtain;

    as concerns the rest, you may in peace remain.

SOLLER.

Speak to your father, then!

SOPHIA.

That's what I've done quite lately.

There's many a thing we want, and trade has suffer'd greatly.

I asked him yesterday to hand me something over:

“What,” cried he, “you no cash, and Soller there in clover!”

He gave me nothing, swore, with much abuse behind it.

Now tell me, please, where you expect that I shall find it?

You're not a man who e'er would for his wife feel sorrow.

SOLLER.

Oh, wait, dear child! perchance I shall receive to-  
morrow  
From a good friend —

SOPHIA.

Oh, yes! from one who is a ninny.  
I often hear of friends prepared to lend their guinea;  
But when we want gold, I never see that friend.  
No, Soller, you must know that game is at an end!

SOLLER.

You have what needful is —

SOPHIA.

I know what you are at;  
But those who ne'er were poor need something more  
than that.  
The gifts of Fortune oft to spoil us are inclined:  
We have what needful is, yet fancy her unkind.  
The pleasure maidens love, and women too, — that  
joy  
I neither hunger for, nor do I find it cloy.  
Fine dresses, balls! Enough, I am a woman true.

SOLLER.

Then go with me to-day. That's what I say to you.

SOPHIA.

That like the carnival our mode of life may be,  
A revel for a time, that's ended suddenly.  
I'd sooner sit alone whole years together here.  
If you will nothing save, your wife must save, — that's  
clear.

Enough already is my father's indignation :  
 I calm his wrath, and am his only consolation.  
 No ! with my money, sir, you shall not make so free :  
 A little save yourself, and something spend on me !

SOLLER.

My child, for just this once allow me to be merry :  
 When comes the time for mass, we'll then be serious,  
 very.

*A WAITER enters.*

Squire Soller !

SOLLER.

Well, what now ?

WAITER.

Here's Herr von Tirinette !

SOPHIA.

The gambler ?

SOLLER.

Send him off ! Could I his name forget !

WAITER.

See you he must, he says.

SOPHIA.

What can he want with you ?

SOLLER.

He's leaving here — (*To the WAITER.*) — I'll come !

(*To SOPHIA.*) He wants to say adieu.

[*Exit.*]

## SCENE III.

SOPHIA (*alone*).

He comes to dun him! Yes, his money's lost at play :  
He's ruining us all, and I must bear it! Say,  
Is this where all thy joys, thy dreams of pleasure, are?  
The wife of such a man! Hast thou gone back so far?  
Where is the vanished time, in which the youngsters  
sweet

In troops were wont to pay their homage at thy feet?  
When each one sought to read his fate within thine  
eyes?

In affluence I stood, a goddess from the skies.  
The servants of my whims all watchful round me  
pressed :

It was enough to fill with vanity my breast.  
And, ah! a maiden is in evil case, in truth.  
If she is pretty, she is ogled by each youth;  
All day her head's confused by praises loud and strong :  
What maiden can withstand such fiery trial long?  
Ye could so nobly act, one thinks your word enough,  
Ye men! But all at once the Devil takes you off:  
When ye can taste by stealth, all join the feast  
instantly;

But if a girl's in love, ye vanish in a canter.  
Thus gentlemen themselves in these hard times amuse,  
Some twenty disappear, and half a one then woos.  
I found myself at last not utterly passed o'er;  
But chances fewer grow, when one is twenty-four.  
Then Soller came, and soon accepted was by me:  
He's an unworthy wretch, but still a man is he.  
Here sit I now, and might as well be in my grave.  
Admirers by the score I still, indeed, might have,  
But what would be the use? If haply they are silly,  
They would but breed ennui, and bore me, willy-nilly;

And dang'rous 'tis to love, suppose your friend is clever:  
 He'll to your detriment his cleverness turn ever.  
 When love was absent, I for no attentions cared, —  
 And now, — Oh, my poor heart! wert thou for this  
 prepared?

Alcestes has returned. Ah, what new torment this!  
 To see him formerly — ay, those were days of bliss.  
 How loved I him! — And yet — I know not what I  
 will.

I shun him timidly, he is reserved and still;  
 I am afraid of him; my fear is fully grounded.  
 Ah, knew he that my heart still throbs with love un-  
 bounded!

He comes. I tremble now. My breast feels anguish  
 new:

I know not what I will, still less what I should do.

SCENE IV. — SOPHIA, ALCESTES.

ALCESTES (*dressed, but without hat and sword*).

Your pardon, ma'am, I pray, if I appear intrusive.

SOPHIA.

You're joking, sir: you know this room is not exclusive.

ALCESTES.

I feel that you no more to others me prefer.

SOPHIA.

I do not understand how that can hurt you, sir.

ALCESTES.

You do not, cruel one? Can I survive your ire?

SOPHIA.

Excuse me, if you please: I fear I must retire.

ALCESTES.

Oh, where, Sophia, where? — You turn your face away,  
Withdraw your hand? Have you no mem'ry left  
to-day?

Behold. Alcestes 'tis! A hearing he entreats.

SOPHIA.

Alas! how my poor heart with wild excitement beats!

ALCESTES.

If you're Sophia, stay!

SOPHIA.

In mercy, spare me, spare me!  
I must, I must away!

ALCESTES.

Sophia, can't you bear me?  
O cruel one! Methought, She now is quite alone:  
This is the very time to have some kindness shown.  
I hoped that she could speak one friendly word to me,  
But go now, go! 'Twas in this very room that she  
The ardour of her love to me discovered first;  
'Twas here that into flames our mutual passion burst.  
Upon this very spot, — remember you no more? —  
Eternal faith you pledged! —

SOPHIA.

Oh, spare me, I implore!

ALCESTES.

I never can forget, — the evening was enchanting :  
 Your eyes spoke out, and I in ardour was not wanting.  
 Your lips against my lips you tremblingly did press, —  
 My heart still deeply feels that utter happiness.  
 Your only joy was then to see or think of me ;  
 And now, for me not e'en one hour will you keep free.  
 You see me seek for you ; you see how I am sad :  
 Go, false heart, go ! you ne'er for me affection had.

SOPHIA.

You torture me, when now my heart enough oppressed  
 is ?  
 You dare to say that I have never loved Alcestes ?  
 You were my one sole wish, my greatest joy were you ;  
 For you my blood was stirred, for you my heart beat  
 true ;  
 And this good heart which I did then to you surrender,  
 Must still remember you, can never be untender.  
 I'm often troubled still with all this recollection :  
 As fresh as it was then, remaineth my affection.

ALCESTES.

You angel ! Dearest heart ! (*He attempts to embrace her.*)

SOPHIA.

There's some one coming now.

ALCESTES.

What, not one single word ? I ne'er can this allow.  
 Thus the whole day is spent. How wretched is my  
 lot !  
 I've been a fortnight here, to you have spoken not.  
 I know you love me still, but this I painful find :  
 We never are alone, we ne'er can speak our mind.

Not for one moment e'er this room in peace abides :  
 Sometimes your father 'tis, your husband then besides.  
 I shall not stay here long : I can endure it never.  
 All things are possible to those who will, however.  
 Once you were always prompt, expedients to devise ;  
 And jealousy was blind, though with a hundred eyes.  
 And if you only —

SOPHIA.

What ?

ALCESTES.

Would bear in mind that ne'er  
 Alcestes must by you be driven to despair.  
 Beloved one, do not fail to seek a fitting spot  
 For private converse, since this place affords it not.  
 But hark ! this very night goes out your worthy spouse.  
 'Tis thought I, too, shall join a carnival-carouse.  
 The back door to my stairs is quite adjacent, so  
 No person in the house of my return will know.  
 The keys are in my hands, and if you'll me receive —

SOPHIA.

Alcestes, I'm surprised —

ALCESTES.

And am I to believe  
 That you're no woman false ? that still your heart is  
 mine ?  
 The only means that yet are left us, you decline ?  
 Know you Alcestes not ? And can you still delay  
 During the night one hour to while with him away ?  
 Enough ! Sophia, I to-night may visit you ?  
 Or, if it safer seems, you'll come to me ? Adieu !



SOPHIA.

This is too much!

ALCESTES.

Too much! A pretty way to speak!  
The deuce! too much! too much! Am I week after  
week  
To waste for nothing here? — Damnation! why  
remain  
If you don't care? I'll go to-morrow off again.

SOPHIA.

Beloved one! Best one!

ALCESTES.

Ay, my grief you see and know,  
And you remain unmoved! I'll hence for ever go.

SCENE V. — THE ABOVE. THE HOST.

HOST.

A letter, sir, — from some great person, I opine.  
The seal is very large: the paper, too, is fine.

(ALCESTES *tears open the letter*).

HOST (*aside*).

What's in this letter, I should vastly like to know!

ALCESTES (*who has read the letter through hastily*).  
To-morrow morning hence full early I must go.  
The bill!

HOST.

To start off thus, at such a time of rain,  
The letter must indeed important news contain.  
May I perchance presume to ask your Honour why?

ALCESTES.

No!

HOST (*to SOPHIA*).

Ask him: he to you will certainly reply.  
(*He goes to the table at the bottom of the stage, where  
he takes his books out of the drawer, sits down,  
and makes out the bill.*)

SOPHIA.

Alcestes, is it so?

ALCESTES.

Her coaxing face, just see!

SOPHIA.

Alcestes, I entreat, depart not thus from me!

ALCESTES.

Make up your mind at once to see me, then, to-night.

SOPHIA (*aside*).

What shall — what can I do! He must not leave my  
sight:

My only joy is he —

(*Aloud.*) You see, I never can —  
Remember, I'm a wife.

ALCESTES.

The Devil take the man!  
You'll be a widow then! These passing hours employ:  
Perchance they'll be the last, as well as first, of joy.  
One word. At midnight, then, my love, I shall appear.

SOPHIA.

My father's chamber is to mine so very near.

ALCESTES.

Well, then, you'll come to me! Why this consideration?  
The moments fly away 'midst all your hesitation.  
Here, take the keys.

SOPHIA.

My key will open ev'ry door.

ALCESTES.

Then come, my darling child! Why trifle any more?  
Now, will you?

SOPHIA.

Will I?

ALCESTES.

Well?

SOPHIA.

Yes, I will come to you.

ALCESTES (*to the HOST*).

Mine host, I shall not go.

HOST (*advancing*).

Good!

(*To SOPHIA.*) Wherefore this ado?

SOPHIA.

Nought will he say.

HOST.

What, nought?

SCENE VI. — THE ABOVE. SOLLER.

ALCESTES.

My hat!

SOPHIA.

There lies it! here!

ALCESTES.

Adieu, I must be off.

SOLLER.

I wish you, sir, good cheer!

ALCESTES.

Fair madam, fare you well!

SOPHIA.

Farewell!

SOLLER.

Your humble servant!

ALCESTES.

I first must go up-stairs.

SOLLER (*aside*).

Each day he grows more fervent.

HOST (*taking a light*).

Allow me, sir.

ALCESTES (*taking it politely out of his hand*).

Good host, indeed I can't consent!

(*Exit.*)

SOPHIA.

Well, Soller, you are off! How if I also went?

SOLLER.

Aha! you now would fain —

SOPHIA.

No, go! I spoke in jest.

SOLLER.

No, no! I understand this longing in your breast.  
If one a person sees who's going to a ball  
While one must go to bed, full hard 'tis after all.  
There'll be another soon.

SOPHIA.

Oh, yes, to wait I'm able.

Now, Soller, be discreet, and shun the gaming-table.

(*To the Host, who has meanwhile been standing in deep thought.*)

And now, good night, papa. I'm off to bed, you see.

HOST

Good night, Sophia dear.

SOLLER.

Sleep well!

(*Looking after her.*) Right fair is she!

(*He runs after her, and kisses her again at the door.*)

Sleep well, my lamb!

(*To the Host.*) And you will also go to bed!

HOST.

A devil's letter that! I'd like to hear it read!

(*To SOLLER.*) Now, Carnival! Good night!

SOLLER.

Thanks! Calm be your repose!

HOST.

Good Soller, when you go, take care the door to close!

(*Exit.*)

SOLLER.

You needn't be alarmed!

## SCENE VII.

SOLLER (*alone*).

What song will now be sung?

Oh, that accursed play! I wish the rogue were hung!

His figures were not fair, and I must bear it too!

He storms and fumes away: I know not what to do.

Suppose . . . Alcestes gold has got . . . and my false  
keys —

I'm sure at my expense he fain himself would please.

I long have hated him; around my wife he slinks;

And now, just for this once, I'll be his guest, methinks.  
But then, if it were known, there'd be the deuce to  
pay —

I'm now in such distress, I know no other way.

The gamester claims his gold, or threatens vengeance  
deep.

Then, Soller, courage take! The whole house is asleep.  
And if it be found out, they'll find me safely bedded:  
Thieves oft escape who are to handsome women wedded.

*(Exit.)*

## ACT II.

### *Alcestes's Room.*

*The stage is divided in its length into parlour and alcove.*

*On one side of the parlour stands a table, on which  
are papers and a strong box. At the bottom is a  
large door, and at the side a small one, opposite  
the alcove.*

### SCENE I.

SOLLER *(in his domino, with a mask on his face, without shoes, a dark lantern in his hand, enters at the little door, and turns the light fearfully round the room: he then advances more boldly, takes off his mask and speaks).*

ONE need not valiant be, in following one's calling:  
One through the world may go by cunning and by  
crawling.

While one, to get a bag of gold, or p'rhaps his death,  
With pistols armed, will come and say with bated  
breath,

“Give up your purse, and lose no time about it, pray,”

As quietly as if he only said, Good day.  
 Another round you steals, and with his magic passes  
 And sleight-of-hand your watch soon in his power,  
 alas! is;

And when you seek it, he says boldly to your face,  
 "I'll steal it. Take good care;" and that is soon the case.  
 But Nature gave me ne'er endowments such as that:  
 My heart too tender is, my fingers are too fat.  
 Yet, not to be a rogue, is difficult indeed:  
 Each day the cash grows less, each day the more we  
 need.

You now have made the leap: take care that you don't  
 fall!

Each person in the house believes I'm at the ball.  
 Alcestes at the fête is now; my wife's alone:  
 Has constellation e'er a better aspect shown?

*(Approaching the table.)*

Oh, come, thou holy one! Thou god in this strong box!  
 Without thee, e'en a king is scarcely orthodox.

Ye picklocks, many thanks! your merit is untold:  
 Through you I capture him, the mighty picklock, —  
 Gold! *(Whilst he is trying to open the strong box.)*

An extra clerk I once was in a court of justice:  
 I didn't stop there long, — so little people's trust is.  
 'Twas write, write, write, all day, with trouble still  
 increasing:

The prospects were not good, the drudgery unceasing;  
 'Twas insupportable. A thief was caught one day:  
 False keys were on him found, and he was hanged  
 straightway.

Tenacious of her rights is justice known to be:  
 A subaltern was I, the false keys fell to me.

I picked them up. A thing may seem for little fit,  
 But there may come a time when you'll be glad of it.

And now *(The lock springs open).*

O lovely coin! I feel like one possessed.

*(He puts money in his pocket.)*



My pocket swells with cash, with rapture swells my  
breast —

Unless 'tis fright. But hark! Ye coward limbs!  
Pooh, pooh!

Why tremble thus? — Enough!

*(He looks into the strong box again, and takes  
more money.)*

Once more! Yes, that will do.

*(He closes it and starts.)*

Again? There's something stirs! This house was  
never haunted —

The devil 'tis, perchance! His presence isn't wanted.

Is it a cat? But no! Tom-cats walk lighter, rather.

Be quick! They're at the lock —

*(He springs into the alcove.)*

SCENE II. — *The HOST (entering at the side door with  
a wax candle). SOLLER.*

SOLLER.

The deuce! It's my wife's father!

HOST.

'Tis folly to possess a nervous disposition:

Half guilty only yet, my heart's in ebullition.

Inquisitive I ne'er in all my life have been,

But in that letter some great secret may be seen.

The papers are so dull, they long have nothing told:

The newest thing one hears is always one month old.

And then, indeed, it is a most excessive bore,

When each one says: "Oh, yes! I've read your tale  
before."

Were I a cavalier, a minister I'd be;

Then all the couriers needs must bring their news to me.

This letter I can't find. Perchance he left it not:

If so, confound it all! There's nothing to be got.

SOLLER (*aside*).

You good old fool! I see the god of news and thieves  
Less worship gets from you than he from me receives.

HOST.

I cannot find it — Hah! — Just hark! What noise is that  
In the saloon? —

SOLLER.

Perchance he smells me!

HOST.

By the pat,  
It is a woman's foot.

SOLLER.

That hardly meets my case.

HOST (*blows out his candle, and lets it fall, whilst in his confusion he cannot unlock the little door*).

This lock still bothers me.

(*Pushes open the door, and exit.*)

SCENE III. — SOPHIA, *entering at the bottom door with a light*. SOLLER.

SOLLER (*aside, in the alcove*).

It is a woman's face!  
Hell! Devil! 'Tis my wife! What can this indicate?

SOPHIA.

I quake at this bold step.

SOLLER.

'Tis she, as sure as fate!  
A pretty rendezvous! But now suppose again  
I showed myself! My neck would be in danger then.

SOPHIA.

Just follow in Love's wake! With friendly mien he  
first  
Allures you on awhile —

SOLLER.

I feel that I shall burst.  
But I dare not —

SOPHIA.

But if you ever lose your way,  
No *ignis fatuus* e'en such cruel tricks will play.

SOLLER.

A bog to you would prove less than this room a curse.

SOPHIA.

Matters have long gone ill, but now grow daily worse.  
My husband gets quite wild. He always caused me  
trouble;  
But now so bad is he, I hate him nearly double.

SOLLER.

You wretch!

SOPHIA.

He has my hand. Alcestes, as erewhile,  
My heart possesses still.

SOLLER.

Enchantment, poison vile

Were not so bad!

SOPHIA.

This heart, which for him fiercely burned,  
And which from him alone the art of love first  
learned —

SOLLER.

The deuce!

SOPHIA.

. . . Was calm and cold, ere softened by Alcestes.

SOLLER.

Ye husbands, hear the tale that now by her con-  
fessed is!

SOPHIA.

Alcestes loved me well.

SOLLER.

That's over long ago.

SOPHIA.

And how I loved him too!

SOLLER.

Mere child's play, as you know.

SOPHIA.

Fate parted us; and, ah! my sins to expiate,  
I needs must wed a brute. — Oh, what a dreadful fate!

SOLLER.

A brute am I?— A brute? A brute with horns, too,  
now.

SOPHIA.

What see I?

SOLLER.

Madam, what?

SOPHIA.

My father's candle! How  
Could it come here?— Suppose. . . . If so, I needs  
must fly.  
Perchance he's watching us!—

SOLLER.

Your scourge, O conscience, ply!

SOPHIA.

Yet I can't understand how he could lose it here.

SOLLER.

Fears she her father not, the devil she won't fear.

SOPHIA.

Ah, no! all in the house in deepest slumber lie.

SOLLER.

Ay, lust more potent is than fear of penalty.

SOPHIA.

My father is in bed.— How ever could it be?  
Well, be it so!

SOLLER.

Alas!

SOPHIA.

Alcestes, where is he?

SOLLER.

Oh, could I but —

SOPHIA.

My heart forebodes some coming evil:  
I love and fear him too.

SOLLER.

I fear him like the devil,  
And more too. If he came, I'd say: "Good king  
infernal,  
If you will take them off, I'll owe you thanks eternal."

SOPHIA.

Thou art too honest, heart! What crime committest  
thou?  
Thou vowedst to be true? Why care for such a vow?  
True to that man to be, who has no single merit,  
Who is so very coarse, false, foolish?

SOLLER.

Thanks, I hear it!

SOPHIA.

If one may not detest such monsters for their pains,  
I much prefer the land where devil-worship reigns.  
He is a devil!

SOLLER.

What? A devil? Monster? Me!

I cannot bear it more. *(He is about to spring out.)*

SCENE IV. — ALCESTES *(dressed with hat and sword, covered with a cloak, which he immediately takes off)*. THE ABOVE.

ALCESTES.

You're waiting, then, I see.

SOPHIA.

Sophia came here first.

ALCESTES.

You fear?

SOPHIA.

I'm fainting nearly.

ALCESTES.

No, dearest, no?

SOLLER.

How fond! Preliminaries merely.

SOPHIA.

You feel how much this heart has suffered for your sake, —

This heart you understand: forgive the step I take!

ALCESTES.

Sophia!

SOPHIA.

Ne'er shall I, if you forgive it, rue.

SOLLER.

You'd better ask of me if I forgive it too.

SOPHIA.

What made me hither come? In truth, I scarce know  
why.

SOLLER.

I know it but too well.

SOPHIA.

As one that dreams am I.

SOLLER.

Would I were dreaming too!

SOPHIA.

A heart full of distress

I bring to you.

ALCESTES.

To tell one's trouble makes it less.

SOPHIA.

A sympathetic heart like yours I ne'er did see.

SOLLER.

When you together yawn, you call that sympathy!  
Delightful!



SOPHIA.

And when thus a perfect man I've found,  
 Why to your opposite am I for ever bound?  
 I have a heart which ne'er to virtue said adieu.

ALCESTES.

I know it.

SOLLER.

Yes, and I.

SOPHIA.

Though lovable are you,  
 One single word from me you never should have  
 guessed,  
 Unless this hapless heart were hopelessly oppressed.  
 I day by day behold our house to ruin go.  
 The life my husband leads! How can we go on so!  
 I know he loves me not; my tears he never sees:  
 And when my father storms, him too must I appease.  
 Each morning with it brings fresh ground for provoca-  
 tion.

SOLLER (*touched after a fashion*).

Poor woman! I confess there's cause for her vexation.

SOPHIA.

My husband has no wish to lead a proper life:  
 In vain I talk; no man has such a yielding wife.  
 He revels all the day, makes debts on ev'ry side:  
 At once he plays, fights, sneaks, and quarrels far and  
 wide.  
 His only wit consists in folly and wild pranks,  
 His only cleverness is that of mountebanks.  
 He lies, traduces, cheats.

SOLLER.

She's gath'ring now, I see,  
Materials to compose my fun'ral eulogy.

SOPHIA.

The torments I endure are quite enough to kill,  
Did I not know —

SOLLER.

Speak out!

SOPHIA.

Alcestes loves me still.

ALCESTES.

He loves, complains like you.

SOPHIA.

It mitigates my pain,  
From one, at least, — from you, — compassion to obtain.  
Alcestes, by this hand, this dear hand, I entreat  
That you will ever keep your heart unchanged.

SOLLER.

How sweet  
Her words are!

SOPHIA.

For this heart, which save for you ne'er glowed,  
No other comfort knows than that by you bestowed.

ALCESTES.

I know of nought that's fit to match your noble heart.  
*(He takes SOPHIA in his arms and kisses her.)*

SOLLER.

Alas! will no kind fate appear, to take my part?  
My heart is full of woe.

SOPHIA.

My friend!

SOLLER.

'Tis quite enough.

I'm altogether sick of friendship and such stuff.  
And since it seems that they have nothing more to say,  
I wish they'd kiss no more, and forthwith go their  
way!

SOPHIA.

Unkind one, let me go!

SOLLER.

The deuce! What affectation!

"Unkind one, let me go!" that means capitulation.  
"You ought to be ashamed!" the stale cry is of many,  
As down the hill they fall. I wouldn't give a penny  
Now for her virtue.

SOPHIA (*extricating herself*).

Friend, one final parting kiss,  
And then farewell!

ALCESTES.

You go?

SOPHIA.

I go, for needful 'tis.

ALCESTES.

You love me, and you go?

SOPHIA.

I go, because I love.

I soon should lose a friend, did I not quickly move.  
The course of one's laments to run at night prefers,  
In some sure spot, where nought to startle us occurs.

We more confiding grow, when calmly we complain;  
 But for our weaker sex, the risks increase again.  
 In over-confidence too many dangers lie:  
 A sorrow-softened heart the mouth will not deny  
 At such a happy time to friends for friendship's kisses.  
 A friend is still a man —

SOLLER.

She knows full well what this is.

SOPHIA.

Farewell, and be assured that I am still your lover.

SOLLER.

Quite close above my head the storm is passing over.  
*(Exit SOPHIA. ALCESTES accompanies her through  
 the middle door, which remains open. They  
 are seen to stand together in the distance.)*

For this once be content. I've small time for reflection:

The moment 'tis to fly; I'm off in this direction.

*(He quits the alcove, and hastens through the side  
 door.)*

#### SCENE V.

ALCESTES *(returning)*.

What wouldest thou, my heart? Indeed, 'tis passing  
 strange,

How that dear creature has for thee endured no  
 change!

Thy early gratitude for those past hours so bright

Of love's first happiness, has not departed quite.

What have I purposed not! What feelings have been  
 mine!

Still uneffaced remains that image all divine,

Where love, in glorious wise, its presence first  
avowed, —

The image at whose shrine my heart with reverence  
bowed.

How all is altered now! What change comes o'er our  
lives!

Yet of that sacred glow a something still survives.

If truly thou'lt confess what made thee hither come,  
The page will be turned o'er, thy love afresh will  
bloom.

And thy free-thinking ways, thy distant schemes, the  
shame

By thee for her devised, the plan which thou didst  
frame, —

How vile they now appear! Thou art distressed at  
last?

Before thou snarest her, she long had held thee fast!

This is the lot of man! We hurry on apace,

And he who thinks the most is in the saddest case.

But now to urgent things: a plan must I invent

Whereby to-morrow she may have some money lent.

It is a cursed mischance: her fate my pity wakes.

Her husband, that vile wretch, her life a burden makes.

I've got here just enough. Let's think! — yes, it will do.

Were I a stranger e'en, her hard lot I must rue.

But, ah! this mournful thought my heart and mind  
oppresses —

My conduct far too much the cause of her distress is.

I could not hinder it; to happen thus 'twas fated.

What cannot now be changed, may be alleviated.

*(He opens the strong box.)*

The Devil! What is this? My strong box empty  
nearly?

Of all the silver there, three-fourths have vanished  
clearly.

I have the gold with me. The keys are in my  
pocket! —

All since the afternoon! My room — who could unlock it?

Sophia? Pshaw! But yes, — Sophia! Base suspicion! My servant? No! that's, too, a foolish supposition. He's fast asleep. Good man, his innocence I know. Who then? By heaven, the thought impatient makes me grow.

### ACT III.

#### SCENE I. — *The Inn Parlour.*

HOST.

*(In a dressing-gown, sitting near the table, on which are a half-burnt candle, coffee-things, pipes and newspapers. After the first few verses he rises, and dresses himself during this scene and the beginning of the next.)*

That letter, hang the thing! of sleep and rest it robs me.  
This comes from doing what I oughtn't, well I see.  
It seems impossible to make this matter out:  
When one is doing wrong, the Devil's there, no doubt.  
'Twas my vocation ne'er, and therefore I'm afraid;  
And yet of any host it never should be said  
He fears, when in the house strange noises he perceives.  
For ghosts, as is well known, are close allied with  
thieves.

No man was in the house, not Soller nor Alcestes;  
The waiter it was not; each maiden gone to rest is.  
But stop! At early dawn, perchance 'tween three and  
four,

I heard a gentle noise: it was Sophia's door.  
She, maybe, was the ghost at whose approach I fled:  
It was a woman's foot, just like Sophia's tread.  
But then, what did she there? One knows that  
women-kind

To pulling things about and meddling are inclined :  
 Guests' clothes and linen they inspect. I wish I first  
 Had finely frightened her, then into laughter burst.  
 She would have searched with me — the letter had  
 been found :

My efforts, now in vain, had with success been crowned.  
 Curse it ! One ne'er can think when one is in a strait,  
 And any plan that's good is thought of just too late !

SCENE II. — *The Host, SOPHIA.*

SOPHIA.

My father, only think ! —

HOST.

You do not say good-morrow ?

SOPHIA.

Oh, pardon me, papa ! my head is full of sorrow.

HOST.

And why ?

SOPHIA.

Alcestes' cash, which he received so lately,  
 Has altogether gone.

HOST.

That comes from gambling greatly.  
 They can't restrain themselves.

SOPHIA.

Not so : 'tis stolen !

HOST

What !

SOPHIA.

Yes, stolen from his room!

HOST.

I wish the thief were shot!

Who is it? Quick!

SOPHIA.

Who knows?

HOST.

What! In this house, you say?

SOPHIA.

Out of the box which on his table stands all day.

HOST.

And when?

SOPHIA.

This night!

(HOST *aside*).

Since I so curious was, the scandal  
Will surely fall on me, for they will find my candle.

SOPHIA (*aside*).

He mutters, looks confused. Can he the culprit be?  
That he was in the room, his candle proves to me.

HOST (*aside*).

Can she have taken it? The notion makes me swear:  
Cash yesterday ran short, and she to-night was there.  
(*Aloud.*) This is a dreadful mess. Who injures us  
take heed!

Respectable and cheap our watchwords are indeed.



SOPHIA.

Though he may bear the loss, 'tis we who'll suffer most:  
The public will be sure to lay it to the host.

HOST.

I know that but too well. A dreadful mess, no doubt.  
If 'tis a house-thief, who will find the rascal out?  
Much trouble it will give.

SOPHIA.

What shall we do? Good luck!

HOST (*aside*).

Aha, she's much disturbed!  
(*Aloud, in a more peevish tone.*) I wish he had it back!  
Right glad were I.

SOPHIA (*aside*).

He now repents, 'tis my belief.  
(*Aloud.*) And if it were restored, whoever was the  
thief,  
He need not know, and soon 'twill from his memory  
pass.

HOST (*aside*).

If she is not the thief then write me down an ass.  
(*Aloud.*) A good child you have been. My confidence  
in you —  
Just wait! (*He goes to the door to see.*)

SOPHIA (*aside*).

By heaven! he means to make confession true!

HOST.

My child, I know you well. A lie you never told —

SOPHIA.

Sooner from all the world than you I'd aught withhold ;  
And so I hope that now you'll also be assured —

HOST.

You are my child : what can't be cured must be endured.

SOPHIA.

The best of hearts sometimes is subject to temptation.

HOST.

Oh, let the past no more occasion us vexation !  
That you were in the room, no mortal knows but I.

SOPHIA (*startled*).

You know ? —

HOST.

Yes, I was there. I heard you passing by.  
I knew not who it was, and started off full speed.

SOPHIA (*aside*).

Yes, he the money has. There's now no doubt indeed.

HOST.

This morning heard I you, I lately recollected.

SOPHIA.

And, what is best of all, you will not be suspected :  
I found the candle —

HOST.

You ?

SOPHIA.

Yes, I !

HOST.

'Tis passing strange !  
To give it back again, how can we best arrange ?

SOPHIA.

You'll say, " Alcestes, sir, do spare my house, I pray !  
Behold your money, I have found the thief to-day.  
You know yourself how great we find temptation's  
force :  
He scarcely had the cash, when vast was his remorse.  
He came and gave it me. Here 'tis ! Let him be  
pardoned  
For his offence ! " — I'm sure Alcestes' heart's not  
hardened.

HOST.

You certainly can use persuasion soft as honey.

SOPHIA.

Yes, that's the proper way.

HOST.

I first must have the money.

SOPHIA.

You have it not ?

HOST.

How I should have it, I can't see.

SOPHIA.

How have it ?

HOST.

Yes! Well, how? Unless you give it me.

SOPHIA.

Who has it ?

HOST.

Who ?

SOPHIA.

Of course, if 'tis not you ?

HOST.

Absurd.

SOPHIA.

Where have you put it ?

HOST.

I can't understand a word.

You haven't got it ?

SOPHIA.

I ?

HOST.

Yes!

SOPHIA.

How could that be so ?

HOST (*making signs as if he were stealing*).

Eh !

SOPHIA.

I can't understand!

HOST.

Quite shameless, child, you grow.  
You slip away when comes the time for restitution.  
You have confess'd. For shame on such irresolution!

SOPHIA.

This is too much! You now make this vile accusation.  
Just now you said that you gave way to the temptation.

HOST.

You toad! I said so? When? Is this the way you  
love me,  
And show me due respect? A thief you try to prove  
me,  
When you're the thief yourself!

SOPHIA.

My father!

HOST.

Yet you were

This morning in the room?

SOPHIA.

Yes!

HOST.

Yet you still can dare  
To say you've not the cash?

SOPHIA.

That does not follow.

HOST.

Yes!

SOPHIA.

You, too, were there to-day —

HOST.

I'll pull your hair, unless  
You hold your tongue and go! (*Exit SOPHIA crying.*)

You take the joke too far,  
Unworthy one! — She's gone! Too impudent you are.  
Perchance she thinks that lies will make him over-  
look it.

Enough, the money's gone, and she's the one who  
took it.

SCENE III. — ALCESTES (*in deep thought, in a frock-coat*). *The* HOST.

HOST (*in an embarrassed and entreating tone*).

Right sorrowful am I at what I've lately heard.  
Well understand I, sir, how you by wrath are stirr'd;  
And yet I beg that you will nothing say about it,  
And I will do what's right. I pray you do not doubt it.  
If in the town 'tis known, 'twill fill my foes with glee,  
And their maliciousness will throw the guilt on me.  
It was no stranger, sir. The culprit is indoors.  
Be calm, and soon again the money shall be yours.  
Pray, what was the amount?

ALCESTES.

A hundred dollars!

HOST.

What!

ALCESTES.

A hundred dollars, though —

HOST.

Contemptible are not !

ALCESTES.

Yet I am quite disposed my pardon to bestow,  
Could I the culprit's name, and how he did it, know.

HOST.

Had I the money back, I ne'er would ask, I vow,  
If Michael or if Jack had taken it, or how.

ALCESTES (*aside*).

My old attendant ? No, he cannot be the thief.  
And from my chamber too — It passes all belief.

HOST.

Why rack your brains like this ? The trouble is in  
vain.  
Enough, I'll find the cash !

ALCESTES.

My cash ?

HOST.

I ask again  
That none may know of it ! We long have known  
each other :  
Enough, I'll find your cash, so give yourself no bother !

ALCESTES.

You know then ? —

HOST.

H'm! The cash you soon shall have, however.

ALCESTES.

But only tell me this —

HOST.

Not for the world, no, never!

ALCESTES.

Just tell me who it was.

HOST.

I say, I dare not say.

ALCESTES.

'Twas some one in the house?

HOST.

Don't ask me that, I pray!

ALCESTES.

Was it the servant girl?

HOST.

Good Hannah? No, not she.

ALCESTES.

The waiter 'twas, perchance?

HOST.

No, neither was it he.



ALCESTES.

The cook's a skilful hand —

HOST.

At dishing up a dinner.

ALCESTES.

The scullion Jack ?

HOST.

He ne'er would be so great a sinner.

ALCESTES.

The gard'ner it might be ?

HOST.

No, wrong again, I guess.

ALCESTES.

The gard'ner's son ?

HOST.

No, no !

ALCESTES.

Perchance —

HOST.

The house-dog ? — Yes !

ALCESTES (*aside*).

Just wait a bit, old fool ! I'll catch you by and by.

(*Aloud.*) Whoever was the thief, it doesn't signify,If I my money get. (*He pretends to be leaving.*)

HOST.

True!

ALCESTES (*as if a sudden thought struck him*).

Host, I see by chance, sir,  
My inkstand's empty. I this letter straight must  
answer.

HOST.

What! Yesterday it came: to answer it to-day,  
Shows that it weighty is.

ALCESTES.

I ought not to delay.

HOST.

It is a charming thing to have to correspond.

ALCESTES.

It is not always so. The time one loses on't  
Is worth more than the game.

HOST.

'Tis like a game of cards:  
A single trump turns up, and past ill-luck rewards.  
The letter yesterday important news, however,  
Contains. Might I inquire —

ALCESTES.

Not for the world, no, never!

HOST.

Nought from America?

ALCESTES.

I say, I dare not say.

HOST.

Is Frederick ill again ?

ALCESTES.

Don't ask me that, I pray !

HOST.

Are matters changed in Hesse ? are people going ?

ALCESTES.

No !

HOST.

Perchance the Emperor —

ALCESTES.

Yes, that may well be so.

HOST.

Things in the North go wrong ?

ALCESTES.

I cannot swear to that.

HOST.

They secretly conspire ?

ALCESTES.

Oh ! people love to chat.

HOST.

There's no disaster, though ?

ALCESTES.

Bravo ! You soon will guess.

HOST.

Perchance in the late frost —

ALCESTES.

The hares were frozen ? — Yes !

HOST.

You don't appear to place much confidence in me.

ALCESTES.

When folks mistrustful are, we trust them not, you see.

HOST.

What mark of confidence will suit your purpose better ?

ALCESTES.

Well, tell me who's the thief : you then shall read my letter.

Right good the bargain is, which I to you now offer.  
Will you the letter have ?

HOST (*confused and eagerly*).

I must accept your proffer !

(*Aside.*) Would it were something else, which he from me would learn !

ALCESTES.

You see that one good turn deserves another turn.  
That I'll the secret keep, I by my honour swear.

HOST (*aside*).

Would that this letter now less appetising were !  
But if Sophia — she should see my tribulation !  
No mortal could resist such wonderful temptation.  
To master its contents, I all impatience am.

ALCESTES (*aside*).

No greyhound ever rushed so wildly at a ham.

HOST (*ashamed, giving way, and still hesitating*).

Well, as you wish it, sir, your great civility —

ALCESTES (*aside*).

He's biting now —

HOST.

Demands like confidence from me.  
(*Doubtfully and half entreatingly.*)

You'll let me see at once the letter, sir, because —

ALCESTES (*holding out the letter*).

This moment !

HOST (*slowly approaching ALCESTES with his eyes fixed  
on the letter*).

Well, the thief —

ALCESTES.

The thief !

HOST.

Who stole it, was —

ALCESTES.

Well, out with it!

HOST.

Was my —

ALCESTES.

Well!

HOST (*in a resolute tone, whilst he comes up to ALCESTES, and tears the letter from his hand*).

Was my daughter!

ALCESTES (*astonished*).

What!

HOST (*comes forward, tears the cover to pieces in his eagerness to open the letter, and begins to read*).

“Right honourable sir!”

ALCESTES (*taking him by the shoulder*).

’Twas she? You’re telling not  
The truth.

HOST (*impatiently*).

Yes, it was she! And much distressed am I  
(*He reads.*) “And also” —

ALCESTES (*as above*).

No, good host! Sophia! ’Tis a lie!

HOST (*tears himself loose, and continues without answering him*).

“ My much respected ” —

ALCESTES (*as above*).

What! The guilty one was she?  
I'm quite confounded.

HOST.

“ Sir ” —

ALCESTES (*as above*).

Now, pray just answer me!  
How came it all about?

HOST.

You by and by shall hear.

ALCESTES.

Is it quite sure?

HOST.

Quite sure!

ALCESTES (*to himself, as he goes out*).

Methinks my course is clear.

#### SCENE IV.

HOST (*reads and speaks between whites*).

“ And patron ” — Has he gone? — “ The very friendly  
way

In which you view my faults, induces me to-day  
Once more to trouble you ” — What faults would he  
confess?

“I feel assured, kind sir, you’ll share my happiness.”  
That’s good! — “To-day kind Heaven another joy has  
brought,  
And you’re the first of whom my thankful heart has  
thought.

My dear wife is confined of her sixth son.” — With  
rage

I’m fit to die! — “The boy appeared upon the stage  
Quite early.” — Hang or drown the brat! the vile in-  
vention!

“And I make bold to ask if, in your condescension” —  
I feel about to choke! To suffer such a blow,  
Just when I’m getting old! I will not bear it, no!  
Just wait a bit! Your due reward shall you receive:  
Alcestes, you shall see! My house you straight shall  
leave.

So good a friend as me thus shamefully to treat!  
I’d fain inflict on him a retribution meet.

But then my daughter! Oh! in such a scrape to get  
her!

And I’ve betrayed her for a mere godfather’s letter!

*(He seizes hold of his wig.)*

Oh, donkey that I am! I’m in my dotage now!

Oh, letter, cash, and trick! I’ll kill myself, I vow!

With what shall I begin? How punish such vile  
tricks?

*(He grasps a stick, and runs round the stage.)*

If any one comes near, I’ll thrash him into snicks.

If I but had them here who planned the thing so wisely,

By all the powers that be, I’d currycomb them nicely!

I’ll die unless I can — I’d give a sight of cash

To see the servant now a glass or bottle smash!

I shall devour myself. — Revenge, revenge for me!

*(He attacks his armchair and thrashes it.)*

Ha! Thou art dusty? Come! I’ll take it out of thee!



## SCENE V.

*The HOST continuing to strike. SOLLER enters and is frightened. He is in his domino, with his mask bound to his arm, and is half intoxicated.*

SOLLER.

What's this? Why, is he mad? Methinks I'd best  
be mute!

I shouldn't care to be that armchair's substitute!  
Some evil spirit has the old man seized to-day:  
'Twere better I were off. It isn't safe to stay.

HOST (*without seeing SOLLER*).

I can no more! Alas! how ache both back and arm!  
*(He throws himself into the armchair.)*  
My body's in a sweat.

SOLLER (*aside*).

Yes, motion makes us warm.  
*(He shows himself to the HOST.)*

Good father!

HOST.

Oh, the brute! The night in revels spends he:  
I vex myself to death, and de'il a bit attends he.  
The Shrovetide fool his cash at play and dancing loses,  
And laughs, while holding here his carnival the deuce  
is!

SOLLER.

In such a rage!

HOST.

Just wait! No longer will I call so.

SOLLER.

What now ?

HOST.

Alcestes ! Child ! Shall I inform him also ?

SOLLER.

No ! no !

HOST.

If you were hanged, 'twould be for me much better ;  
And that Alcestes, too, with his confounded letter.

*(Exit.)*

## SCENE VI.

SOLLER *(the very picture of terror)*.

What's this ? Alas ! Perchance, ere many minutes  
flee —

Take good care of your skull ! Your back will cud-  
gelled be.

P'raps all has been found out. I'm in a burning fever,  
So dreadful is my fright. Why, Doctor Faustus never  
Was in so bad a case, or Richard Crook-back e'en !  
Hell here, the gallows there, the cuckold in between !

*(He runs about like a madman, and finally re-  
covers himself.)*

One's never happy made by stolen goods, you know.  
Go, coward, scoundrel, go ! Why are you frightened so ?  
Perchance 'tis not so bad. I'll soon know how I'll fare.

*(He sees ALCESTES and runs away.)*

Alas ! 'tis he ! 'tis he ! He'll seize me by the hair !

## SCENE VII.

ALCESTES (*fully dressed, with hat and sword*).

How fearful is the blow by which my heart oppressed  
is!

That wondrous creature whom the fancy of Alcestes  
So tenderly the shrine of ev'ry virtue thought,  
Who him the highest grade of fairest love first taught,  
In whom god, maiden, friend, in one were all so blended,  
And now so much abased! That vision now is ended.  
'Tis well p'raps to descend a height so superhuman:  
Like other women now, she's nothing but a woman;  
But then, so deep! so deep! That drives me into  
madness.

My contumacious heart yearns after her with sadness.  
How mean? Can'st thou not turn to good account the  
change?

Seize on the proffer'd bliss that comes in form so  
strange!

A matchless woman, whom you love so very dearly,  
Needs cash. Alcestes, quick! The pence you give  
her, clearly

Would turn to pounds. But now, the cash herself she  
takes, —

'Tis well! If she once more parade of virtue makes,  
Go! pluck your courage up, and speak thus in cold  
blood:

“You, madam, have perchance the money taken?  
Good!

I'm heartily rejoiced. Let no reserve be shown  
In such a small affair, but treat mine as your own.  
A confidential tone, as though 'tween man and wife, —  
And virtue's self, if you enact it to the life,  
Won't be alarmed, but e'en to yield will soon incline.  
She comes! You are confused? 'Tis an unhappy sign!

You guilty deem yourself; you cheat me in addition;  
Your heart is ill-disposed, but weak's your disposition.<sup>1</sup>

SCENE VIII. — ALCESTES, SOPHIA.

SOPHIA.

Alcestes, what means this? My sight you seem to  
shun —  
Has solitude for you such vast attractions won?

ALCESTES.

I know not what it is impels me at this season:  
We oft soliloquise without a special reason.

SOPHIA.

Your loss indeed is great, and well may cause vexation.

ALCESTES.

It nothing signifies: I feel no irritation.  
To lose a little cash small self-restraint demands:  
Who knows but that it may have fallen in good hands?

SOPHIA.

No loss will your kind heart allow on us to fall.

<sup>1</sup>In the later editions, the following five lines take the place of the nine concluding lines of this scene: .

“You find yourself in need of ready money? Good!  
No secret of it make! Let no reserve be shown  
In taking what is mine, but treat it as your own.” —  
She comes! All my false calm at once has flown away.  
You think she took the cash, and yet would say her nay.

ALCESTES.

A little openness this pain had saved us all.

SOPHIA.

How must I take this ?

ALCESTES (*smiling*).

What ?

SOPHIA.

What can your meaning be ?

ALCESTES.

Sophia, me you know ! Have confidence in me !  
The money's gone, and where 'tis lying, let it lie !  
I should have held my tongue, if sooner known had I  
That thus the matter stands —

SOPHIA (*astonished*).

You know, then, all about it ?

ALCESTES (*with tenderness ; he seizes her hand and  
kisses it*).

Your father ! Yes, I know : my dearest, do not doubt  
it !

(SOPHIA *surprised and ashamed*).

And you forgive ?

ALCESTES.

A joke, who'd deem it as a crime ?

SOPHIA.

Methinks —

ALCESTES.

Pray suffer me to speak my mind this time.  
Alcestes' heart toward you with love's still running  
over.

Fate severed you from me, and yet I am your lover;  
Your heart is ever mine, as mine unchanged you find;  
My money's yours as though by law assigned;  
You have an equal right to all that I possess;  
Take what you will, if with your love you me will  
    bless. (*He embraces her, and she is silent.*)  
Command what'er you want! I'm quite prepared to  
grant it.

SOPHIA (*haughtily, whilst she tears herself away from  
    him*).

I prize your money, sir! Indeed, I do not want it.  
I scarcely understand a tone so strange and fervent.  
Ha? You mistake me —

ALCESTES (*piqued*).

Oh! your most obedient servant  
Knows you indeed too well; and what he wants, he  
    knows,  
And sees not why your wrath thus suddenly o'erflows.  
When one so far goes wrong —

SOPHIA (*astonished*).

Goes wrong? Pray, in what sense?

ALCESTES.

Madam!

SOPHIA (*angrily*).

What mean you, sir?

ALCESTES.

Forgive my diffidence.  
I love you far too much to think of telling it.

SOPHIA (*with indignation*).

Alcestes!

ALCESTES.

Well, then, ask papa, if you think fit!  
He knows, so seems it —

SOPHIA (*with an outbreak of vehemence as above*).

What? Give me an answer true!  
I am not joking, sir!

ALCESTES.

He says that it was you —

SOPHIA (*as above*).

Well, what?

ALCESTES.

That it was you, — by whom the cash was taken.

SOPHIA (*with anger and tears, while she turns away*).  
He dares? O God! By shame so utterly forsaken!

ALCESTES (*entreatingly*).

Sophia!

SOPHIA (*turned away from him*).

You're not worth —

ALCESTES (*as above*).

Sophia!

SOPHIA.

Leave the place!

ALCESTES.

Pray pardon me!

SOPHIA.

Away! Forgive such conduct base?  
 My father scruples not to rob me of my honour!  
 Oh, poor Sophia! Thus Alcestes looks upon her?  
 Sooner than tell the truth, my life I'd forfeit rather—  
 But now it must come out!—The robber—was my  
 father! (*Exit hastily.*)

SCENE IX.

ALCESTES. *Afterward* SOLLER.

ALCESTES.

Would I could make it out! Here is a pretty mess!  
 Only the Devil now this riddle strange can guess!  
 Two persons who the best of characters have had,  
 Accuse each other!—'Tis enough to drive one mad.  
 No story such as this has ever reached my ears,  
 And yet I've known them both for many, many years.  
 This is a case where thought no proper clue reveals:  
 The more one meditates, the greater fool one feels.  
 Sophia! the old man! Could either of them thief?  
 Had Soller been accused, that well could I believe:  
 On him could but one spark of mere suspicion fall!  
 But he the livelong night, I know, was at the ball.

SOLLER (*in his usual dress and rather intoxicated*).

There sits the Devil's imp, after his night-long revel!  
 Could I but seize your neck, I'd scrag you, master  
 Devil!

ALCESTES (*aside*).

He comes as if bespoke!

(*Aloud.*) Well, Soller, what's the news?



SOLLER.

The noise the music made has given me the blues.  
(*He rubs his forehead.*)  
My headache's dreadful.

ALCESTES.

You were at the ball : were many  
Ladies there too ?

SOLLER.

About as usual ! When there's any  
Bacon, the mice will seek the trap.

ALCESTES.

Was't merry ?

SOLLER.

Quite !

ALCESTES.

You danced ?

SOLLER.

I but looked on.  
(*Aside.*) At your fine dance last night !

ALCESTES.

What ! Soller did not dance ? Why, how came that  
about ?

SOLLER.

I went there with the full intention, there's no doubt.

ALCESTES.

And yet you didn't ?

SOLLER.

No ! My headache was so bad.  
And so, for dancing not, a good excuse I had.

ALCESTES.

Indeed!

SOLLER.

And what was worse, I found out to my cost,  
The more I heard and saw, I sight and hearing lost.

ALCESTES.

So bad? I'm sorry for't! 'Twas quite a sudden fit?

SOLLER.

Oh, no! since you first came I've twinges had of it,  
And longer.

ALCESTES.

That is strange!

SOLLER.

No remedy I know.

ALCESTES.

Your head with warm cloths rub: 'twill put you in a  
glow,  
And p'raps you'll then be cured.

SOLLER (*aside.*)

You're chaffing me, my friend?  
(*Aloud.*) 'Tis not such easy work.

ALCESTES.

'Twill answer in the end.  
And yet you're rightly served. I'll one suggestion make:  
You ne'er by any chance your poor wife with you take,  
When to a ball you go. Small wisdom, sir, is shown,  
In leaving a young wife in her cold bed alone.

SOLLER.

She likes to stop at home, and let me masquerade :  
Well knows she how to warm herself, without my aid.

ALCESTES.

That's funny !

SOLLER.

Yes ! When one is fond of dainty food,  
One doesn't need a hint to scent out what is good.

ALCESTES (*piqued*).

Why all this hyperbole ?

SOLLER.

My meaning's plain I think :  
*Exempli gratiâ*, I vastly like to drink  
Father's old wine : but he my taste for it deplores, —  
He spares his own ; and so I drink it out of doors.

ALCESTES (*with resentment*).

You'd best be careful, sir ! —

SOLLER.

Most noble squire of ladies,  
She's now my wife : to that, by you no def'rence paid is.  
Her husband maybe deems she's something in addition.

ALCESTES (*with suppressed anger*).

Fine husband ! I defy the slightest admonition ;  
And if you should presume a single word to say —

SOLLER (*frightened. Aside*).

How fine ! The end will be, that I must ask him,  
Pray

How virtuous is she ?

(*Aloud.*) My hearth is still my hearth,  
Despite strange cooks !

ALCESTES.

Beside your wife, how small your worth !  
So virtuous and fair ! A soul of purity !  
What matchless dower she brought ! A very angel she !

SOLLER.

Her blood, too, as I've found, has much expansive  
power :  
Head-ornaments for me were also in her dower.  
For such a wife was I predestinated found,  
And e'en before my birth was as a cuckold crowned.

ALCESTES (*breaking out*).

Now, Soller !

SOLLER (*impertinently*).

Well, what now ?

ALCESTES (*restraining himself*).

I tell you, hold your peace !

SOLLER.

I'd like to see the man who'd make my talking cease !

ALCESTES.

If place allowed, you'd get a proper castigation !

SOLLER (*half aloud*).

He'd fight a duel for my wife's good reputation !

ALCESTES.

Indeed !

SOLLER (*as before*).

No mortal knows so well, how lies the land.

ALCESTES.

The deuce!

SOLLER.

Alcestes, we perceive how matters stand.  
Now wait! just wait a bit! The subject we'll pursue;  
And we shall understand how gentlemen like you  
The corn-fields for themselves will reap, yes, ev'ry one,  
And for the husbands leave the gleanings, when they've  
done.

ALCESTES.

I wonder much that you should be so bold, sir, know-  
ing—

SOLLER.

Full oftentimes my eyes with tears are overflowing:  
Each day I feel as though I'm sniffing onions.

ALCESTES (*angrily and resolutely*).

How?

You go too far! Speak out! Explain your meaning  
now!

Your tongue to loosen I shall be compelled, I ween.

SOLLER (*boldly*).

I have a right, methinks, to know what I have seen.

ALCESTES.

Seen? What does seeing mean?

SOLLER.

It means, what we discover  
When we both see and hear.

ALCESTES.

Ha!

SOLLER.

Why with wrath boil over?

ALCESTES (*with the most determined anger*).

What have you heard? What seen? Reply without delay!

SOLLER (*frightened, trying to go away*).

Allow me, my good sir!

ALCESTES (*holding him back*).

Where go you?

SOLLER.

Right away!

ALCESTES.

You shall not leave this spot!

SOLLER (*aside*).

I would the man were dead!

ALCESTES.

What have you heard?

SOLLER.

I? Nought! 'Twas only what they said!

ALCESTES (*with angry impetuosity*).

Who was the man?

SOLLER.

The man? A man —

ALCESTES (*more violently and attacking him*).

Be quick! Begin!

SOLLER (*in anguish*).

Who saw it with his eyes.

(*More boldly.*) I'll call the servants in.ALCESTES (*seizing him by the neck*).

Who was it?

SOLLER (*trying to tear himself loose*).

What? The deuce!

ALCESTES (*holding him more firmly*).

No more my temper try!

(*Drawing his sword.*)

Who is the wicked wretch? the rogue? the liar?

SOLLER (*falling on his knees in his terror*).

I!

ALCESTES (*threateningly*).

What did you see?

SOLLER (*timidly*).

I saw what proves that we're but human:

You, sir, are but a man; Sophia is a woman.

ALCESTES (*as above*).

And then?

SOLLER.

Precisely what we see in each direction,  
When men and women have reciprocal affection.

ALCESTES.

And that's? —

SOLLER.

I should have thought you'd know by intuition.

ALCESTES.

Well?

SOLLER.

Surely you'll not dare to scout the supposition.

ALCESTES.

Indeed! More plainly speak!

SOLLER.

Release me! Oh, pray do!

ALCESTES (*still as above*).

It's called? The Devil!

SOLLER.

Well, it's called a rendezvous.

ALCESTES (*startled*).

You lie!

SOLLER (*aside*).

He's frightened now.

ALCESTES (*aside*).

How could he know it e'er?  
(*He sheathes his sword.*)



SOLLER (*aside*).

Take courage!

ALCESTES (*aside*).

Who betrayed that we together were?

(*Recovering himself.*)

What mean you by your words?

SOLLER (*insolently*).

We'll now make all things pleasant.  
The comedy last night! I happened to be present.

ALCESTES (*astonished*).

Where?

SOLLER.

In the closet.

ALCESTES.

Oh! you thus were at your ball!

SOLLER.

And you were at your feast! Without one drop of gall,  
Two words: though secret plans you gentry may pursue,  
Be sure that by and by they'll be exposed to view.

ALCESTES.

It's clear that you're the thief. I'd sooner have a raven  
Or jackdaw in my house, than such a wicked craven  
As you! For shame, bad man!

SOLLER.

I'm bad, I must confess;  
But then you gentlemen are always right, I guess!  
Our property you think to handle at your pleasure:  
No laws you keep, but deal to us another measure.  
The principle's the same: some woman love, some gold.  
If you would hang us, let your passions be controlled!

ALCESTES.

You're very impudent —

SOLLER.

I'm impudent, no doubt :  
 In truth, it is no joke with horns to go about.  
 In short, we mustn't make the thing a cause of strife :  
 'Twas I who took your cash, and you who took my wife.

ALCESTES (*threateningly*).

What took I ?

SOLLER.

Nothing, sir ! It long had been your own,  
 Before 'twas mine.

ALCESTES.

If —

SOLLER.

I must leave the thing alone.

ALCESTES.

The gallows for the thief !

SOLLER.

Is it unknown to you  
 That stringent laws provide for other people too ?

ALCESTES.

Soller !

SOLLER (*makes a sign of beheading*).

Yes : there's the axe, if you indulge your passions —

ALCESTES.

Are you an expert, then, and understand the fashions?  
You'll certainly be hanged, or flogged in any case.

SOLLER (*pointing to his forehead*).

I'm branded as it is.

SCENE X. — *The Above.* The HOST, SOPHIA.SOPHIA (*at the bottom of the stage*).

His accusations base  
My father still maintains.

HOST (*at the bottom of the stage*).

My daughter still won't yield.

SOPHIA.

There is Alcestes!

HOST (*seeing ALCESTES*).

Ha!

SOPHIA.

The truth will be revealed.

HOST (*to ALCESTES*).

She is the thief, good sir!

SOPHIA (*on the other side*).

The thief, sir, there you see!

ALCESTES (*looks at them both laughingly, and then says in the same tone as they, pointing to SOLLER*).

He is the thief!

SOLLER (*aside*).

Alas for my poor skin!

SOPHIA.

He?

HOST.

He?

ALCESTES.

You are both innocent: 'tis he!

HOST.

I'd run a nail

With pleasure through his head!

SOPHIA.

You?

SOLLER (*aside*).

Thunderbolts and hail!

HOST.

I'd like —

ALCESTES.

Be patient, sir: your wrath is ill-directed.

Although she guiltless was, Sophia was suspected.

She came to visit me. The step was bold, 'tis true;

Yet for her virtue I —

(*To SOLLER.*) But you were present too!

(*SOPHIA is astonished.*)

To us was this unknown: propitious was the night,

Her virtue —

SOLLER.

There it was I had a pretty fright.

ALCESTES (*to the HOST*).

But you ?

HOST.

Sir, I was there from curiosity ;  
That cursèd letter I so anxious was to see.  
I wonder, sir, that you such conduct manifested !  
That fine godfather's trick I have not yet digested.

ALCESTES.

Excuse the jest ! And you, Sophia, faithful wife ---  
Will surely pardon me ?

SOPHIA.

Alcestes !

ALCESTES.

Ne'er in life  
Your virtue will I doubt. Forgive that rendezvous !  
As virtuous as good —

SOLLER.

I half believe it too !

ALCESTES (*to SOPHIA*).

And also you'll forgive our Soller ?

SOPHIA.

Willingly !

(*She gives him her hand.*)

There !

ALCESTES (*to the HOST*).

*Allons !*

HOST (*gives SOLLER his hand*).

Steal no more !

SOLLER.

What's distant, time brings nigh !

ALCESTES.

But where's my money now ?

SOLLER.

I took it in my trouble :  
That gamester plagued me till he nearly bent me  
double.

I knew not what to do ; I stole, and paid the debt :  
And now I'll give you back the dollars left me yet.

ALCESTES.

I'll give you what is spent.

SOLLER.

Now all has come out right.

ALCESTES.

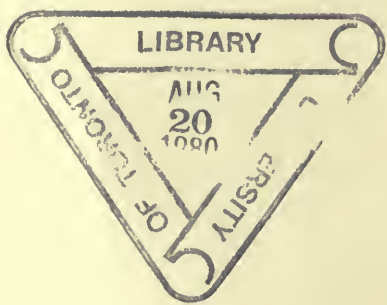
I only hope you'll grow quite honest, staid, polite !  
And if you ever dare again with me to palter !—

SOLLER.

So be it !— For this once, we've all escaped the halter.

THE END.

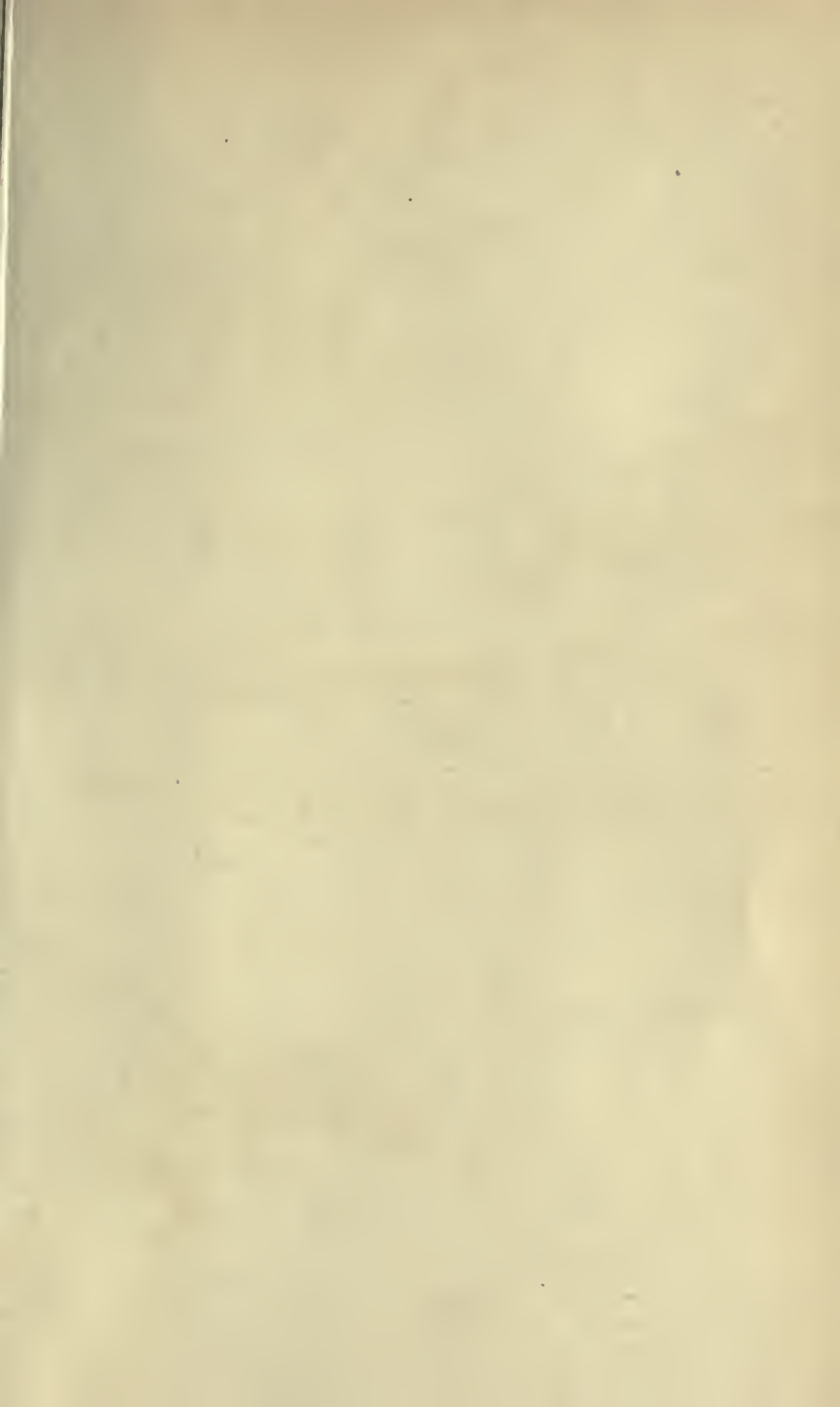


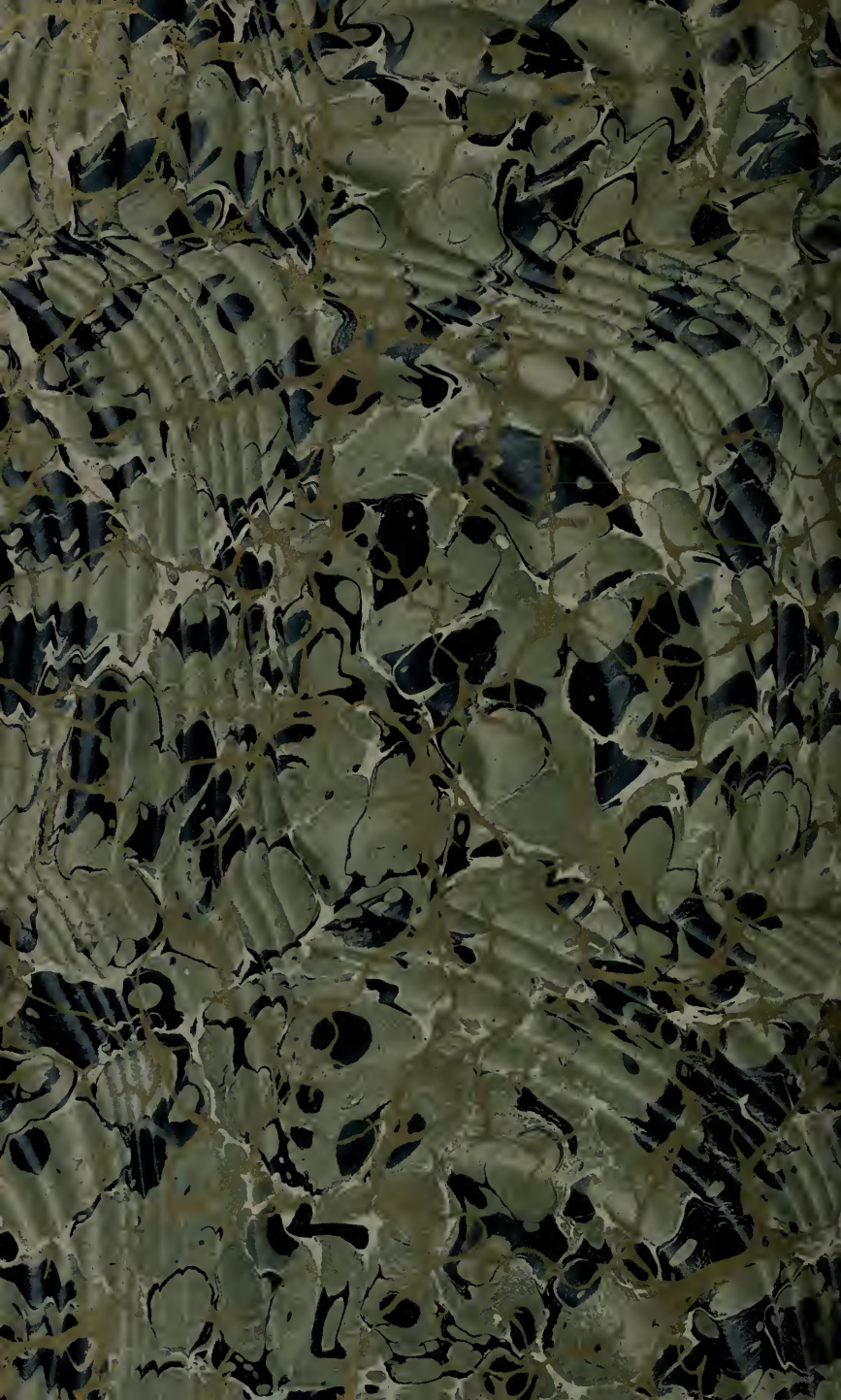












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